



THREE GENERATIONS

OF

ENGLISHWOMEN

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*Sarah Austin*

*From a drawing by John Linnell.*



THREE GENERATIONS OF ENGLISHWOMEN.

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Memoirs and Correspondence

OF

MRS. JOHN TAYLOR, MRS. SARAH AUSTIN,

AND

LADY DUFF GORDON.

By JANET ROSS.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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## CONTENTS TO VOL. II.

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### CHAPTER I.

MRS. AUSTIN.

M. B. St. Hilaire on the New Ministry in England—Scene at M. Pasquier's—M. Littré on M. Comte—M. Remusat on Burke—M. A. Thomas' Lectures—Letters from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell—"French invasion" of Weybridge—Mrs. Austin on Novels . . . . . *Page* 1-10

### CHAPTER II.

Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on the Emperor Napoleon—M. Guizot's 'History of the English Republic and of Cromwell'—Sydney Smith's Oaths—"Germany from 1760-1840"—M. de Montalembert—Union of England and France—Napoleon I. and the Queen of Prussia—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell—Lord Raglan's Despatches . . . . . 11-20

### CHAPTER III.

'Memoirs of the Rev. Sydney Smith'—German hatred of Russians—Miss Nightingale—Ugo Foscolo—Letters from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot . . . . . 21-30

### CHAPTER IV.

Letter from M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin about the Secretaryship of the Suez Canal—Mrs. Austin asks M. Guizot for Information about Lord Raglan from French Soldiers—Education at Lozère—Dr. Whewell on the Vice-Chancellorship

—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Mr. Hayward—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on the Suez Canal—His Answer—A Taylor Gathering . . . . . Page 31-41

## CHAPTER V.

The State of Germany—M. Thiers' Fourteenth Volume—Dr. Whewell named a Member of the Académie—Princess Lieven—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on the 'Province of Jurisprudence'—Mr. Gladstone on Sir R. Peel and Employment for Women—Dr. Whewell lectures on Plato . . . . . 42-51

## CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Hudson Gurney and French Society in 1802—Trinity Lodge—The Deccan—Parliamentary Debates on the East India Company—Lord Grey's Book—Dr. Whewell to Mrs. Austin on Mr. Buckle's Lecture on the Influence of Women, etc.—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on his Book and cheap Newspapers—Dr. Whewell on Mr. Lewes as a Critic, and Goethe . . . . . 52-60

## CHAPTER VII.

Character of H.R.H. the Duchess of Orleans—Letter from Mrs. Austin to the Duchess on her Sons' Education—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on her Death—Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell on his Marriage—Ketteringham—Mr. Elwin at Boston—Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on the birth of a Grandchild—M. de Cavour and opening of French Chambers—Mrs. Austin to H.R.H. the Comte de Paris with her Translation of his Mother's 'Life'—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on the 'Life of the Duchess of Orleans' . . . . . 61-73

## CHAPTER VIII.

Letters from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on a French Monthly Review—The New Ministry—Lord Howden, Lord Lyndhurst, and M. de Cavour—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on Italian Independence—Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on Madame Récamier's 'Memoirs' and the late Duke of Devonshire . . . . . 74-83

## CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Austin's Illness and Death—Letter from M. Guizot to Mrs. Austin—Her Answer—Mrs. Austin returns to Weybridge—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell—Mrs. Grote and old Letters—Mrs. Austin's Illness . . . Page 84-92

## CHAPTER X.

Letters from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell on the 'Province of Jurisprudence'—Dr. Hawtrey at Mapledurham—Garibaldi and the Emperor Napoleon—Accident to the Comte de Paris—Marriage of Miss Duff Gordon—Lord Brougham on the Chair of Jurisprudence at Oxford—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on Family Matters and Mr. Austin's Books . . . 93-102

## CHAPTER XI.

Completion of First Volume of the 'Province of Jurisprudence'—Letter from Mrs. Austin to H.R.H. the Comte de Paris—M. A. Barbier to Mrs. Austin on her Preface to her Husband's Book—Lady Duff Gordon goes to the Cape of Good Hope—Mrs. Austin in France—Lord Jeffrey—Baron v. Humboldt—Lord Lansdowne's Munificence—Rome as Capital of Italy . . . 103-111

## CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Bentham and his Friends—Mr. Austin's relations to Mr. Bentham—'Discours' on Mr. Hallam, by M. Mignet—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell on her own Work and M. Mignet—Modesty of Mr. Hallam . . . 112-120

## CHAPTER XIII.

Good News from the Cape—Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, to Mrs. Austin on the Inscription on Mr. Austin's Tomb—Illness of Dr. Hawtrey—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Mr. Ruggiero Sciortino—Climate of the Cape—The Exhibition—The Queen—Mrs. Austin to Miss Senior on Reasonable Dress for Hot Weather—Lord Brougham's Speech—M. B. St. Hilaire on M. Guizot's 'Memoirs' . . . 121-129

## CHAPTER XIV.

Lady Duff Gordon goes to Egypt—Illness of Mr. Ross—Birth of a Great-Grandson—American Policy of England according to M. P. Paradol—Break up of the Esher Home—Mrs. Austin's Illness—Letter to Mrs. Grote on 'Domestic Morals'—'Province of Jurisprudence' used as an Examination Book at Oxford and Cambridge . . . . . *Page* 130-138

## CHAPTER XV.

Marriage of H.R.H the Prince of Wales—Death of Sir G. C. Lewis—Condolences from M. Guizot—Mr. Bright at Woburn Abbey—O'Connell and Repeal—Mrs. Austin to Mr. Gladstone on Italian Unity and Liberty in France—The German Part of France . . . . . 139-147

## CHAPTER XVI.

Death of Mr. N. Senior—Marriage of H.R.H. the Comte de Paris—Fourth Edition of 'Ranke,' and new Edition of the 'Province of Jurisprudence'—Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Grote on M. Dunoyer—People no longer enjoy Things—M. P. Paradol on Lady Duff Gordon—Letters from Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Grote . . . . . 148-157

## CHAPTER XVII.

Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot about her Daughter—Mr. Carlyle on Letters of Condolence and Smollett's House—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on Prussia and Austria—Love of the Arabs for Lady Duff Gordon—Absorption of Germany in Prussia—Letters on M. Cousin's Death from M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin—Her Answer—Last Letters from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire—Her Death—The *Times* on Mrs. Austin—Letter from M. Guizot to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon on the Death of Mrs. Austin . . . . . 158-173

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## LADY DUFF GORDON.

Birth of Lucie Austin—Her Childhood—J. S. Mill her Playmate—Goes to Germany—Sydney Smith's Advice not to tear her Frock, to learn Arithmetic—Meeting with Heinrich Heine at Boulogne—Lucie Austin sent to School—Her Friends among the Fishermen at Boulogne—Visit of Miss Shuttleworth to Bromley—Letter from Lucie Austin to Mrs. Grote . . . . . 174-181

## CHAPTER XIX.

Letters from Lucie Austin to Miss Shuttleworth—Death of Lady Nasmyth—Consolation of Christian Religion—Letter from Lucie Austin to Mrs. Grote on her Baptism—Reminiscences of Lucie Austin by Miss Marianne North—Her Tame Snake  
 . . . . . Page 182-188

## CHAPTER XX.

Return of Mr. and Mrs. Austin from Malta—Sir Alexander Duff Gordon and Lucie Austin—Their Marriage—8, Queen Square, Westminster—M. Guizot's first Dinner in England in 1848—Visit to Atelier of Kaulbach in Augsburg—Translation of 'Amber Witch' and Mrs. Norton's Criticisms—'The French in Algiers'—'Remarkable Criminal Trials'—Sir A. Duff Gordon has Cholera—Letter from Lady Duff Gordon to Mrs. Austin from Richmond—Eothen and Ford's 'Spain'—Hassan el Bakkeet—The Chartist Riots . . . . . 189-198

## CHAPTER XXI.

'Village Tales from Alsatia'—Residence at Weybridge—Ranke's 'Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg'—Mrs. Norton on Lisbon Society—'Stella and Vanessa'—Mr. C. J. Bayley, "The Thunderer of the *Times*"—Working Men's Library at Weybridge—Letters from Mr. Richard Doyle to Lady Duff Gordon—Sir R. Peel—"Big Higgins"—Sir J. Graham—The Italian Opera—The Whig Ministry and Madame Tussaud  
 . . . . . 199-211

## CHAPTER XXII.

Lady Duff Gordon's Illness—Moves to Esher—Letter to Mr. C. J. Bayley—Mrs. Norton on Red Pots and Straight Noses—Letter from Lady Duff Gordon to Mr. C. J. Bayley—Letter from Mr. Richard Doyle—Evening Parties, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson—Letter to Mrs. Grote . . . . . 212-220

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Old House at Esher, "Gordon Arms"—Boating on the Mole—The Duc d'Aumale's Harriers—The 'Village Doctor' and Ranke's 'Ferdinand and Maximilian of Austria'—Paris—Reminiscences of and Letter from Heinrich Heine . . . . . 221-228.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Illness of Lady Duff Gordon—Ventnor—Voyage to the Cape—Life on board Ship—A Collision and a Gale—Lands at Cape Town—A Mussulman Burial—Caledon—Choslullah—Gnadenenthal—The Moravian Missionaries—The last Hottentot—Worcester . . . . .	Page 229-239
--	--------------

## CHAPTER XXV.

Lady Duff Gordon returns to England—Eaux Bonnes—Egypt—Hekekian Bey—Omar—The Bazaar—Her Crew—Bibeh—Slave Merchants and St. Simon Stylites—Death of Marquis of Lansdowne—The Mahmal—Impressions of Cairo—Muslim Piety—The Christian Dyer—Herodotus . . . . .	240-248
---	---------

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Lady Duff Gordon returns to England, but is compelled to go back to Egypt—The “Maison de France” at Thebes—Visit to Tomb of Sheykh Abu-l-Hajjáj—Life very Biblical—Character of Sheykh Yoosuf—Letter from Lady Duff Gordon to Tom Taylor describing Life at El-Uksur . . . . .	249-257
---	---------

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Arab Opinion of English Hareem—Harvesting—Sitti Noor-âlâ-Noor—Lady Duff Gordon as Doctor—Patriarchal Feelings in the East—Reception at Thebes—Death of the dragoman Mohammad Er-Rasheedec—Gratitude of the People—The Massacres at Gow—Lady Duff Gordon visits the Cadi at Kench—Mr. Gifford Palgrave at Thebes—The Maohn’s children at Benisouef . . . . .	258-279
--	---------

INDEX . . . . .	280
--------------------	-----



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS, VOL. II.

---

SARAH AUSTIN . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
LADY DUFF GORDON . . . . .	<i>Facing p. 190</i>
SKETCHES BY RICHARD DOYLE . . . . .	203, 204, 207, 210, 218
SKETCH BY LEAR OF THE "MAISON DE FRANCE" . . . . .	249



# THREE GENERATIONS OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

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## CHAPTER I.

MRS. AUSTIN.

M. B. St. Hilaire on the new Ministry in England—Scene at M. Pasquier's—M. Littré on M. Comte—M. Remusat on Burke—M. A. Thomas' Lectures—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell—"French invasion" of Weybridge—Mrs. Austin on Novels.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Les Pepinières,

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,

Jan. 28, 1853.

I have been very busy, or should have written to you before. I admire the composition of your new Ministry as much as you do, and I agree with Mr. Austin that it is one of the strongest you have had for some time. England is quite right to prepare against the storm with which this wretched creature (Louis Napoleon) threatens her, and I recognise all the prudence and foresight of your statesmen in their acts. Common-sense, unfortunately, does not exist here; the present is the reign of incapacity and meanness. The new order of things has not yet made many converts, but I must tell you of one which is odious. The other day, at M. Pasquier's, Dupin said that he considered himself at liberty to accept a place under Government, the Orleans having no further

need of his services now that he had saved their fortune. This is a falsehood, M. Dupin having had nothing to do with the sales which have preserved a small part of their wealth. He added, that after all no one could retort, "Fontaine, je ne boirais pas de ton eau." M. Guizot, who was present, rose, and turning his back on him, said, "Speak for yourself, sir." The amusing, or I should say the infamous, part of the affair is, that M. Dupin pays his visits to the Elysée in the carriage provided for him by the Orleans family. The Empire will, no doubt, be delighted to acquire his services. The saying attributed to M. Berryer, when some one observed that everything was preparing the way for Legitimacy and M. de Chambord, "In faith we do not want for clowns and jesters," might be applied to him.

Your ever devoted

B. ST. HILAIRE.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Les Pépinières,

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,

March 25, 1853.

I fear I shall not be able to come to you in the Isle of Wight, but you will see me at Weybridge in the summer. To-morrow I shall probably see Littré, and will ask him about Comte. I do not know what has become of him, but I suspect that he must be, as he always has been, in embarrassed circumstances. His doctrines I approve of as little as you do, and I cannot understand his asking others for help to diffuse them. I have always thought that he was held in too high estimation in England; there is nothing in his books which merits aid or sympathy. With us they make little impression. But the man is unfortunate, and although much of his misfortune is entirely due to his own acts, he is worthy of pity.

March 28.

I kept my letter to add the details I hoped to get from Littré about M. Comte. He tells me that, in 1851, he lost the very small place he filled at the Polytechnic School, and that since then he is reduced to live on the subscriptions to his works. This is a very small sum, and he is deserving of help, like all who suffer. But really M. Comte provoked his misfortunes, for, with all his theories about humanity, there does not exist a more unsociable man. I doubt the justice, though I admit the charity, of providing him with the means of living in order that he may elaborate his unreasonable system at leisure. Do not think me hard. M. Comte may do, and has done, a great deal of harm to a certain number of minds, which he has warped; witness my friend Littré. I cannot see that it is a service to humanity to enable him to continue such an unfortunate crusade.

Your ever devoted

B. ST. HILAIRE.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Weybridge, May 19, 1853.

I have told you that I was full of the project of writing to you—and why? Because I had just read in the *Assemblée Nationale* your admirable view of the relations between France and the Bourbons. *Vous trouverez plaisant que je vous offre mon approbation, mais elle est tellement intense qu'il me faut l'exprimer.* What is odd enough, is that not three days before, I had despatched to M. St. Hilaire an answer to his inquiry how I liked M. de Remusat's article on Burke, and whether I did not retract some of my severe condemnation of the earlier revolutionists. I said that I was neither converted nor convinced; and in giving my reasons, I used almost the very words I found in your

essay. M. de Remusat's apology—that the French had no traditions of free government—is not sufficient. The project of the authors of the Revolution meant nothing less than a change in all the conditions of social life (as you so justly observe), and that project must ever be insane and criminally presumptuous. No such idea ever prevailed here, as you know better than anybody, except in the heads of a handful of fanatics; and I confess that I think the name of “the Great Rebellion” better suits us than that of Revolution.

You may be sure that I shall read every line you write on that subject with twofold interest.

I am sure you rejoice at the honourable and prosperous course of the Ministry. My husband thinks it by far the best that England ever possessed. It is consolatory to see so quiet, consistent, and dignified a course as that of Lord Aberdeen crowned with such universal honour, without a single compromise or a single clap-trap. Dear Lord Lansdowne looks old and worn, but content. Now that the Duke is gone, he stands first in the reverential affections of the people. I saw him yesterday at M. Alexandre Thomas's lecture, who has a numerous *auditoire* of fine ladies, and what is more, he has Hallam, Grote, and Macaulay. I think he may be content. I have just written for him a letter of introduction to the Master of Trinity. He has views on Cambridge; I wish they may be successful. I need not tell you that I have helped him to the extent of my poor ability.

God bless you and yours, dearest sir and friend,

Your affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell.*

DEAR AND HONOURED MASTER,      July 15, 1853.

I have just received notice of the intended visit of

Plato and Aristotle, *alias* Cousin and "dear St. Hilaire." I think they will be here in little more than a week. Cousin has been torn in twain by his terror of the sea and his love for me ever since the year '48. At length he has resolved to affront the perils of the Channel, and comes with the *fidissimus* Achates. Cousin, always sublimely exaggerating, will go nowhere but to Weybridge, see nobody but his beloved old friend. I accept as much of this as I ought; and, between you and me, I hope, trust, and believe he will see Cambridge and Oxford. I write by this post to Mr. Chase (Aristotle's *alter*), to inform Oxford, through him, of the advent of the philosopher.

Will you come to Weybridge, dear Dr. Whewell? I can give you a tidy room and simple fare, and I cannot give you other than the most affectionate welcome, and my husband and you shall *tenir tête* to the Frenchmen. You shall discuss under the old nut-trees, and I will sit by and listen. If you cannot come, and wish them to come to you, will you let them find here words to that effect? Their stay will not be long; spite of Cousin's vows of fidelity and reclusion, I foresee that he will be seized and carried off.

Is Mrs. Whewell at home? What would you think if I were to offer to come? That I was mad—and so I should be; but I am better, and that puts such wild thoughts into my head.

Yours always, as you know,  
S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Weybridge, August 16, 1853.

The dreaded French invasion has "come off" this year, and has taken the direction of Weybridge. We have had MM. de Circourt, St. Hilaire, Lavergne, the

Dunoyers, and last, not least, the Philosopher Cousin. If we were seated under the *arbre vert* or my old nut-trees, I would make you laugh with the history of his demeanour and exploits. I thought I knew him, but anything like his extravagance, his rudeness, and his mendacity I could not have imagined nor believed, if I had heard it from others. It was so bad, that to say truth, I lost all inclination to laugh, and surprised M. Thomas by the serious shock which the discovery of positive *lies* gave me. You know our English sense of the ineffable shame of lying, and will understand how painful it was to me to connect *that* with any one whom I had so much reason to admire for his talents and to like for his kindness to me. M. Cousin would see nobody, and made an immense *cas* of his *incognito*. He refused all invitations, and would not even call with me on Lord Lansdowne. The single exception he made was that of Lord and Lady Holland, with whom he dined. He wrote to me two days before his arrival, that he came "en Angleterre pour vous, et pour vous seule," an absurdity twice repeated, and which, though I did not believe it, caused me to clear my house of other guests to receive him and St. Hilaire. He called *once* the day after he arrived, and dined *one* Sunday, and all the time talked like a madman about England and English things. I think he must be amusing to you all with his histories. I saw him no more. St. Hilaire is the same simple, upright, affectionate heart I have ever found him—profoundly annoyed at his "Master's" freaks.

I am tolerably well, and Mr. Austin is remarkably well.

My kind and faithful love to all, ever dearest sir,

Your most affectionate

S. AUSTIN.



*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Cromer, Oct. 30, 1853.

Your letter, dear sir and friend, has followed me to this *ultimate corner* of my *patrie*—Norfolk, where I have been since the middle of September. Now as to novels, you have not applied to one very learned in the matter. Not that I affect to scorn novels, or to be too wise or too good for them ; but somehow they do not often come in my way, and I am not rich enough to procure myself these luxuries. To say truth, too, I am not in love with the *Richtung* (tendency) of our modern novelists. There is abundance of talent ; but writing a pretty, graceful, touching, yet pleasing story is the last thing our writers nowadays think of. Their novels are party pamphlets on political or social questions, like ‘Sybil’ or ‘Alton Lock’ or ‘Mary Barton’ or ‘Uncle Tom’ ; or they are the most minute and painful dissections of the least agreeable and beautiful parts of our nature, like those of Miss Brontë—‘Jane Eyre’ and ‘Villette’ ; or they are a kind of martyrology, like Mrs. Marsh’s ‘Emilia Wyndham,’ which makes you almost doubt whether any torments the heroine would have earned by being naughty could exceed those she incurred by her virtue.

Where, oh ! where is the charming, humane, gentle spirit that dictated ‘The Vicar of Wakefield’—the spirit which Goethe so justly calls *versöhnend* (reconciling), with all the weaknesses and woes of humanity ? I read a pretty little tale lately, called ‘Katie Stewart,’ which pleased me much ; but it is, I fear, too Scotch. I see another novel, also Scotch, much praised, but I have not read it—‘Christie Johnstone.’ Have you read Thackeray’s ‘Esmond’ ? It is a curious and very successful attempt to imitate the style of our old novelists. I liked it, but I doubt if it would suit France.

It would interest you from its subject. Which of Mrs. Gore's novels are translated? They are very clever, lively, worldly, bitter, disagreeable, and entertaining; Mrs. Marsh's are clever, gloomy, but I don't know them all. Miss Austen's—are they translated? They are not new, and are Dutch paintings of every-day people—very clever, very true, very *unæsthetic*, but amusing. I have not seen 'Ruth,' by Mrs. Gaskell. I hear it much admired—and blamed. It is one of the many proofs of the desire women now have to *friser* questionable topics, and to *poser* insoluble moral problems. George Sand has turned their heads in that direction. I think a few *broad* scenes or hearty jokes *à la* Fielding were very harmless in comparison. They *confounded* nothing. The novels of G. Sand are far more dangerous than those of Crébillon, which only appeal to the senses. The others pervert heart and mind; every affection, every thought is sullied by them. What is worthy of remark is that Crébillon dedicated his 'Roman des Égarements' to his extremely respectable father! *That* contains some admirable things, the others not a line, as far as I can see.

Yours most faithfully,  
S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,      Weybridge, Dec. 7, 1853.

What about the novel? *Je me suis abonée* instantly to a library, that I might pronounce my own judgment on those I mentioned to you. Now I must say I find the 'School for Fathers' a very pretty little book. It is not exactly a school in which you or I want to learn; but it has pretty natural pictures of English country life in the last century—a noble old squire, a fat, good, easy, kind-hearted and *unpolemical* vicar, and

so on. There are tears, but they are wiped away, which is all one can ask of fiction or fact. The style is easy and good, none of the *emphase* we abound in, no politics, no metaphysics, no socialism, no Methodism—just a pretty, kindly story. The ‘Heir of Redcliffe’ I have not read. It sounded too good for me. I am not worthy of superhuman flights of virtue—in a novel. I want to see how people act and suffer who are as good-for-nothing as I am myself. Then I have the sinful pretension to be amused, whereas all our novelists want to reform us, and to show us what a hideous place this world is: *Ma foi, je ne le sais que trop*, without their help.

The ‘Head of the Family’ has some merits. The character of the hero, “the Head,” is striking and well drawn, very Scotch, in the good sense. But there is too much affliction and misery and frenzy. The heroine is one of those creatures now so common (in novels), who remind me of a poor bird tied to a stake (as was once the cruel sport of boys) to be “shyed” at (*i.e.* pelted) till it died; only our gentle lady-writers at the end of all untie the poor battered bird, and assure us that it is never the worse for all the blows it has had—nay, the better—and that now, with its broken wings and torn feathers and bruised body, it is going to be quite happy. No, fair ladies, you know that is not so—*resigned*, if you please, but make me no shams of happiness out of such wrecks. Still, it is worth reading, and if much abridged and softened, would make a good novel—as times go.

You have heard of Henry Reeve’s successful journey. He brings home a very strong conviction of the decrepitude of Turkey and the energy and progress of Greece. You see we are in one of our periodical fits of Russophobia—foolish enough, but not more so than the extravagances that excited it.

I am going on with my reprint.\* Have you seen the last *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*? They are thought to be very good on the whole.

Farewell, dear Monsieur Guizot. You and my good St. Hilaire are nearly all I regret in France. Would I could see you once more!

Your affectionate and faithful

S. AUSTIN.

\* 'Sydney Smith's Letters and Life.'

## CHAPTER II.

Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on the Emperor Napoleon—M. Guizot's 'History of the English Republic and of Cromwell'—Sydney Smith's Oaths—'Germany from 1760–1840'—M. de Montalembert—Union of England and France—Napoleon I. and the Queen of Prussia—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell—Lord Raglan's Despatches.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Feb. 15, 1854.

As I am writing to my dear Arthur Russell, I cannot refrain from adding a *bigliettino* for my beloved Philosopher. I hope you have made the acquaintance of Arthur's brother, who is a secretary at our Embassy at Paris. Odo is very different from Arthur, but charming—a poet—full of *esprit*, and entirely without fatuity or pride. The mother who has brought up three such sons may well be proud. Madame Scheffer writes that she is astonished at the modesty and simplicity of our young aristocrats. They are not all Russells—far from it—but it is a fact that many among them are serious and simple-mannered. Arthur tells me you take a despondent view of things. It does not surprise me. Fortune has been pleased to give a good hand to this *gentleman*, and he plays his cards cleverly. The only thing that consoles me is the chance that our two nations may get to understand each other a little, which would be a per-

manent good. My sister-in-law has written me a Bonapartist letter from Marseilles, reproaching me with want of confidence!!! Justice is powerless against success. You will read what we are doing here; the preparations of the Government do not impress me; but where else could you find six or seven fleets, belonging to private individuals, ready to serve their country without any particular strain? It is prodigious! Good-bye, my dear friend, I am very busy, and unfortunately my book is anything but Napoléonist.\* You will not be angry, as we both hate the whole race of conquerors.

Yours affectionately,  
S. A.

*M. Guizot to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR MRS. AUSTIN, Paris, March 20, 1854.

Together with this letter you will receive my 'History of the English Republic and of Cromwell.' I hope that you and Mr. Austin will both read it with some pleasure, for it has been written for England as much as for France. I therefore wish it to be approved and liked in England as well as here. I have kept so entirely clear of the passions and traditions of English party spirit, and their habits of thought and feeling, that I am not sure whether the judgment and the impressions of a foreigner, sincere friend though he be, will be understood and approved of in England. I have my doubts. I suspect that I shall be accused of being at once too severe and too indulgent, now for the Royalists, now for the Republicans, now for Cromwell. Do help in making my work understood by your public. I trust you are well enough now to read and converse without too much fatigue, for I could never forgive myself if you

\* 'Germany from 1760 to 1814; or, Sketches of German Life.'

tired yourself for half an hour in maintaining the correctness of my judgment and descriptions of Cromwell, Vane, and their time.

Yours ever, with all my heart,

GUIZOT.

Pauline is amusing herself by translating the 'Head of the Family.'

*Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell.*

DEAR MASTER,

Weybridge, March 22, 1854.

It would be an insult to ask if *you* are well. I always regard you as the personification of strength; indeed, since you destroyed all those populations of planets, about which we made ourselves so unhappy, you must be content to pass for something more than Titanic. However, there is no offence in wishing to hear that you are in your accustomed vigour, and ready to confront all antagonists. I cannot but admire in this controversy the facility with which men *se passionnent*, not only for ideas (since some ideas lie at the root of all that is worth caring for), but for ideas which can have no conceivable influence on their condition, or that of any living being.

Now I have a case of conscience for you. Lord Lyttelton has detected in our Sydney's 'Letters' "two oaths," or, to speak more accurately (for there is no juration in the case), two "d—ns," pp. 6 and 16. You see, Sydney is mimicking Jeffrey, and most unquestionably Jeffrey did season his discourse with that sort of condiment. I am no admirer of it, but I must say that to strike out these two innocent little "d—ns" seems to me absurd. Lady Holland, who is anxious to make dear old Sydney as decorous as possible, suggests, "*Hang* the solar system." Is that an improvement? It is *not* what Jeffrey would have said—that is certain. If you think it

better to make the alteration, I will make 'it, but not for Lord Lyttelton. He also raises a solemn protest against poor Sydney's red wafer on the little boy's forehead. Surely on these terms we had better let Sydney alone. He was a great and a good man, and what he revered he revered sincerely, and acted upon faithfully, but these things formed no part of his code.

I have had a great correspondence with my Lord of London, and I can't tell you how gracious we are. I hope you will think the better of me.

I expect St. Hilaire in a month, but only for a few days. He has never got over missing his visit last year, and means to make two this year. The more the better ; but he missed Cambridge—*le malheureux* !

I am confined to my room by a bad cold, but otherwise *ziemlich* (pretty well). Kindest regards to Mrs. Whewell.

Yours, dear and honoured Master,

Very affectionately,

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Weybridge, April 3, 1854.

Occupied as I am, and pre-occupied as I feel, I cannot refrain, dear friend, from writing to you ; but for pity's sake do not reproach me for the shortness of my missives, as I am in the agonies of producing my poor little book.\* Mr. Longman wants it by Easter, which is impossible, though I am near the end. It will be the reverse of a *pièce de circonstance*, for I tell of the great days and great deeds of Prussia, and God knows she does not shine brightly at the present moment. I must say,

\* 'Germany from 1760 to 1814 ; or, Sketches of German Life.'



however, that I think we English are merciless about the difficulties of other people. We have elbow-room (if I may use the word), the poor Germans have a thousand hindrances. You, who value honesty, are I am sure satisfied with our Government and our Ambassador. But what lying! I know but one man who surpasses the Emperor Nicholas at that. Mrs. Grote tells me that M. Cousin has sent me 'Madame de Sablé' and a thousand *tendresses*. The first I have not received, and the second I decline, as I could not reciprocate them. Expect no more from me until I have done my work, but I am always

Your very affectionate  
S. A.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Les Pépinières,

April 8, 1854.

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter, so long expected, was a great pleasure to me. I was on the point of disobeying your orders, and writing to you.

With what interest I read your papers! It is the only free press in Europe, and we can only learn what passes in our own country by reading the English papers. I suspect your Government must be discontented with the backwardness of our preparations. We ought to have 150,000 men on the Danube. Russia must have great confidence in her own strength to attempt what she is now attempting.

You see that our advance towards liberty is an illusion. Montalembert has been sacrificed by an immense majority. Unfortunately, his is an uninteresting personality. Why did he form part of the 'Consulte'? Why does he still sit in the Legislative body? without men-

tioning his past life? He never knew how to make a friend, and he has numberless enemies, for with very considerable talents, he has no good-nature : he has passion and eloquence without much common-sense or large views. His attacks on Dupin were uncalled-for and misplaced, though *au fond* they were correct. He has a pleasure in insulting others ; and I know no one save Cousin who takes his part. The latter, with that exaggeration which you know only too well, declares that the Oriental question is nothing by the side of that of Montalembert !

Your ever devoted  
B. ST. HILAIRE.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

TRANSLATION.

Les Pépinières,  
MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND, July 3, 1854.

I am looking forward to reading your book,\* and hope to find it at Paris in a few days. Like you, I hate conquerors, and I can promise you that fresh light has been thrown on ours by the acts of his nephew and the publication of the 'Memoirs of Joseph.' The conduct of Nicholas shows what is produced by the spirit of conquest. The union of England and France will, I hope, be a source of great good to us both, and if the two nations are wise, will lay the foundation of an everlasting alliance ; but my patriotism suffers when I see such good fortune fall to the share of such a government as ours. With an honest man at the helm, what lasting benefits for humanity at large might not arise from this union. All I hope is that we shall lose the small remnant of prejudice and hate which still lingers among us. This cordial co-operation will efface all that completely and

\* ' Germany from 1760 to 1814 ; or, Sketches of German Life.'

for ever. But your *gentlemen* will have a good deal to bear in their personal intercourse with Baraguay d'Hilliers, St. Arnaud, and others. The "*entente cordiale*" will be more difficult than among the troops. I believe that Lord Raglan has already experienced something of this.

I am very much afraid I shall not be able to come to Weybridge this year, I am too busy. The work on Buddhism for the 'Journal des Savants' must be finished, and 'Aristotle's Ethics.' This will occupy me until the winter; but if you will let me come and see you then, I shall be delighted. Many remembrances to Mr. Austin and all your family.

Your devoted friend,  
B. ST. HILAIRE.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND, Les Pépinières,  
Sept. 27, 1854.

I have read your book with the greatest pleasure and profit. You have not written a history, but you have done better, by showing the moral results which events brought about and the circumstances arising from them, —the humiliation of Prussia and her resurrection, our passing triumphs and our, alas! well-merited defeat. I do not think that you are at all too severe in your criticisms on Napoleon and his agents. He behaved shamefully to the unfortunate Queen of Prussia, and you do right to denounce such conduct. I have always thought that the different treatment accorded to the Grand Duchess of Saxe Weimar was with the intent of making the reception of the Queen at once more humiliating and more excusable in the eyes of the world. By appearing to honour one woman, his insults

to the other were made more apparent. Your condemnation of the indifference and weakness shown by Goethe is just and right; I think you might have been even more severe. His artistic impassiveness was a crime, his lordly serenity was in reality only cowardice. I see with great satisfaction that you have said a few words about our aristocracy of the seventeenth century, who do not merit the admiration lavished on them, and who were the cause of the greater part of our misfortunes. Had they known, like your nobles, how to fulfil the duties of their position, the Revolution and its consequences would have probably been avoided.

I hope to join you at Cromer, and should like to see that part of England under your guidance. From there we can go to Cambridge; but I assure you that Weybridge is the place I love best, and that I come to see you.

Your ever devoted friend,  
B. ST. HILAIRE.

*Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell.*

DEAR MASTER,

Cromer, Oct. 27, 1854.

You are thinking now that Aristotle (B. St. Hilaire) is here, and I would fain believe you are impatiently looking for our arrival. No such thing. Some learned duties detain him in Paris till the evening of the 28th; consequently he cannot be here before the 30th at night, so if, as I have promised, I show him a little of this most East Anglican of corners, and then a little of my old city, we can hardly be at Cambridge before the end of next week, or even the beginning of the week after. Will you tell me with all frankness whether Sunday is a day on which it would be *more* or *less* agreeable to you to have us than any other, and I will arrange accordingly (regard being also had to the state of the weather

*here*, which will shorten or lengthen our stay here—*selon*).

If you mean to invite people to meet Aristotle, I presume Sunday will not do ; and in that case we should spend it with our friends at Norwich. I wish St. Hilaire to see Norwich on a Saturday. He has great rural tastes and knowledge, and the corn and cattle markets, above all the rubicund and (now) jovial-looking farmers, will interest him extremely, and are utterly *un-French*. I will take him into the interior of a provincial *bourgeoise* family that is more *un-French* still : the books, the pictures, the fine engravings, the scientific culture of the worthy Mr. Starke and his wife, will altogether astonish him I know. If I keep him here till Saturday morning, our progress to Cambridge must, of course, take place on Monday the 6th. " But the hare is not caught, Mrs. Glasse."

When it is, you shall know it ; till when I am really rather too happy at the thought of finding myself once more at Trinity Lodge. I am so afraid *it cannot be*.

Yours most affectionately,

S. AUSTIN.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Les Pépinières,

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,

Dec. 5, 1854.

The *Evening Mail* is, I assure you, a great resource to me. Your aristocracy has shown the world what it is made of. Perhaps, as the *Times* says, they have even been fool-hardy ; but very noble natures are capable of behaving as they do. Lord Raglan's despatches excite my admiration by their simplicity and their frankness. Until we know what he has written, we have our doubts about the accounts vouchsafed to us

on what is passing. Your statesmen, your generals, and your newspapers, are absolutely reliable ; even in the letters of the sergeants and corporals one sees the English honesty ; and I feel a certain amount of pride when I see that my friends who once laughed at my Anglo-mania have come round to my opinions.

In a letter on the actual state of parties in France, the *Times* is wrong in stating that the Republicans have rallied to the Empire on account of the Crimean War. None desire more ardently to see our arms victorious than the Republican party ; it would be false to all its traditions if it were not so, but it hates the Government. Barbés's letter will show you exactly how we stand. The 2nd December can never be atoned for. The *Times'* letter is too Bonapartist, and betrays its origin.

Many remembrances to Mr. Austin and the young people.

Your ever devoted friend,  
B. ST. HILAIRE.

## CHAPTER III.

‘Memoirs of the Rev. Sydney Smith’—German Hatred of Russians  
—Miss Nightingale—Ugo Foscolo—Letters from Mrs. Austin  
to M. Guizot.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,                      Weybridge, Jan. 7, 1855.

I *must* go to France to see you once more, and to refresh my spirit with your conversation, and with the assurance that you have not forgotten all the good and all the sad days we have passed together. Both are to me, as I daresay to you, equally dream-like, and seem to belong to another state of existence. And indeed we have, if not “new heavens,” at all events “a new earth,” where it is difficult to recognise the people and things we knew in that old earth of which we were the inhabitants. I am always brooding over, and shall perhaps in time hatch, the project of exchanging Cromer for Trouville, and thus passing some time near you. Will you give me any encouragement? Is Trouville a place in which I might find a humble lodging and lead my own quiet life? Is the air *vif* enough for an invalid of my stamp? How far is it from Val Richer?

I hope it is true that Lady Holland’s book has pleased you, and given you a more favourable impression of her father than you had.\* That is the effect it has produced here, I think I may say universally. It is the effect

\* ‘A Memoir of the Rev. Sydney Smith,’ edited by S. Austin.

which I ventured to predict. My conviction that it *would* be produced led me constantly to uphold dear Mrs. Smith's resolution, and since her death, to encourage her daughter to persevere. He was completely out of his place, which was the House of Commons or the bar. But on the whole he was one of the best citizens England has had—fearless and true, and, as you see, very amiable in domestic life, and zealous in the discharge of his duties as a parish priest. We are now going to work to correct and enlarge the book for publication. Its success is so complete that Lady Holland can no longer hesitate.

I am continually receiving letters from Berlin, Dresden, and other parts of Germany. I sent a bit from one to the *Examiner* last week (30th December), bearing strong testimony to the fact, which was sufficiently familiar to me, of the intense hatred borne to the Russians by Germans. The whole time we lived in Germany, I heard nothing else ; and the only prejudices I have against the Russians have been inspired by Austrians and Prussians. How then is this to end ? Till the war broke out, the English *people* could not be said to love or to hate Russians. They never thought about them. Why should they ? And now they are fighting them with *acharnement*, while the Germans, who never spoke of them without execration, remain at peace. This is one of the many inconsistencies of the present state of things. Another, and more agreeable, is the wonderful cordiality (of which it is impossible to doubt) of the English and French soldiers—a thing to be welcomed with all one's soul, were the political conditions other than they are. But nothing could ever reconcile me to them. I have seen M. John Lemoine once. He is clever ; but I should not at all trust his appreciations of what passes here. My husband never ceases to repeat, " I never knew but one foreigner whose



judgments on England were to be relied on, Monsieur Guizot." With what delight and regret he looks back on his conversations with you. He said to me the other day, "The most charming companion I have met with in my life is Monsieur Guizot—I never enjoyed any company so much as his." He is, on the whole, very well—better than I ever knew him. I am certainly not worse. I think rather better. But I must take my place permanently among the *incapables*. I shall never recover my powers of action or endurance, and I only live by the aid of a thousand tedious *ménagements*. God's will be done! One must say of one's faculties as of one's life, He gave, and He hath taken away: blessed be His Name!

Lord Ellesmere was here yesterday; he said the expedition against Sevastopol was the work of the *Times*, reluctantly engaged in by the Ministry because the people would have it. Do you call that governing? I trow not. Lord Ellesmere tells me the indignation against the *Times* is very general, and that excellent articles appear in some journals (I myself read an admirable one in the *Scotsman*); but who reads them?

There is no help. The next despotism the world will have to undergo is that of the Press. This might be foreseen as soon as we get a reading populace. When the people have read enough to become clear-sighted and reasonable, the despotism will fall of itself. But when will that be? Two centuries hence? I am sure you think with interest of your favourite, Florence Nightingale. She writes, as I am told, "I have four miles of beds to visit, and I have not yet heard a curse or an indecent word!" I hear from others of the wonderful "delicacy" as well as patience of the poor dear fellows. Well may the Queen call them "her beloved troops"! If anything could console me for this hideous war, and for the noble blood that is shed, it

would be the disclosure of "qualities" (says one of my Berlin friends) "not to be expected from mortals, nor indeed from immortals," in my dear countrymen. And how generously and kindly are they treated by yours! one's heart warms in reading what the poor fellows say of their "French brothers." Will it, can it last? Let us pray that it may.

Yours ever, dearest Monsieur Guizot,  
SARAH AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

March 1, 1855.

M. de Remusat, in his charming article on Lord Herbert of Cherbury, mentions George Herbert in a manner which leads me to suppose that he did not know him, which is not surprising. Pray tell him that I beg him to get a little book which is not much known, 'Biographies of Some Illustrious Men,' by Izaak Walton, himself famous as a "piscator." His book on the art and pleasure of fishing is celebrated, as it deserves to be. It is full of our English love for nature.

Izaak Walton's 'Lives' contains among others that of the poet George Herbert, whose verses breathe the purest and most ardent piety. You remember the antechapel of Trinity College, where Newton is studying the skies, and Bacon sits meditating ("sic sedebat"). You know that the latter statue was given by the dear and learned Master—he has also made a present to his College of a fine painted window, in memory of the afore-mentioned George Herbert, a Trinity man, like the two others.

Who is M. Etienne, who writes on Foscolo? If you know him, I beg you will tell him that (doubtless unwittingly) he has given a very inexact impression of the

relations of Foscolo with English people. I knew him, and I lived near him, at the period when Pozzo and Santa Rosa took a cottage near his. I witnessed the disgust and shame his conduct caused to his honourable and virtuous compatriots. At the time when he was literally living on charity in Digamma Cottage, which he built, he kept three maids, all handsome—in fact, a harem. His whole life was scandalous, and fraudulent. No one can imagine how much he begged, and received, from English literary amateurs. One of my cousins, who not only gave him large sums of money, but much precious time, told me that Mr. Hudson Gurney alone gave Foscolo over £2,000. He made poor young refugees work for him, promising to procure them situations through his all-powerful protection. Not only he never gave them a farthing, but he borrowed small sums from them, which he never repaid. I translated two of his articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, and the editor did not venture to entrust him with my share of the proceeds. He would have pocketed it. What right has M. Etienne to say that “the eleven years Foscolo passed in England were only a long experience of the unanimous condemnation of poverty”? No one ever lived more scandalously upon the generosity of a public to whom he was in reality nothing.

While he wrote, “Here poverty is a disgrace,” etc. etc., he gave a breakfast where every lady received a nosegay worth half-a-sovereign. He had begged this money for his necessities. The guests were horrified.

I charge you in the name of truth and of England whom he has culminated, to submit these facts to M. Etienne. This deification of immorality, of dishonesty, of baseness, and of ingratitude, because they are decked out with pompous phrases, is odious and fatal to society at large.

Foscolo did not possess the rudiments of honesty.

His immoral life and his ugliness caused his compatriots to nickname him "the monkey." In short, he was a detestable character.

M. Etienne talks of "the mercenary hands which tortured his thoughts." My hands were among the number—then a poor, unknown, and honest young woman who worked hard to put his Italian (although M. Etienne says he was obliged to write in French) into good English. And it is I whom he would have robbed of the small reward of my labour, if the editor (Jeffrey), who knew him well, and who in those days did not know me, had not saved me from his dishonesty. I should like to say all this to M. Etienne, not for myself, but I choke when I hear my country calumniated by cowards who lived upon her charity.

Your affectionate

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Weybridge, March 28, 1855.

Here I am seriously deliberating whether I shall ask the learned translator of Aristotle, the expositor of the gloomy philosophy of the East, to buy me a bonnet, or whether I had better give this important commission to Madame de B. What, dear Philosopher, is your opinion on the subject? I am rather afraid of the tyranny which fashion and milliners always exercise over my sex. I do not want a bonnet for a young girl—nor a bonnet flying off my head (*fic!*), nor a dressy bonnet—nothing of the kind. A bonnet which will *frame* my face, which will protect me from the sun, which will not fade in the sun, as I cannot carry a parasol when I am driving my pony. A grandmother's bonnet, fit for a person who has undergone the amplification you know of, and whom a small bonnet would not suit at all. In

a few words, I long for a plain white "capote." Do ask whether such a thing would suit a respectable old woman like myself. Do not buy anything expensive, for you know what risks the bonnet of "the coachman of everybody" will have to run. If you hesitate, say so, and I will write to Madame de B. ; but in that case I shall not have it when you come, and I want to make myself beautiful for you. I send the size of my head, which has been celebrated by the great physiologist Carus as the biggest he ever saw (so I am told, for I have not read his book). Probably my milliner will think it enormous.\*

Enough of this nonsense.

I have just had a letter from dear Dr. Whewell—all about you, and full of messages for you. Tell me your plans?

Will you come straight here (*via* Southampton), and rest a few days, and then go to London?

Your affectionate friend,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

March 31, 1855.

Thank you for the charming Memoir of Lady Rachel Russell, dearest Monsieur Guizot. That is a subject which *you* can treat. How few men can! They are eloquent enough on the attractions of the forbidden—the unlicensed: they hardly believe in the union of passion with duty. This is as stupid as it is vicious, for how is the heart of a corrupt and faithless woman to contain that exhaustless well of tenderness which lay deep and untroubled in Lady Rachel's? In reading it,

\* The bonnet was a great success, and served as a pattern for many others, in spite of the objections raised by milliners as to its being "so very unfashionable." The bonnets always went by the name of "Aristotelian" in the family.

I pleased myself with thinking that you have this *most* heavenly of all earthly spectacles always before you, and that you wrote with the more emotion and fervour because you had two loving young wives by your side. M. de Lavergne tells me that you look remarkably well, and calls upon me to find *that merit* in the Revolution of '48. If anything could bring it into favour with me, this would ; but I would rather have had you preserve Europe for all that. All that we see and all that we suffer—the pretensions of Nicholas, the hesitations of Austria, the alarms of Prussia, and last, but not least, our own *sotte* attitude *vis-à-vis* of France (of France herself I say nothing)—all these are fruits of 1848.

I have a little *brochure* for you—a very humble affair, but you will find in it a little bit of *Nonconformist* history—*inter alia*, the wonderful chance which made my collateral ancestor, Sir Phil. Meadows, the colleague of both Milton and Locke.

I insinuated a little scrap for you into a letter to Madame de Bourke. In it I mentioned a very small *opus* of mine, which I now send by the hands of Mrs. Grote.

I did not think it at all worth sending, till I recollected your intimate acquaintance with and interest in our Puritans and their descendants the Nonconformists. Adding to this the interest which I always like to believe you are good enough to take in me and mine, I make out a case which palliates the impertinence of sending such a trifle to you. The Sarah Fairfax, from whom I am lineally descended, gave her name to a line of Sarahs, of whom I am, I think, the seventh. Two I can recollect—my great-aunt, Mrs. Martineau, and my aunt. My next successor died at Marseilles, and there is now just born another, a step lower, the daughter of Philip Taylor and Pauline Comte. My direct ancestor, Mr. John Meadows, and his friend, Mr. Fairfax, were worthy specimens of that race of Englishmen whom you so

well understand, and with whom you have so many sympathies.

This little narrative is a *chétif* return for your charming Memoir. Is it indeed the usual delusion of old age, or are such women and such men still to be found? When Alexandre Thomas reads to me his extracts from the letters and journals of M. de Mornay and their friends, I feel as if I were transported into another world—the mixture of simplicity and elevation is so imposing. The usual mixture of our days is just the opposite—a *varnish over dirt*.

My poor husband grows misanthropic. He cannot say, with your indulgent smile, “Ah, chère amie, les hommes sont si faibles!” He execrates them: Il y a de quoi. But there are also things which one may yet love and admire. You are the true sage. Children, a garden, and books will make a bright world anywhere, and in the worst times. Would I could only see you among them!

Your most affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Weybridge, July 3, 1855.

As to Trouville, you know not all the pitiable difficulties of this poor life of mine. I cannot walk—at least, I am forbidden to do that, or anything which puts any stress on the heart; so that my pony-chaise is my *daily bread*. As things of this kind abound in every English watering-place, and cost little, it did not occur to me, till I talked with Madame de Bourke, that I should find no means of taking my daily drive—nothing but *chars-à-banc*, far too expensive for me. This objection is, I fear, fatal. The innumerable donkey-chaises, etc., etc., of Cromer are the very *mesquin* ground of a preference which is forced upon my mind by my body. Pity me! However, as I am naturally *speranzosa*, I do

not give up. I have distant visions (distant at my time of life) of a short *séjour* at Versailles. My faithful friend, St. Hilaire, is going to inhabit a house there; there will be rooms to spare, and I could, without *gêne* to him, set up a little *ménage* for a few weeks. I have an English friend there who offers me the use of her carriage. Madame de Circourt is near. *It looks* as if I might attempt it. Surely nobody is so well provided with kind friends. But all this is for another year, and I am impatient to see you, best of all friends, again. My husband wants to hear your opinion of many things: he thinks you and he would agree. But oh! with what bitterness does he contemplate what is passing! How I wish for him a little of your equanimity—that quality of gods! He, living out of the world, is tossed by all its tempests.

You see that a third victim has been offered up to the Moloch of the Press—that most implacable of tyrants! Poor Captain Christie and Admiral Boxer were hunted to death, and now the good and noble Lord Raglan. Flesh and blood cannot endure the incessant baiting, and there stands Disease always near, always ready to seize on the frame shaken by mental sufferings.

I saw our dear Mr. Hallam when I was in London. Alas, how changed! Not looking ill—I had rather have seen *that*—but the light and meaning of his fine eye gone. He seemed much pleased to see me, and said he had been thinking of coming to Weybridge. His heart is not changed.

Our book\* has had great success, and is already come to a second (published) edition. I am glad to have fulfilled my duty to my two dear old friends—according to the measure of my powers.

Your very faithful and affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

\* 'Sydney Smith.'



## CHAPTER IV.

Letter from M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin about the Secretaryship of the Suez Canal—Mrs. Austin asks M. Guizot for Information about Lord Raglan from French Soldiers—Education at Lozère—Dr. Whewell on the Vice-Chancellorship—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Mr. Hayward—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on the Suez Canal—His answer—A Taylor Gathering.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR MADAM AND FRIEND, Les Pépinières,  
July 30, 1855.

I am going with Odilon Barrot, on the 28th of August, to his birthplace, La Lozère. It is an old promise, and this year I must accompany him to his beloved and desolate mountains. After that, my movements are uncertain, for this reason: M. de Lesseps, some three or four months ago, offered me the secretaryship of the Company of the Suez Canal, and he still presses me to join him. All my friends, with the exception of Cousin, advise me to accept, and I am inclined to do so. It would not only be an assured source of income, and enable me to return to Paris, as I should live at the Company's offices, but also a matter for pride to have one's name connected with so admirable a work. If I accept, I shall be obliged to go to Egypt at the end of October; and we shall be absent about two months, at Alexandria, Cairo, Suez, and Pelusium. In this case,

I shall hardly have time to come over to Weybridge, although I do not like undertaking even so easy a journey without saying good-bye to you.

Your ever devoted friend,

B. ST. HILAIRE.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,     Weybridge, August 5, 1855.

I have two favours to ask of you, not for myself, but for persons whom you will be glad to serve, and concerning things which will interest you.

The first is this: Lord Ellesmere, bound by a friendship of forty years and by every tie of respect and affection to Lord Raglan, has undertaken to write some sort of biographical notice of him—probably an article in the *Quarterly Review*. He is very anxious to collect the opinions and sentiments of brave and honourable men concerning one so brave, so honourable, so gentle, and so infamously maligned. The Press has, as you see, affected, now that the mischief is done, to bestow upon its victim a praise far more odious than its censure. But of course Lord Raglan's friends are little disposed to accept this tardy and cowardly atonement; and Lord Ellesmere has it at heart to show how little the calumnies heaped upon him were deserved. We have ample testimony from officers and privates how beloved, revered, and regretted he was by *our* army. I have been fortunate enough to get some letters written to *mothers*, and without the slightest *arrière pensée*, which are valuable. Will you aid him in his pious task? for you must have heard how "our brave commander," as the poor soldiers call him in their letters, was regarded by Frenchmen. Unhappily, the testimony of the Frenchmen who approached him most nearly is not much worth having.

Lady Ellesmere's mother, Lady Charlotte Greville, the charming and faithful friend of "Le Prince Auguste," as she always calls the Comte de la Marck, and of the Duke of Wellington, is so broken down by grief and misery at this fatal war, that what her eighty years had not done will, I fear, soon be accomplished by depression of mind. I am going this morning to Hatchford, to see how she is—with many forebodings.

My other petition is this : We were last week at Eton, and partook of the ceremonies and festivities of Election-Saturday speeches, boats, etc. etc. I met there the Dean of Windsor (Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley), to whom the religious instruction of the Queen's children is principally entrusted. He complained to me of the want of such books as he could heartily approve for that purpose, and asked me if I could get him any information about those used in Germany and France. He is a very enlightened and liberal-minded man, and sincerely anxious to acquit himself of this important duty. The Princess Royal will soon be confirmed, and he wants all the aid he can get from books which are earnest, devout, and instructive, without exaggeration or bigotry. Will you tell me whether you can recommend any of those your children used? I shall make a similar request to a dear and wise friend at Dresden ; for, to use the words of the Bishop of Lichfield, who was at Eton, and spoke, "if ever Christian gentlemen (and women) were wanted, it is now."

My kindest and most affectionate regards to all the young ones, and to you, dear sir, every sentiment of respect and attachment.

S. AUSTIN.

I have tried to get for you an admirable *jeu d'esprit*, "A Bill for the better prosecution of the War with Russia." Admirable, but unhappily out of print.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Planchamp, Lozère,  
Sept. 12, 1855.

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,

I have had a charming journey with Barrot. From the Jura we went to Geneva, then by Lyons, the Rhone, and the Department of Ardèche, we came to these rugged mountains. You would be horrified at the misery and ignorance still existing among our poor country populations. The schoolmistress, an excellent woman, does not know how to write; she is old and infirm, but it is difficult to find a substitute, as she only receives 50 frs. a month. The boys are better off, as the master is an educated man; but not one of them can write, because they come to school so irregularly. Barrot and I visited the schools, and drew up a little set of rules as to cleanliness, to try and induce these children to wash their faces and hands every day: I doubt their doing it once a month. The priest is a good sort of man, but lacking initiative; and those we have seen in the villages near are as honest and as lazy as he is. To do any good in this backward province, one ought to live among the people, as your country gentlemen do. Barrot comes every year, but his occupations will not allow him to stay long. If it were less difficult of access, it would be well worth your taking the journey. The valleys are picturesque and extremely fertile; the mountains desolate, but very grand. In three days I shall be at La Chesnaie, with M. de Lesseps; thence I go to Paris, and if you are still at Trouville, shall come and join you there for a few days.

Your devoted friend,

B. ST. HILAIRE.

*Dr. Whewell to Mrs. Austin.*

Trinity Lodge, Oct. 20, 1855.

How are you, my dear friend? I have heard nothing of you for a long time ; for I have not been in London, and have not fallen in the way of any of our common friends. I was in France for a few days—only eight, but there I saw neither Cousin nor St. Hilaire. The former was at some baths, I believe, and the latter was not at Paris ; and though within reach of it by weekly visits, I missed him. I sent him some Platonic dissertations, for I too venture to write about Plato, and received in return a book about that Indian philosophy to which he now gives so much attention. I cannot persuade myself that the speculations of a quarter of the world, which has produced so little effect upon European culture, are of any great interest to us, though I quite believe that the Hindoos are the most subtle and thoughtful race that ever lived, except the Greeks.

I the more want to recall myself to your recollection, and to have a word of account of yourself, because I am, I fear, on the brink of a year, in which I shall be entirely absorbed in that weary trifling which people call “business.” Do you recollect how heartily Cowley’s Muse abuses it?

“Business ! the grave impertinence ;  
Business ! the thing which I of all things hate ;  
Business ! the contradiction of thy fate.”

In short, I am threatened with the office of Vice-Chancellor for the coming year, and shall have to put aside philosophy and poetry and everything else for that time. For the occupations are of a nature that never leave one sure of a moment, and sure not to have many moments of leisure.

I have been looking at your new edition, or rather your reprint for publication, of Sydney Smith's 'Letters.' I am glad it is published, though I must own I was one of those who hesitated to recommend the publication. The picture of such a noble, upright, cheery, vigorous character is something which it cannot but do men good to look at; and the book is to me attractive beyond measure. I never take it up without reading onwards as long as I have time.

Adieu, my dear friend. You must give me your sympathy, for I have the pain of seeing my wife in much pain, and in considerable oppression.

These alternations of ill are very distressing.

Always affectionately yours,

W. WHEWELL.

*Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell.*

MY DEAR DR. WHEWELL,      Weybridge, Jan. 9, 1856.

I think it is impossible that you should have misunderstood my silence. Over and over again I tried to write, and dared not. One mistrusts the power and value of one's sympathy as soon as one tries to put it into words. Yet, independently of sympathy, I feel great *sorrow*; for one is gone who was always kind to me, and who possessed that reality and simplicity of character which seems to me every day more rare, and which I, at all events, every day value and love more. I never saw a person who appeared to me more *genuine*, more entirely without pretension or disguise.\*

I shall not attempt to comfort you, dear friend, for the loss of such a one, yet one consolation strikes me as peculiarly yours. It always seemed to me that you

\* Mrs. Whewell died 18th December, 1855.

contributed in a larger degree, and more immediately than any man I know, to the happiness of the woman who had committed herself to your care and love. She expressed this to me more than once, in her simple and sincere way, and if she had not, I should have seen it. In general, the remark M. Guizot has often made to me is too just. Englishmen do not recognise the obligation of doing anything to make the lives dependent on their own, cheerful or agreeable. Their utmost kindness does not go beyond allowing their wives to be happy. How must every white hour of her life come back to you now! This is what *I* have felt to be a comfort, in thinking of your loss. May this and all higher consolations be yours!

My husband begs me to say something to you for him, everything that can express respect and sympathy.

God bless you, dear and honoured friend! Whenever you feel it not painful or burdensome to write to me, you will relieve me from great anxiety.

Most faithfully yours,

SARAH AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to Mr. Hayward.*

DEAR MR. HAYWARD,

Weybridge, Jan. 25, 1856.

I send you the *event* of the day—my first snowdrop. If you knew the delight with which I saw the cluster of pure white heads glittering just above the earth in the morning sun, you would form some sort of estimate of the life I lead, and would despair of seeing me again in any *circle*, unless perhaps one traced by fairy steps on the grass.

It is well for me, dear old friend, that when in the world and drinking largely of its intoxications, I did not lose the love of nature, which now stands me in stead of all that I have lost. I might make a struggle to partake

of some social pleasures, but, believe me, it would not answer. What can be done with a woman who must go to bed at ten o'clock? Society produces either excitement or ennui, and I can bear neither. My poor enfeebled heart can just get through, and but just, its daily task; if I venture to overtask it, it will break down altogether. I am not the least gloomy. I have always wished and intended rather to retire from life than to be torn from it, and a merciful Hand has made this easy to me. You will laugh, and I think I am (naturally) turned *dévoté*. No, I have a very low opinion of myself, but I do not find myself *quite* bad enough for that.

You ought to collect your essays. They will form a very valuable and entertaining volume.

Always, dear Mr. Hayward,

Cordially yours,

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Weybridge, Jan. 30, 1856.

You will see an article in the *Edinburgh Review* unfavourable to your project.\* My nephew Reeve told me he feared you would be angry, but he is persuaded that the author knew his subject perfectly, and that it is his duty to publish an opinion based on conscientious study. I do not know who wrote the article. I think you exaggerate the political part of the opposition; it is more commercial; and the undertaking is regarded as a bad speculation. Lord Lansdowne told me that he viewed it with indifference, politically speaking. For the moment the subject awakens little attention here; after the peace men's minds will be freer. Tell dear Arthur Russell that I thank him for his letter, and for

\* The Suez Canal.



his kindness to my young friend Sterling, whom I recommend also to you. He is the eldest son of one of the most distinguished, high-minded and lovable men I ever knew.

Good-bye, dear and excellent friend.

I am, yours affectionately,

S. A.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Rue Richepance, Paris,

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,

April 7, 1856.

I saw Reeve here about three weeks ago, and we had a conversation about the article (on the Suez Canal) in the *Edinburgh Review*. I had already replied to it in various papers, but as our *Revue Britannique* has reproduced part of it which calls for a categorical answer, I am writing one, which will, I think, prove that the *Edinburgh Review* is entirely in the wrong. Rest assured that your Cabinet does not think it an "idle question," for they oppose us so violently that they evidently consider it of importance. To call the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez a piece of folly is neither true nor intelligent. After a careful examination on the spot, we are convinced that it is feasible ; and we have two hundred millions of capital, without any appeal to the public. I assure you that every one cannot have made a mistake simply in order to be agreeable to us. Nothing I should dislike more than to be forced into a polemic with the English Cabinet, for I am a stronger partisan of our alliance than ever. But your Cabinet is in the wrong, and they would do better to abandon their disloyal tactics, before the country and Europe oblige them to do so. They will find their cause impossible to defend, because it is a bad one.

Meanwhile I am correcting the proofs of my 'Letters on Egypt,' which M. Levy is to publish, and I have two volumes of Aristotle in the press, which have been ready for two years. The possibility of printing them is one result of my joining the Company. You will see what beauties are contained in the 'Nicomachean Ethics.' I have been obliged to disagree with Aristotle, but do not admire him the less for combating his Eudæmonism.

Tell me your plans for this year ; I trust it will not pass without my crossing the Channel.

Ever your devoted friend,  
B. ST. HILAIRE.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Weybridge, May 5, 1856.

To-morrow, dear friend, I am going to Chester Terrace, and on Wednesday my brother and I go to Cambridge to see our poor friend, Dr. Whewell. We remain at Trinity Lodge till Friday, whence we go to Norwich, where there will be a formidable gathering of the whole Taylor clan. The little pamphlet I send you will interest you, and explain the reasons for this meeting, and why, in spite of age and infirmities, my dear and venerable brother and your poor old friend contemplate such a journey.

Observe how my respected ancestor talks of the House of Hanover and the two first Georges. They are the sentiments of Locke.

I think I do right to join the rest of my family, although I am not a zealous Unitarian, but it concerns liberty of conscience, so bravely proclaimed and defended by him from whom I descend. We have all received invitations from the present congregation of the Octagon chapel. We shall be at least thirty. I think you will

agree that the "fête" at all events will be an original one, certainly not gay, but instructive to the rising generation. The children will see and hear how the name of their forefathers is still loved and honoured in the town where they lived. They know that their ancestors possessed neither riches, rank nor titles, and they will understand that it was by their virtues alone that they left the name they have done. Let us hope that they will preserve it intact.

Ever, dear friend, your affectionate

S. A.

## CHAPTER V.

The State of Germany—M. Thiers' Fourteenth Volume—Dr. Whewell named a Member of the Académie—Princess Lieven—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on the 'Province of Jurisprudence'—Mr. Gladstone on Sir R. Peel and Employment for Women—Dr. Whewell lectures on Plato.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, July 7, 1856.

I hardly dare mention public matters, particularly with regard to poor Saxony and her excellent and unhappy king. I have been reading over my letters from M. de Lindenau, who, after serving his country for forty-five years, has retired to his little native Altenburg, surrounded by art and science, to wait patiently for death. He always seemed to me *unique* among Ministers, *i.e.*, absolutely without faults. There have been more brilliant men—perhaps cleverer; but I know no one who surpasses him in disinterestedness, true philanthropy, and wise prudence. I have a half project of publishing a translation of some of his letters, in order to show how Saxony was ruled. It would be an elegy, I know; for these small kingdoms, so admirably governed, are destined to disappear, and the reign of armed force inaugurated by the French Revolution and the wars which followed will soon be universal. Your pupil, Prussia, will beat you with your own arms.

M. de Bismarck will not hesitate at violence, fraud, or baseness. He will be at least on a par with all you have. Our stupid Liberals insist on seeing liberty in Prussia, despotism in Austria; there is but one word—one name for such people.

Alas! my predictions are being realised. The small independent States will be annihilated and eaten up by the monsters who only know the law of the strongest. Humanity never appeared to me so brutal and at the same time so mean.

Your affectionate,  
S. A.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Rue Richepance, Paris,

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,

Sept. 4, 1856.

I was on the point of writing to you when I received your letter. The newspapers addressed by you come regularly, but they do not replace your letters, and a feeling of uneasiness and loneliness comes over me when I remain long without news. I think that I really love you, which is a great piece of news and quite a novelty!

I hope to come at the end of this month and to see Cromer under your auspices, which I missed two years ago. The three volumes of 'Aristotle's Ethics' were published yesterday. I have had some copies of the Preface printed separately, and will bring you one, which you will not be obliged to read. It is 250 pages, almost a volume. The "Poetry" is in the press, so Cousin will see that his ladies of the 17th century are more formidable rivals to philosophy than my work at the Suez Canal.

I advise you and Mr. Austin to read the fourteenth volume of M. Thiers. It is the best thing he has done. The lesson is a tremendous one, given by unadorned

facts, and related by the historian with extraordinary lucidity and point. I conceive that he has rendered a great public service. Tocqueville's book you have, I suppose, read? You will find much to agree with, and I think you will see why the Revolution was inevitable.

Soon I shall be with you. Till then many kind messages to all.

Your ever devoted  
B. ST. HILAIRE.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Weybridge, Feb. 5, 1857.

To-day, dear friend, I have received the reply from my beloved Dr. Whewell, which I would send you if I thought it possible that you could decipher his writing. But unless you had an Englishman near you, it would be impossible.

Nothing in the world could be more *apropos* than your good news.\* He received my letter on his return from a short journey to Rome, when he felt "more than ever that my home was so desolate." So you can understand how he appreciated such a testimony of respect and friendship. I need not say how delighted I was to announce it to him. Listen to what he says: "The honour of being so far selected is great, and, I must frankly say, quite unexpected, for I did not think my philosophy likely to please the French philosophers, though certainly I have many views in common with some of their most eminent men. . . . I shall value the

\* M. St. Hilaire and M. V. Cousin had proposed Dr. Whewell as a Corresponding Member of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. He was named February 1, 1857, in the place of Sir W. Hamilton, deceased.

honour as much as any honour which any body of men can give; . . . all the more for your sympathy and regard, which will make it very sweet to me, even if anything should prevent the result which M. St. Hilaire considers certain. . . . The consolatory thought of your friendship could not come at a time when it was more needed. I was only two or three hours returned, and had been to seek my welcome from the cold stone. I am glad I am nearer to you again. . . ." I have added the last words of grief and affection, because you will appreciate such a heart as his. Such tenderness in so strong and energetic a nature (said by some to be hard, and even proud) is extremely touching, and I rejoice to think that he has some regard for me. I cannot pretend to judge of his philosophy; but for elevation of character, love of science and the great interests of humanity, for moral courage and freedom of thought, I know no one to surpass him. . . .

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Feb. 14, 1857.

I have but a moment to give to you, for I am launched in that terrible sea, '*Goethe*.' Half is already in the printer's hands, and I am most "gespannt."

I should much like to see M. Guizot's speech, he has not sent it to me. I hear he is overwhelmed with grief at the loss of Madame de Lieven, and fear he may think I ought to condole with him. Henry Reeve writes of her as one of the best of women, and with great regret. Unfortunately I received such a contrary impression that I did not know what to say. All over Germany they can only talk of her perfidy, her intrigues, and her insolence. What is one to believe?

I think that my opinion on *Goethe* will be hotly attacked. I resign myself to that, and I am ever, dear friend,

Your affectionate friend,  
S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Weybridge, March 17, 1857.

The trials of my life have been numerous, various, and I may say, some of them, hard to bear. But all the rest shrink into insignificance compared to the *despair* of contemplating day by day and year by year my husband's *resolute* neglect or suppression of the talents committed to his care, especially since he was one to whom the *ten* talents were given. The book in question is his. It consists mainly of the substance of his first course of lectures at the London University, and was published by Murray in 1833 or 1834. It was never intended, as you may well believe, to be a popular book. Yet, in spite of all he is constantly affirming to the contrary, it is evident that great scientific acquirements, great sagacity and thought, and perfect love of truth make their way, and *keep it*. The edition has been exhausted for many years—years before old Murray died, John Murray has applied to Mr. Austin several times, though with great delicacy, to prepare a second edition. His first reply (which he made me write) was that he would not reprint it without considerable corrections and additions, to which Murray gladly assented. So the matter rested—again for years—but as he had bound himself by this notion of a revised and altered edition *and* a second volume, the result is that he has never touched it, and *never will*. I can give you no idea of the flattering, and more than flattering, solicitations from all quarters. The only effect of a fresh one is to make



him look as if anybody had hit him a blow. He never makes the least answer or observation. How can he? What reason can he give to me or to himself? Health? But, to *me*, he can hardly urge *that*. The truth is, that many causes, and among them some very sufficient ones, long ago conspired to disgust him with men and their judgments and their affairs; and he, poor fellow, has made this an excuse to himself for obeying his own reluctance to set about work. He says (and truly) that time was when nobody worked harder, and that had he then met with encouragement or even justice, he should have accomplished great things. It is true that he was shamefully treated; but you and I know that there is another way of avenging oneself on the injustice of men. Well, the end is, that I cannot tell where nor how to get a copy. I have heard of fabulous prices given for one. If I can borrow one for M. de Rémusat, I will. Nothing that could be done for me, or could happen to me, would give me such a joy as seeing that book mentioned as it deserves. The *Edinburgh Review* (as the then editor told me) never dared to grapple with it. Indeed, it never was adequately reviewed.

You see, dear sir, how I talk to you of what is most sacred to me on earth. My husband is, to me, the object of the profoundest veneration and the tenderest pity. He is to me sometimes as a god, sometimes as a sick and wayward child—an immense, powerful, and beautiful machine, without the balance-wheel, which should keep it going constantly, evenly, and justly. In my heart I continually commend him to God, and pray that his great and noble soul may find a sphere more fitted to its development. With this hope I am obliged to console myself for my *bitter* disappointment—not, believe me, that he has not coined his talents into gold or risen upon them to power or greatness, but that he

will depart out of the world without having done for the great cause of Law and Order, of Reason and Justice, what he might have done. To enable him to do this I should have been proud and happy to share a garret and a crust with him. But God knows our ambitions, and checks them.

I am busy, in my little way. I shall send Henriette a humble offering of mine to the 'Household Gods.'\* It has had great and unexpected success.

I have written an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, on Goethe's 'Life and Works'—not a critical nor æsthetical, but an ethical view. It will not be popular among a large class of *littérateurs*, but I do not despair of your approbation, which is worth a world of the others.

Farewell, dear Monsieur Guizot,

Your very faithful and affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

*Mr. Gladstone to Mrs. Austin.*

11, Carlton House Terrace,

DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,

May 7, 1857.

I can only apologise for not having long ago answered your kind note by mentioning another circumstance which equally calls for your indulgence—it is that I have not been able to find the publication which accompanied it, or by which (for I cannot say whether the post is to blame or not) it ought to have been accompanied. I need hardly say that but for this misfortune I should long ago have read it.

When I read a note like yours, I feel that the small injustices of many are more than counterbalanced by the unfounded indulgence and charity with which some

\* Two Letters on Girls' Schools and on the training of working women.

of you among them form their judgments of men, at least, of myself.

You are right, and wholly right, in what you say of Sir Robert Peel. The depth and reality, the wearing intensity of his sense of public duty, was the noblest point in his whole character, and to those who knew him, I think, the most marked. I seem to have lived into other times and to breathe a different atmosphere, by which I am stifled and exhausted. It is hard for me to tell how much of these sensations are due to my own morbid feelings. I am glad to think I see my way to a period of inaction for myself which may improve my perceptions of men and things.

Should you come to London, pray do not forget my address, and believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,

May 9, 1857.

It never rains but it pours, and I have now your pamphlet both from Mr. Murray and yourself. It is however one of the class of publications, unhappily limited, of which it is better to have two copies than one or none.

My wife and I have both read it with much interest and much concurrence. At Hawarden, where she goes a good deal, she hopes to be able to give it some practical effect in pursuance of ideas already entertained.

I have also the impression that in this country we give several classes of employment to men that might be better discharged by women, and were I about to open a large shop or found an hotel, I should try a different plan.

Many thanks for all you say about the temper with which I ought to regard the course of public affairs. It was already more or less my study to attain to the

temper you recommend, and you powerfully help me. I shall not wilfully act in any other sense, and shall hope to bring feeling also into the same tone.

I have little hope of profiting by your kind invitation, but I receive it not the less thankfully.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Austin,

Very sincerely yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

*Dr. Whewell to Mrs. Austin.*

Wednesday, May 13, 1857.

Thank you much, dear friend, for your *pencil* note, though I am very sorry to find that you are reduced to that, even for a time.

Thank you, too, sincerely—heartily, for the kind eye with which you look upon my promise of lecturing the ladies about Plato. Since I promised Lady Monteagle to do it, I have had dire misgivings that our keen-witted London friends may fasten their attention on some ridiculous side which it may have. I mean it, as I think you will understand and know, in all simplicity, believing that I can give to my hearers a truer and simpler notion of what Plato really did say than they will get from other sources—simple enough to be understood without any difference depending on the audience being men or women, if there be any difference of power of understanding in men or women, which I do not believe; though of kind and mode of understanding there may be and is. I was not so pleasantly taken with Mrs. Gaskell's account of Jane Eyre as most persons appear to be. The poor lady appears as a sort of tempestuous spirit in a dismal atmosphere, of which the gloom and storms are partly her own making. Certainly it is very curious how much of intellectual culture, generally self-acquired, may cohabit with ex-

ceeding roughness and rudeness in surrounding circumstances. This we north-country people do know, and I suppose it is a characteristic of the north. The passage that you refer to is that, I suppose, about the Eumenides and such bodies, and is certainly odd enough. But what won Sir J. Stephen to notice this?

I shall be in London shortly till next Wednesday, my lecture day. I should like you to hear some of my Platonics. I suppose I need not offer you tickets. I shall not be so much at liberty during this month as I hoped to be, for the Cambridge Act drives us to perpetual meetings—a dire waste of time, even if no worse harm came of it. I should like to know when you are coming to town—a note to the Athenæum will always find me, and always find me?

Affectionately yours,

W. WHEWELL.

## CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Hudson Gurney and French Society in 1802—Trinity Lodge—The Deccan—Parliamentary Debates on the East India Company—Lord Grey's Book—Dr. Whewell to Mrs. Austin on Mr. Buckle's Lecture on the Influence of Women, etc.—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on his Book and cheap Newspapers—Dr. Whewell on Mr. Lewes as a Critic, and Goethe.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,                      Weybridge, Nov. 23, 1857.

Early in September I went, as usual, to Cromer, and dawdled away a month there—glad of rest, after the hard work (for me) I had been doing ; for besides my remarks on Goethe, I had written several little things, and corrected the proofs of two friends' books—no slight sacrifice to friendship.

I had the great pleasure of inducing Lord Lansdowne to spend some days in the little fishing village, and of seeing him revive in the fine air and enjoy humble pleasures with all the freshness of youth. We had many long *causeries* on the aspects and tendencies of things, which appear to me gloomy. He said, "So they do to me, but I struggle against the feeling." This appeared charming to me who live with *Timon*—especially at seventy-eight. You too, dear sir, keep alive the sacred fire of hope in humanity. You are always pitiful and indulgent. From Cromer I went to visit Mr. Hudson Gurney, for fifty-five years the intimate friend of Lord Aberdeen. Their intimacy began at Paris in

1802, and it is evident that what Hudson Gurney cares for most on earth is Lord Aberdeen. He told me many curious incidents of Paris life at that time. Madame Fouché's balls, Madame Récamier's parties, and all the strange contrasts of that society. He is eighty-three, and, when I left him, full of animation and curiosity. But *he* is not one of the hopeful—*that* spirit is not given to all.

I made my usual halt at Trinity Lodge, and found the energetic Master sorely annoyed by the revolutionary spirit which has found its way into our universities—by others, of course, qualified as zeal for reform ; and no doubt there is here, as elsewhere, much of both—*how* much of each, others must judge. I confess the prevalent clamour for submitting all sorts of questions to the judgment of masses seems to me, in *all its forms*, mischievous and menacing enough. But the country must go through that. I wonder if H. Reeve will send you a little *brochure* containing four letters from my cousin, Meadows Taylor, deputy commissioner of the ceded districts in the Deccan. They were written to Henry without the least view to publication, nor *are* they published, only printed. If I mistake not, they will give you a high opinion of the writer, and a clearer insight into this terrible mystery than anything you have seen yet. Meadows has been in India from his boyhood, is well acquainted with the natives and with several of the languages, and took an active share in the suppression of Thuggee. On the whole, his view is rather cheering than otherwise. He regards this as the death-struggle of "savagery" against civilization, which, he says, "is pressing hard on Hinduism." I wish M. John Lemoine could see these letters. On some points they would confirm, on others correct, his views, which are too candid and just not to have great value.

Your faithfully attached

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,                      Weybridge, Feb. 27, 1858.

You will not fancy that I have the pretension to give you *news*. You will have plenty from other quarters.

How much has occurred! What blunders on both sides of the Channel! What strange turns and revolutions of feeling!

I was in London all last week, at the house of my dear young friends, Charles Buxton and his wife. He has all the anxiety of a young and conscientious M.P., and of course we debated his votes with great interest. I was in opposition—or rather, I was *the* opposition. I did not feel at all satisfied or convinced about India. I thought, and so does my husband, that never was so grave and momentous a measure as the abolition of the greatest corporation the world ever saw, proposed with such a total absence of all argument and of all seriousness. Lord Palmerston's speech was despicable and *null*. Sir G. Lewis's speech was irrelevant and most mischievous. Nobody gave any good and sufficient reason why the Company should be abolished to give place to a Council, which must either be a mere farce, or must be the Directors under another name. There may be evils and inconveniences—I daresay there are—but Mr. Austin said "the Ministers have *established no case* whatever." Lord Palmerston treated it with his usual indecent flippancy. I hope you read the debate on this question as well as *the other*. I cannot but think they would interest you. We were much struck with the excellent speech of an old soldier and administrator, Colonel Sykes. Did you read the Company's petition? Is it not a very noble document?

Then as to Lord Palmerston's other Bill (*qui vous regarde*): I am not given to political prophecy, but I said



to C. Buxton, as soon as the first reading passed by that large majority, "This will never go over quietly. If I know the English people, there will be a great agitation about this. It is just *the* susceptible point." \* He did not believe me ; and on Friday we dined at Lansdowne House, and we were all quietly talking in the drawing-room while the explosion took place. Our neighbour, Locke King, says that Milner Gibson's was the most *effective* speech he ever heard in the House. That is saying a great deal. But it was certainly very dextrous—a work of art hardly to be expected from the laziest man in England, who passes his life in yachting. I am sure you read Gladstone's with interest. And now what became of Lord Palmerston's boasted imperturbable temper ? Was there ever a more pitiable exhibition of vulgar impotent rage and mortification ? Were not the consequences so grave and so doubtful, one would be delighted ; but the state of parties, which seems to make any other efficient government impossible, renders it difficult to rejoice.

My husband hopes you will read Lord Grey's book. He says, "The special parts more than make up for the defects in the statement of the *generalia*. It is the work of a discerning and experienced politician, and what is more, of a good and great citizen." I told Lord Shelburne, "I like Lord Grey *because* he is an aristocrat, which so few of you are. Real, true aristocrats are what we most want. We have plenty of courtiers of the mob." God bless you and yours.

Yours affectionately,

S. AUSTIN.

\* The addresses to the Emperor Napoleon III., after Orsini's attempt at assassination, by the French colonels. Lord Palmerston brought in a measure which was regarded as an unworthy concession to the bombastic threats of "destroying the infamous haunt in which machinations so infernal are planned," etc. etc.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,

March 19, 1858.

I beg you to accept from me a copy of Lord Grey's book. It is not the work of a man of letters, but of a statesman of great experience, great sagacity, and the loftiest purposes.

I had a letter from Lord Grey yesterday, in which he says, "I hope when M. Guizot comes to England I may have the pleasure of seeing him, and that he may perhaps be induced to make an inn of Howick on his way to Scotland."

Kindest love to all, from your most faithfully attached  
S. AUSTIN.

*Dr. Whewell to Mrs. Austin.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Trinity Lodge, April 1, 1858.

I found everybody in London talking about Mr. Buckle's lecture on "The Influence of Women upon the progress of Knowledge." We could get no intelligible account of the substance of the Lecture; in language and manner all agreed that it was very fluent and taking. But to-day I have read it in *Fraser's Magazine*, and am amused at the fallacy which it involves. He opposes to Induction, which he says is the male habit of mind, what he calls Deduction, which he says is a better thing which women have. But by Deduction he means Induction, and such Induction as is a necessary part of all Inductive discoveries. And so he practises the common trick of changing the meaning of words, and then startling you by a paradoxical assertion.

So you see I am not going to admire women for *his* reasons, thinking that I have better of my own for so doing.

I forget whether I answered you about Kingsley's

‘Andromeda.’ I believe Milton has got the classical story as commonly told; but Kingsley, I suppose, thought it was dramatically better to make the mother vain of her daughter rather than of herself. I think the poem wanting in detail and circumstance.

Always affectionately yours,

W. WHEWELL.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,                      Weybridge, May 9, 1858.

I received the book you were so kind as to send to me, and your letter, just before I was setting out for a little visit to London. The former I could only *effleurer* (as my husband would not let me carry it away with me), and the latter I would not answer till I had seen some persons concerning whom I might have something to report that might interest you.

I returned only three days ago, and I have not yet read the whole of your book.\* Yet already, if I were to write about it all that I have thought and felt, I should send you a volume in return. To everybody who cares for the serious concerns of mankind it must be most interesting. To me it has another interest and a super-added charm. I see *you* and hear you in every page.

This is a woman’s judgment of a book which treats of such large and grave matters. But you, like poor crazy Auguste Comte (in that particular), value “*le sexe affectif*” for what it is, and not for what it is not. One is not precisely a fool because one’s opinions are greatly influenced by one’s affections. The opinions of men are often influenced by worse things. When we meet, I shall tell you some of the things that have specially struck me. In London I heard but one voice among those who had read it—they all spoke of it as one of the

\* The first volume of M. Guizot’s Memoirs.

most interesting and important contributions to history, and (as a biography) full of dignity and noble feeling.

I hear the translation is not good. I have seen only passages quoted in journals. I cannot say they struck me as *bad English*. Whether they were faithful, I know not. I am afraid good translation is incompatible with the time now generally allowed. It is a sort of race, in which all is sacrificed to *getting done*. I need not tell you how I deplore that your MSS. should ever go into any hands but mine. But of all people living, I am now the least fitted for a race.

I saw Sir John Boileau in London, and repeated to him my thanks for his invitation and my readiness to accept it. I saw the Master of Trinity, who is delighted at the prospect of having you at his *palace*, where, poor fellow, he feels his solitude the more for its vastness and stateliness. I breakfasted with the Dean of St. Paul's, where I met M. Van de Weyer, the Provost of Eton, Sir H. Rawlinson, and other notables.

I dined with Lord Lansdowne, met Lord Carlisle, who tells charming and cheering things about Ireland; Lord Macaulay, who looks and seems frightfully ill; the excellent Lord Glenelg, and some others. Breakfasted with Lord Monteagle—met Van de Weyer, Arthur Stanley, and many others. The former is building a house in Windsor Park. He said, "My wife draws all the plans, and my father-in-law pays all the bills." I exclaimed, "*Quelle combinaison charmante!*" He seems to be pitching his tent in England. I like him for showing some attentions to persons who are in the shade, and whom his *confrères diplomatiques* do not in general *perceive*. Finally I went to Richmond, to breakfast with Madame de Staël,\* whom I was most glad to see again,

\* Madame de Staël (*née* Vernet) was of a good old Genevese family. She was a remarkable woman and a staunch Evangelical Protestant. She married the brother of the Duchesse de Broglie.

and to talk with her of you all and of many things that interest us both. I did *not* see Lord Grey, to my very great regret. *He* called, Lady Grey called, I called on them—in vain. I hope I may soon see him here.

What a strange political state we are in ! I should be more uneasy about it but for certain unmistakable indications of growing good sense in the people (*e.g.*, the promptitude and, one may say, contempt with which Manchester, Liverpool, etc., repelled that attempt of Disraeli to cajole them ; and 2nd, the truly wonderful state of the lowest part of the Press, the *1d.* and  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  newspapers, which *swarm* in the Metropolis, and in which nobody can find an indecent or blasphemous or seditious word). We are, I think, coming to the point at which this must be our sheet-anchor. God grant it fail us not !

But I will detain you no longer ; we shall talk of {all these things in England.

I am always, dear sir and friend,

Your most affectionate and faithful

S. AUSTIN.

*Dr. Whewell to Mrs. Austin.*

Trinity Lodge, May 23, 1858.

I was glad to hear of you, my dear friend, and to hear of your being in harbour again. I hope you have as pleasant recollections of the part of your voyage which lay through Cambridge as I have. Your coming dispelled an almost intolerable gloom of solitude which was settling upon me ; and though it may be well that such relief is only temporary, I am not the less thankful for it. It seems to me at present at least doubtful whether literary and intellectual occupations will ever supply any large portion of such relief. I have been led to feel that the main value of such employment is

the point of sympathy which it supplies with those with whom we live. Thinking itself seems a very aimless and useless employment when there is no one to whom one is in the habit of imparting one's thoughts. As for the public and those who represent it, I feel less and less care for its sympathy; for the creature is very stupid, and very often says, or is made to say, very spiteful as well as silly things. But I must not weary you with my weariness and wailing. I am very grateful for your kindness and affection. I gladly think that I may write, and feel a pleasure in all speculation and literature which may give me a sympathy with you. Whether anything of the kind remains on my side, must be seen hereafter. I shall read with great interest what you say of Göthe. I really was partly won by what Mr. Lewes says of him, though Mr. Lewes is a critic who has been absurdly unjust to me. But I hold firm to my opinion that the 'Hermann and Dorothea,' is the best specimen, not only of his morals and heart, but of his genius. I forgot to ask you when you were here whether you ever saw a long commentary on that poem by Wilhelm v. Humboldt—another trait of the deep vein of sentiment which ran through his mind under all his learning and wisdom; and indeed it is a part of the wisdom of our dear Germans that they have such a vein. I send you your pen, though I would more willingly give it you, but I fear my memory. I hope my way of packing it will succeed. Göthe once gave a book to a lady of my acquaintance, and in wrapping it up for her, said, "If I can do *anything*, it is to fold a packet." I am afraid I cannot even do that.

Dear friend, God bless you.

I am always yours, with great affection,

W. WHEWELL.

## CHAPTER VII.

Character of H.R.H. the Duchess of Orleans—Letter from Mrs. Austin to the Duchess on her Sons' Education—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on her Death—Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell on his Marriage—Ketteringham—Mr. Elwin at Boston—Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on the Birth of a Grandchild—M. de Cavour and opening of French Chambers—Mrs. Austin to H.R.H. the Comte de Paris with her Translation of his Mother's 'Life'—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on the 'Life of the Duchess of Orleans.'

THE following letter to H.R.H. the Duchess of Orleans was written by Mrs. Austin at the request of the Duchess, who had already consulted her at various times about books for her sons. No one could approach the Duchess without being struck by the extraordinary combination she presented of refined feminine sweetness and grace, with masculine courage, sense, and magnanimity. Mrs. Austin was devotedly attached to her, as she says, in her touching preface to her translation of Madame d'Harcourt's Memoir of the Duchess: "She inspired me with such love, admiration, and reverence as I have rarely felt for any human being. . . . Her character was always presenting itself in new and harmonious lights; her manners were indescribably graceful, refined, and winning; her conversation never flagged; it was never trifling, never pedantic, never harsh; it always kept you at an elevation which at once soothed and

invigorated the mind. Her topics were great and high, and there was dignity and grace in her way of treating them."

*Mrs. Austin to Duchess of Orleans.*

Weybridge, May 9, 1858.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Madam, notwithstanding your great goodness I should not venture to address you did I not feel that what I have to say has so near and deep a concern for your maternal heart.

I have thought of little else since I had the honour of seeing you than your wishes and wants for your sons and the difficulty you find in getting them fulfilled.

I will state as briefly as I can a few of the small steps towards their fulfilment which have occurred to me, and which are immediately accessible. The day after I had the honour to visit your Royal Highness, I saw my old and valued friend, Dr. Hawtrey, the Provost of Eton. I told him that I had ventured to recommend the Comte de Paris to see the annual festival on the 4th June at Eton. Upon which the Provost replied, "Nothing would give me greater pleasure or satisfaction than to see the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres at Eton. And if you will tell me how I can signify to them how much I should feel honoured by their presence, I shall be obliged to you." Seeing no better means at hand, I offered to transmit Dr. Hawtrey's wishes to you, Madam, and shall even have the temerity to advise them to accept the invitation. It is almost ridiculous to add that I shall be staying in his house. Yet you may like to know that one who watched every movement regarding your sons with an interest caught, Madam, from yourself, will be there. Dr. Hawtrey is a very learned and



accomplished man, and, in the best sense of the word, a gentleman.

Another suggestion which I would make is that the Princes should attend the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It will be held this year at Leeds, on the 2nd September. It is always attended by a number of distinguished men. My brother, who has been Treasurer of the Association since its first establishment, has received a letter from Leeds, saying that if he should hear of any distinguished foreigners who intend to be present, the authorities of that city are desirous of receiving them and showing them every kind of hospitality. They might proceed from Leeds (the centre of the woollen cloth manufacture) to some other of the great northern towns. It appears to me that the mode of making such a tour most instructive and agreeable, would be to find some well-bred and instructed young Englishman—not too young—who would accompany the Princes. I think such a one not impossible to find; and if your Royal Highness wishes it, I would write to Oxford or Cambridge to inquire.

I should also suggest as a separate tour, a journey in the mining districts, especially Cornwall, and a visit to the more famous agricultural districts.

While I was thinking over the subject this morning, a note came from Mr. Charles Buxton, expressing his desire to have the honour of being presented to you and your sons. If it would be agreeable to them to see that wonderful *English* sight—a great brewery—he would be delighted to welcome them to his, which is curious, if only as returning three members to Parliament—Sir E. Buxton, Mr. C. Buxton, and Mr. Hanbury.

Your Royal Highness, I trust, understands that I am always at your commands, and that you cannot oblige me so much as by making me of any use. Were my power

of serving you as great as it is small, it would even then hardly enable me to prove to you, Madam, with what reverence and attachment I am

Your faithful and devoted servant,  
S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, 1st June, 1858.

This is the second letter I write to you. The first you will not get, as I have sent it to some one else. After writing four pages on the sad tragedy that has occurred here,\* I received a letter from dear S. de B., begging so hard and so feelingly for news, that I sent her the letter that was intended for you. This will show you how entirely I was possessed by one idea. There was nothing in the letter specially for you, and there was much which would interest her more.

For, my dear friend, I know exactly how far your sympathy goes. You have too tender and noble a heart not to feel the sadness and the sorrow this death causes to individuals; but you will not look upon it as a national calamity, a sorrow, and even a shame, to France. I say shame, for I shall never understand how, having at her beck and call a person uniting every heroic quality with the prudence and the sentiments which would have induced her to engage for herself and her son to govern the country honourably and reasonably, France can have rejected this pearl placed by Providence in her crown, to take up with a Ledru Rollin, a Lamartine, and all that follows in their wake. The French people were then in a condition to dictate their own terms with a Regency, and might have awaited

\* Death of the Duchess of Orleans.

the result of the trial with perfect tranquillity. From what I have seen of the heroic woman we are all now sorrowing for, I am convinced that she would have dedicated herself with absolute unselfishness and with rare intelligence to the happiness of France. Everything in her was great and noble. All her tastes, all her ideas, inclined her towards great things. By this I do not mean showy or violent actions, fit only to dazzle and cheat the world ; but deeds which aim at the good and the improvement of mankind. But of what use is it to talk of what is gone?—of what can never be given back to us? “*Hin ist hin, verloren ist verloren*” (What is gone is gone, what is lost is lost). But I who love France can only lament over her.

I cannot tell you what a shock I received when I heard the sad news at Esher. My husband and I are in great sorrow. He feels it almost more than I do. You know how little he is given to enthusiasm ; but he had had several long and serious interviews with the dear Duchess, and his opinion of her coincided with mine. His profound respect and tender pity were mixed with an admiration he never before felt for any woman. You can understand our profound pity for those poor orphans. As long as I live I shall never forget the sad sight—the coffin under a sky as pure and limpid as her soul, covered with spring flowers and verdure, and the two sons standing silently by its side. The eldest, whom I had seen fifteen days ago—so young—almost a child, now looked like a man of forty. Neither of them shed a tear. After the service they went into Miss Taylor's house, where they were quite alone, and then their sorrow was overwhelming. After some time Prince Albert went in and embraced them, saying the most consoling and sympathizing words he could find ; afterwards the Duke de Nemours, who was like a father to his nephews.

Yesterday I went into the vault where she lies by the side of her sister-in-law, the Duchess de Nemours. Only the poor Queen is wanting to fill the narrow cell, where sleeps so much that was great and happy—unfortunate and sorrowful. It is a fresh tie to Weybridge. She is near us—and for ever. I can write no more, dear friend.

Yours affectionately,  
S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell.*

DEAR MASTER,

Weybridge, July 6, 1858.

Strange it is that I should have had the announcement of so great and glad a change in your "condition" for four days, without sending you in return my heartiest good wishes.

You know that your marriage is the accomplishment of a wish of mine. Let me therefore go on to wish, with a confident heart, that this marriage may be productive of as much happiness to you, dear Master, as mortal man is permitted to hope for. I do *not* forget that there is another person to whom my good wishes are due—but I am sure she will understand and accept them as included in, and inseparable from, those I form for you.

Always affectionately yours,

SARAH AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Booton, Aug. 1, 1858.

You see I am no longer at Weybridge. About fifteen days ago I went to Sir J. Boileau's to meet M. Guizot. I found Mr. Elwin, Editor of the *Quarterly*, Dr. A. P. Stanley, Lord John Russell, Mr. Senior, the

Milman, and others. Here, as at London, M. Guizot has been treated with all possible consideration ; I found him contented, even cheerful. We talked of everything save the one subject nearest my heart, of that angel \* whom I mourn with a persistence, and a grief, of which I did not think I was still capable. I had been told that the feelings of M. Guizot towards her were not the same as mine. I regret it, for mine will never change, and there will be a subject on which we cannot touch.

From Ketteringham I went to spend a few days with Mr. Hudson Gurney. He is 84 years old, and passes his life in his library, which is magnificent. He talked much of France in 1802, which interested me extremely. Then Mr. Elwin came to fetch me, and took me to his house ten miles from Norwich. His is an existence difficult to describe to a foreigner. Clergyman of a small parish, 130 miles from London, and at some distance from any town, he edits one of the Reviews most read by the higher classes in England, as important as the *Edinburgh Review*, and more popular. He is a man of great wit and sense, imbued with generous and humane ideas. His Review is edited to perfection, and he fulfils all the duties of a village clergyman. You would admire his wife. She has five children, whom she educates and attends to. She does four times as much as most active women without any fuss ; with all this she is the companion of her husband, and to-day I heard her discussing the translation of an Ode of Horace with him. From here I go to Fakenham, and then for a few days to Cambridge to see the dear Master. I shall be home by the end of the month. Let Mr. Prévost Paradol know. We shall be delighted to see him, and more delighted still to see our dear friend, M. St. Hilaire, whom I love with all my heart.

S. A.

\* Duchess of Orleans.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, 23rd Sept., 1858.

I have great—immense—news to tell you. Guess, what would give me the most pleasure? You know what it is. *My husband is writing.* Do not mention it yet, for I have hoped, and been disappointed so often, that I am afraid to believe in my good fortune, or to communicate it to others. But he is working—not laboriously and slowly, but with more energy and rapidity than I ever saw in him. You will ask what has caused the miracle? I owe it chiefly to M. Guizot, who reproached him in the most serious and severe, and therefore in the most flattering manner, for his idleness; for forgetting all he owed to mankind, to his country, to himself, and to God. I did not hear their conversation, but M. Guizot repeated it to me at Ketteringham. He has done me the greatest service that any man ever did. Another cause was my visit to Booton, and all I wrote and told my husband about the opinions and ideas of Mr. Elwin, which coincide with his own; and his wish to have an article from Mr. Austin's pen for the *Quarterly*. I suggested a review of Lord Grey's book, and to my intense joy my husband entered at once into the idea, and allowed me to propose it to Mr. Elwin, who consented with the greatest *empressement*. This will allow Mr. Austin to state his opinions on many important subjects—on the many advantages of our constitution, and the dangers with which it is menaced—on the usefulness of a well-constituted aristocracy and their duties and responsibility. In short, on a thousand questions which you may imagine.

I hope you have seen the will of the unfortunate and

much-loved Princess.\* It has made a great sensation, and yet some people hope to hide it! Good-bye, dear and excellent friend. Be good and write to me.

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,      Weybridge, Nov. 12, 1858.

I must write to you to tell you that Heaven has sent me a new grandchild—a grand-daughter, a prodigy of size and beauty and vigour.

This little creature comes late to us all—the “last rose of summer” to her parents—the last flower of autumn to us. I am full of thankfulness for it.

My dear husband is advancing steadily and vigorously in his work. I had a great fright a few days ago when, on my return from my visit to my daughter and her babe, I found him ill, nervous and sleepless, and *beginning* to be dejected about himself. All my old terrors came over me, and I saw in anticipation another failure, another *breakdown*, and the fatal consequences to him. I almost reproached myself with having urged him to try once more to quit his inert ease, where, attempting nothing, he could not have the bitterness of failure, or I, hoping nothing, that of disappointment. However, God be thanked, the cloud seems passing over. I have nursed and watched him as a mother does her new-born babe, with such anxious tenderness. Last night he got a long sleep, and he is at work again with great vigour. It is remarkable that I never in my life knew him to write with such rapidity, ease and *verve* as he has this time. No doubt even if stopped, he would

\* Duchess of Orleans. “Where did she learn to write French better than anybody?” was the exclamation of an eminent French writer and critic, when M. Villemain read the will aloud at M. Odilon Barrot’s.

complete his work ; but, as you say, the moment is most opportune, and to have any effect the article must appear in the next number of the *Quarterly*.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,

Versailles,  
Feb. 13, 1859.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for sending me Lord Derby's speech. I had seen the extracts in the French papers, but read it *in extenso* with great pleasure. It is not often that one sees political prudence allied with such resolute yet moderate language. The speech is full of wisdom, and of true liberalism, and has produced considerable effect here. Piedmont richly deserves the warnings she has received. M. de Cavour is playing a double game, and his ambition is excessive. I do not know whether he expects to raise the fifty millions voted by the Piedmontese Chambers in France ; public opinion here is so contrary to war that I doubt if even our own Government would be able to borrow, save at very high interest. What a deplorable condition we are in ! our dearest interests may be risked, and our best blood spilt without our knowing why or wherefore. As the press is gagged, we only hear vague rumours of warlike preparations.

It is perfectly true that, in spite of the presence of his young bride, the reception on the third of this month of the Prince Napoleon was glacial. I heard it from eye-witnesses at various points of the procession. At the opening of the Chambers when it was asserted that it "was to God, his conscience, and posterity, that the Emperor was alone responsible," an inspired voice exclaimed, "and to the nation." A most constitutional addition to the speech of the man elected by a plebiscite



of eight millions of votes, but that did not make it the more agreeable. It suffices to show you the feeling of the Legislative body, coming from the departments where the war is intensely unpopular.

You of course know the biography of the Duchess of Orleans by the Comtesse d'Harcourt. It is excellent, modest and simple, no political bias, and containing long extracts from the Princess's most admirable letters. It has already reached a third edition. Her will is given entire ; I am glad that the French public should have an opportunity of knowing it.

Forgive me for always talking politics to you, but I cannot avoid doing so. I find some difficulty even in fixing my thoughts on my philosophical works.

Remember me to Mr. Austin and the young people.

Ever your devoted Friend,

B. ST. HILAIRE.

*Mrs. Austin to H.R.H. the Comte de Paris.*

MONSEIGNEUR,

Weybridge, March 1, 1859.

Together with this letter your Royal Highness will receive the first copy of my translation that Mr. Jeffs has been able to make ready. It is impossible for me to say with what anxiety and self-distrust I submit this book to you.

The translation is I hope tolerable ; faithful at least, I know it is. But it was done far too rapidly to be done well. How can I express the hesitation with which I have ventured to add my own impressions, my own recollections of one whom, even to myself, I cannot find words to describe ? At length, encouraged by my husband, whose reserve and fastidious discretion I thought I could trust, I allowed my love and my sorrow to speak.

If they have spoken indiscreetly, I beg your Royal Highness to pardon me.

I have repeated to myself, who am *I* that I should praise *her*? Yet I thought that perhaps no other English voice would be able to do so with a fuller appreciation. With more reverence, more devoted love, I knew that no one could speak.

Mr. Austin charges me to present his respectful duty to you and to say that he is at your disposal whenever it may be agreeable to you to receive him.

I am ever your Royal Highness's most faithful and devoted servant,

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, March 8, 1859.

I have searched in vain for a letter I began to you some ten days since. It told you what I was doing, and that I was so hurried that literally I had not a moment to spare. Then I thought of sending you a little notice which would explain my silence; I hope you found it inside the newspaper. At the time you mentioned the book to me I was working at it. For three weeks I saw no one except Countess d'Haussonville, and I answered no letters. I should have broken down had I not been sustained by considerable emotion, and an ardent wish to render a last testimony of affection to the beloved and angelic creature we have lost. Madame d'Haussonville had unfortunately not told any one of her intentions until the last moment, so that the English publisher was in a violent hurry to get out the translation. I could not permit any one else to do it. You will understand that I looked upon the work as my right, and at the same time my duty. But I am sorry to have

been obliged to do it too rapidly to satisfy myself. However, it is done, and will be published to-day.\* I have, after some hesitation, added something of my own as a preface. My scruples vanished before the wish to tell England (who generally believes me) what I had myself seen and heard of so noble and saintly a woman; how truthful was the portrait of her, and how justified are our tears.

Mr. Murray has sent a copy of my husband's pamphlet to M. P. Paradol.† Has he received it? I do not know whether it will interest you, my dear friend, for it is very anti-democratic, and only treats of England. Here it has made a considerable effect, and I hope Mr. Austin will be encouraged by the success.

Yours with the truest affection,

S. A.

\* 'The Duchess of Orleans. A Memoir.' Translated by Mrs. Austin, with a preface by the translator.

† 'A Plea for the Constitution.'

## CHAPTER VIII.

Letters from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on a French Monthly Review—The New Ministry—Lord Howden, Lord Lyndhurst, and M. de Cavour—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on Italian Independence—Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on Madame Récamier's 'Memoirs' and the late Duke of Devonshire.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, March 29, 1859.

Now, to what I was going to write to you about—Jeffs,\* whom you know, has a project of publishing a small monthly review in French. First, to indicate to the English public those new French books which may be read in respectable houses ; and secondly (what is of far more importance), he wishes to describe the actual literary, social, and political condition of France. He is anxious to find some well-known writers who, for the sake of France and so good a cause, would aid him to launch the paper. At first he would be unable to promise any remuneration to his contributors, but if it succeeds he will share his gains with the staff of writers. I should suggest a review like the *Saturday* ; treating various questions quite independently ; in short, striking articles. No long dissertations, nothing vague, and above all, illustrative facts. You have no conception of the profound ignorance existing among the mass of

\* A French bookseller in the Burlington Arcade who started a French Review in London, which did not live long.

English people with regard to France. Hence, as I have often told you, arise the errors which occasionally appear like insults.

I am delighted to hear from Madame d'Harcourt that she is pleased with my translation,\* and with my preface. But what pleases me more is the affectionate approbation of the dear youth,† who becomes more worthy of love, and more interesting, every day. You have no idea how truly great and noble he is. Every one here is struck by it. Lord Grey had a long talk with him the other day, and was delighted with him.

Ever your affectionate friend,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

London, June 17, 1859.

So you think, most ungrateful friend, that I have been to Oxford without you. Not at all. Mr. Chase told me that if I would wait till autumn there would be a Mrs. Chase to receive me, and I replied that as he was to be married in the course of the month, he would be, or at any rate ought to be, very dull company, and so I would wait. But the truth is, my dear friend, that I did not feel courage enough to go without you; it would have been very sad. So I went to London instead, where I have been for fifteen days. There I had the pleasure of reading an article on your loans, which seemed to me admirable. I mentioned it to Lord Monteagle (late Chancellor of the Exchequer), who was delighted to be enabled at length to understand this question, which is to us unintelligible.

The new Ministry is at once bad and absurd. Sir

\* Of 'The Duchess of Orleans. A Memoir.'

† Comte de Paris.

Charles Wood takes India, when Providence sent us Lord Elgin on purpose for the place, who becomes Postmaster-General. Lord John, Foreign Affairs! It is worse than absurd—it is alarming. Gladstone, with his thousand talents, his goodness, eloquence, and knowledge, is, they say, a detestable financier. Lewis, who was an admirable one, gives up to him the place which he filled to perfection. Lord Campbell is eighty, and he begins his career as Lord Chancellor! All this appears to me folly, and folly of a pernicious kind.

As to you, you are winning battles. What do you want more? You say that the pity of which you tell me is a poor compensation for the horrors of war. You are wrong. That divine feeling is worth more than the lives of a hundred thousand men, for it may procure a happier future for us. Good-bye, dear friend.

From my heart,

Yours affectionately,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, June 30, 1859.

I am much occupied with Jeffs and his proposed Review. Tell your friends that before it has been advertised in any way his list of subscribers contains many of our best-known names—Lords Lansdowne, Grey, Monteagle, Clarendon; Drs. Whewell and Milman, Mr. Senior;—but it is of no use copying out the list, which will be sent to you. All I wish to be understood in France is, that we are quite ready to listen; if you will not speak, all the worse for us and for you. The present state of mutual ignorance is disastrous. The nonsense talked about the war, the liberation of Italy, etc., is enough to make one lose all patience. Austria is

rude, and has acted badly—*ergo*, all law and justice are to be banished the world. Austria will suffer, but she will not be crushed, unless Russia comes to your aid, and that Germany would not permit.

To return to the Review. M. Jules Simon has written a letter to Jeffs, full of excellent advice. I agree perfectly with all he says. M. de Montalembert writes to say he has not time to contribute. He complains, very justly, of the state of public opinion here. But whose fault is that? What has been done to enlighten us? Our middle classes see no French newspapers, and if they did, what would they learn? M. de Lavergne's objections seem to me futile. Because people misunderstand each other, are they to give up all attempts at trying to come to a better understanding? M. Simon has proposed an admirable list of matters to be treated; my husband fully approves his idea of reviewing French newspapers and reviews; it will be new and interesting; so will the articles on religion. I have been at Twickenham with Lord Monteagle for the last two days, which will explain the non-arrival of your newspaper. Good-bye, my dear friend. I cannot forgive you for not coming over to see us, in spite of which I am, with all my heart,

Yours affectionately,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, July 7, 1859.

I hope M. de Guerle will see the extreme importance of at once framing a strong and respectful denial of the statement, at once imprudent and false, made by Lord Howden, "that there is not a widow in France who would not give her last son, or a beggar who would

not give his last penny, to effect the invasion of England." Lord Brougham has denied this unfortunate calumny in a most positive and formal manner. But it is dangerous as coming from Lord Howden, who has lived so long in France, and is supposed to be well-informed. The fact is that most English people court the society of the very Frenchmen who are, and always will be, sworn enemies of England. They hate us for the same reason that men devoted to liberty and justice love, or at least respect, us. If the next *Saturday Review* does not contain an article on this subject I shall write one, for such injustice is to me insupportable as an Englishwoman, and as a faithful and warm friend of France—of all that is generous, enlightened, and reasonable in France. But what a pity that the Prince de Joinville should have chosen such a moment for publishing a book in which it is impossible not to see many allusions which apparently support Lord Howden's assertion! Do not lose time. Write, or make some one else write. Deny it in your own name and in the name of your friends. Say that England has friends and admirers in France, if she would only give herself the trouble to know them, and to understand that they are the victims and the enemies of her own real enemies. Say that their love of constitutional government is the tie which necessarily binds them to the only country in which such a government exists. But what folly; *I* am prompting an article to *you*.

The thought of seeing you in the autumn fills me with delight. I assure you I need it. The future is most menacing. Can you conceive Europe without Austria? It is chaos. What will you do with the Magyars?—with the Poles?—with the small republics? I already see them tearing each other to pieces, and their anarchy will affect us. I send you a packet for M. Mignet. I have said what I think about Mr. Hallam. I



only speak of the man, my valued and dear friend ; I leave M. Mignet to describe the author. Good bye, my dear friend.

Ever yours affectionately,

S. A.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Versailles,

July 15, 1859.

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,

I recognise your good heart and your magnanimity in every line of your letter. As to the article you suggest, I agree that Lord Howden has grossly exaggerated, but it must be admitted that the evil passions he alludes to are lying dormant, and that the slightest official encouragement would fan them into a blaze. We are essentially a military nation, as Cousin says, a people of Zouaves. The proof is, that an absurd war which no one desired is now most popular. Were England the target, the train of powder would take fire at once ; you must not forget the medal of St. Helena, created in the heyday of the alliance. Lord Howden exaggerates, but the advice of Lord Lyndhurst is not the less timely. Never did Nestor give better or more far-seeing counsel to the Greeks. England has many and sincere friends in France, and among them I may count myself. But nearly every day I have to sustain an argument, even against some of our most illustrious men, on account of my Anglo-mania.

I am delighted at the peace, because it stops the shedding of so much human blood in a wretched cause. The reason of peace is not yet known, but it appears that the combatants recoiled before the notion of a coalition. Italy is in a miserable condition. Mazzini is her real master at this moment. It certainly seems futile to have

sacrificed the lives of more than 100,000 men in order to give Lombardy to Piedmont, who is furious, and whose ingratitude is boundless. I am not sorry for the fall of M. de Cavour; he will regain power, but I doubt his mending his ways. Meanwhile my prediction has been verified. I warned M. de Cavour last November, through a mutual friend, that Italy would be deceived by her ally. I did not think my prophecy would have been so speedily fulfilled.

Remember me to Mr. Austin.

Your ever devoted friend,

B. ST. HILAIRE.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, July 17, 1839.

Yesterday, on returning from Lady Ellesmere's, at Hatchford, where I passed two days with Lord and Lady Grey, I found your letter. I think you can guess the chief subject of our conversation. Lord Grey is one of the few who have always viewed the *égarements* of public opinion in England with disgust; he judges the actual condition of affairs as we do. The surprise and disappointment of the enthusiasts for Italian independence, who are numerous in England, would make one laugh, if the matter were not so serious. I have been told that Italy ought to ally herself with the Devil in person, if he promised to deliver her from Austrian rule. There is no accounting for tastes! Are the Roman States, is Naples, so much better governed than Tuscany or Parma? I trust that France is proud of having given birth to so admirable a woman as the Duchess of Parma? Nothing can be more sensible or more noble than her conduct. My husband declares

that the traditions of nobility and heroism are kept up by women, and that they are now the only real *gentlemen*.

Always, dear friend, from my heart,

Yours affectionately,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,      Weybridge, Oct. 27, 1859.

I am in a perplexity which I must refer to you. I know you will give me advice, both wise and kind.

When Madame Lenormant wrote to me about her book, of which she requested me to write a notice, I willingly, nay eagerly, undertook to do it, and immediately proposed it to Reeve. I liked Madame Récamier, and respected certain sweet and noble parts of her character ; I wished, and shall always wish, to oblige the person who loved and sheltered your dear mother. Above all, I wished to point out certain admirable characteristics of French society (the old French society) and of French women.

These were my determining motives for undertaking the work. I had not, of course, then read it. Now I have read it, and there are things in it which I know not how to pass over in silence, nor how to approve. Some of these appear to me to the last degree *inconvenants*. Some place the principal personages of the narrative under a light either ridiculous or false. There is a complete *ignoratio* of the grand lines of moral distinction (in speaking of such a—I will not write hard names—as B. Constant) and an insensibility equally great to the lofty virtues and grand qualities which defy and disarm ridicule. The attempt to make the Duke of Wellington ridiculous because he was not “*amusant*” to Madame R., and wrote stupid *billets* and bad French, is a mistake of this kind ; and the reader naturally asks what is the

moral taste of the person who finds nothing absurd in the ceaseless wailings, the monstrous conceit and selfish exigencies of M. de Chateaubriand, and nothing imposing and *respect-compelling* in the despatches of the Duke of Wellington. To say the writer did not know these, is only to say she should have been silent about the man. But another thing seems to me more grave.

Madame Lenormant insinuates, or rather affirms, that the late Duke of Devonshire, a man of no talents but of unimpeachable goodness and honour, shut up his dying step-mother and excluded her dear friends, for fear she should confess herself a Catholic and receive "les consolations de la religion."

This is a serious charge. There is no evidence that the Duchess *asked* to see Madame R. and M. de Laval, and certainly, in England at least, it is not usual to allow anybody to crowd around a death-bed but the privileged, the nearest relatives. This imputation on the Duke of Devonshire seems to me most unpardonable. It is not at all unlikely that he had the very natural fear that his mother's failing mind would be worked upon by attempts at conversion, and that he wished to let her die in peace.

Altogether there is a certain air of *victim* given to the Duchess, which seems to convey blame to *somebody*. Lady Elizabeth Foster's life and history are notorious, and the reason for her preferring Rome to England are explicable enough. I point out things relating to my own country, simply because I am familiar with them; but they are not all. The terms in which M. de Chateaubriand writes of his wife \* to Madame R. are, to my feelings, indecent and ungentlemanlike in the highest degree. No *galant homme* writes so of the woman who bears his name: least of all to the woman he has put

\* See 'Souvenirs et Correspondences de Madame Récamier,' Vol. I., pp. 343 and *aliunde*.

in her place. I wish I had not to add, no woman of delicacy would for one moment permit him to do so. I feel that I may be uttering harsh judgments, but why, why, why publish such things? We all do foolish and wrong things—at least *I do*, but I hope I am not a bad woman in the main, and why should my faults and follies be printed? Madame Récamier had so many charming and excellent and really noble qualities. I want to think of *them*.

Now this is my case. Am I only to praise? Am I to object (gently, of course)? I would fain know what *you* mean to do. Not that I can follow servilely, for I write in England and for England. But at least, dearest sir and friend, advise your always affectionate and grateful

S. AUSTIN.

I have been in Scotland, at pleasant Kirklands. I have been staying with Lord Grey and Lord Brougham! Wonders upon wonders! We are tolerably well. Best wishes to you and yours. I sent them to you from my very heart on the 3rd.

Yours ever,

S. A.

## CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Austin's Illness and Death—Letter from M. Guizot to Mrs. Austin—Her Answer—Mrs. Austin returns to Weybridge—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell—Mrs. Grote and old Letters—Mrs. Austin's Illness.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Weybridge, Nov. 14, 1859.

You cannot imagine, my dear friend, what a condition I am in! For ten days I have not left my husband's bedside. His sufferings are worse than I have ever seen. Day and night I am in his room, or in the adjoining one, thanking God that He has spared me to nurse my husband. Be so good as to write a few lines to M. Guizot to tell him what has occurred.

Lucie writes from Brighton that she is rather better, and that her doctor is hopeful. What a cruel position for her and for me! She wants to come and help me to nurse her father; I am dying to see her and nurse her. But amid all these sorrows I thank God that He has given me strength enough to be always with my dear husband. You know what I suffer, but at all events I live and nurse him, and he is so glad to have me about him, and so thankful for any little service. Good-bye, best of friends.

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Esher, Dec. 23, 1859.

I expected no less from you, my friend. In my desolation I thought of you as one of the few persons I could bear to see. I knew I had only to call you.

Till now I have been unable to think. I am crushed, and I search in vain for resignation or the least calm. I pray God to grant it to me. You know how my life was ordered, and that all I lived for has been taken away from me. What I feel can only be expressed by one word—*le vide*. I find myself utterly alone, for children, dear as they are, belong necessarily to another generation and another order of ideas and feelings. My feelings, my ideas were his—I drew all from him—and now I feel that I am nothing. I thought myself less dependent than he was; he had often told me so, imploring me to outlive him and not leave him alone on earth. I know not if it would have been possible for him to suffer more than I do. But I accept this bitter sorrow, and thank God that it is to me and not to him that the cup has been given to drink.

I have no plans. Sometimes I say to myself I shall not be able to bear this solitude—these long winter evenings by my fireside, opposite the arm-chair which he always occupied during our *tête-à-tête* of eleven years. Sometimes the idea of leaving the beloved cottage appears to me most terrible of all.

I think of going back on the 3rd or 4th of January to arrange matters. He has left me everything, and I must do my duty, for God may soon call me to join my beloved one. Miracles have not ceased, otherwise I could never have had strength to watch for seven weeks, and to bear without flinching all the daggers which entered my heart.

Good-bye, excellent friend. I will write to you as soon as I feel that I can see you. But when you come you must arrange to stay some time. You will be of the greatest help to me.

Thank M. Dunoyer for his sympathy; he complains that I did not prepare him for such a blow. My God! did I expect it?

People are very kind to me. It seems as if they guessed how united we were—how great my loneliness is. Good-bye, my dear and faithful friend. My daughter is only pretty well.

S. A.

*M. Guizot to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,

Val Richer, Dec. 23, 1859.

This instant I have heard of your sorrow. I foresaw it but too plainly yesterday, when I wrote to your good little Janet. Probably you also foresaw it, but the blow has not been the less cruel. Expected or unexpected, real grief remains the same. I feel the deepest sympathy for you. Twice I have lost the companion of my life, and notwithstanding the great consolations which surrounded me and still surround me, I am alone. Not to be solitary one must absolutely possess, entirely to oneself, a human creature, and belong exclusively to her (or him). This is the power of marriage, even for those who meet with many imperfections. And your husband was one of the most distinguished men, one of the rarest intellects, and one of the noblest hearts I ever knew.

Let this be a consolation to you, and at the same time a regret. It is better to have lost much, very much; the recollection of a great good, enjoyed only in passing, is always a treasure. Let Janet send me news of you, I thank her in advance, and when you are more at peace with your sorrow, when you feel the necessity of sharing



it with a true friend, write to me. Tell me if you wish me to continue writing to you. The more solitary you are the more I desire to be of some account in your life.

Always your affectionate

GUIZOT.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Esher, Jan. 1, 1860.

You, dearest sir, are one of the very few people whom I wish to see, or from whom I expected a letter with any degree of hope and desire. I knew you would say something to the purpose—something that my poor heart would accept with comfort and gratitude—something that would show me that you knew *what* my wound is and could measure its depth and extent. Yes, you understand that, in spite of dear and good children, and grandchildren, and friends—warm and true friends—I am *alone*. How entirely alone can only be guessed by those who know how completely my dear husband's life and mine were *one*, and how completely centred and severed from all other lives. The last eleven years of our life have been spent in almost unbroken *tête-à-tête*. I went out each autumn for a short time to lay in a store of health and spirits and new ideas for the winter. But excepting these absences, which he always urged upon me, there was hardly a day in the year that we did not spend together, and alone. So far from finding this dull or tedious, we both became more and more fond of our retirement and of each other. I will confess it to *you*. He had not always been a very tender husband to me, nor easy to please. Ill-health, disappointment and anxiety had naturally enough made all things distasteful to him. But since he had given up the conflict with fortune, and especially since we settled down in our quiet retreat, he had gradually come to a state of mind and temper which

I can only call *heavenly*, so gentle and noble, so without all alloy of unsatisfied cravings, or vain repinings, or harsh passions, or low desires was it! In this blessed frame of mind all his youthful and passionate love for me seemed to return, mingled with a confidence and intimacy which only a life passed together can produce. I was too happy! It pleased God, after many years of care and toil and suffering, to permit me to taste of this tranquil happiness—only to lose it. Do not think me unthankful for the blessing; at present I can only feel that *all is gone*, that I have no purpose or object in life, and that every thought and act of mine, which had him for their true aim, will now wander painfully in search of what they will never more find.

But I must not grieve you with my grief. Let me rather thank my dear children, my beloved Henriette and Pauline, for their sweet letters. Young as they are, they are *true wives*, and can understand what my affliction is. Tell them I *will* seek comfort where I know I shall not fail to find it. Wherever “the spirits of just men made perfect” dwell, there must be the pure and noble soul that has departed, for just and true he was in every word and thought.

I wanted to say more, but I cannot now—except that I send you the truest wishes for your happiness, though out of a sad heart. God bless you all.

Your most affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, Jan. 3, 1860.

Only a few hours ago I returned to my solitary fireside. I cannot yet believe it—I listen, I get up every instant, and I seek for what I shall never find again. It

is impossible to tell you how desolate I am. You French people are more *prévoyants* than we are. You live all together, so when one goes many are left. But when a whole life is passed *tête-à-tête*, what is left to the one who outlives the other? Good-bye; I hope to see you soon. You will come, will you not, when I call you? God bless you! S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell.*

Royal Hotel, Ventnor,

DEAR MASTER,

March 24, 1860.

I should have answered your kind letter sooner, but I have really nothing to say but what would give you pain. Everything is *come to an end* with me, and if I seek for words to express the *néant* in which I drag on my existence, I cannot find them. And why should I? They could only distress those who could understand them.

My life has been one continual and anxious nursing, and the thought that *this* might come has often enough presented itself to my mind. But how far were my worst fears and imaginations from approaching the reality! How inadequate my idea of the desolation that extends over everything!

I now discover that what I thought interested me for its own sake had only a reflected interest, and that everything I read, or heard, or saw, or thought, came *from* him or tended *to* him as the centre of my inward being. Now, everything that for a moment engages my attention becomes a *pang*. I fall back into the dark and dreary void.

Do not think me insensible to the consolations that lie beyond all this suffering, but the suffering is not the less *there*.

Believe me always, dear friend,

Very affectionately yours,

SARAH AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Grote to Mrs. Austin.*

Barrow Green, Oxted,  
June 8, 1860.

DEAR CUMMER,

I have been rustivating here for eight days, in a solitude only equalled by your own. The weather has kept me within doors, it is true, but I have found abundant occupations within my spacious *cage*. Among the rest, that of sorting old letters, destroying the larger portion, by way of loosening the connection with this world. Among these *now ancient* treasures are *some* letters of J. A.'s, and *many* of your own, for thirty years!—records of a singular series of conflicts, struggles, and chequered fate, such as, if woven into a history, would thrust modern periodical fictions into the shade for interest. Each of our two lives in truth, dear Cummer, if put on paper, would offer a deep and melancholy attraction for thoughtful readers. We both came into the world endowed with the choicest gifts of a “fairy godmother”—personal and mental.

How striking the lesson they (the lives) have both furnished!—that destiny, accident—what you will—mixes the cup of life *for* us, strive as we may. *Your* struggle is over, and you regret your exemption from all care for another. It is well. The evening of *my* course is more serene than the morning and noon thereof, and less agitated by the currents of feeling, and by the torments which every sentimental and vehement soul *must* be subjected to in the journey through this life.

I feel thankful accordingly, and hope that I may spend what few years are likely to be granted to me in the tranquillity which is now my portion.

When you come to Barrow Green you shall see whether any of the letters adverted to in this letter would be acceptable to you to regain. I have destroyed but few

of yours or Austin's. I go up to Savile Row on Thursday for Ella's music, staying the week probably. Where are you?

Ever yours affectionately,  
H. GROTE.

N. B.—I have “done wi’ London,” properly speaking. Linen, plate, and servants, all here—a couple of women-servants left for G. G.’s attendants in Savile Row.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, June 27, 1860.

You have perhaps heard of my sudden and dangerous illness. On the 13th, Dr. Harcourt did not leave my bedside for four hours, and twice he thought all was over. But God has thought fit to leave me a little longer on earth, so that I may labour for my beloved husband. I am now better, and the feeling that my life is so precarious will make me work harder.

On Monday Jeffs came to see me and tell me the result of all his efforts.\* I cannot tell you how deplorable and shameful I think it. If one could conceive the possibility of the English press being gagged, there is no corner of the globe, however distant or uncivilized, to which we should not rush if we had a hope of being heard. Here, there was everything!—a respectable paper, a *clientèle* formed of the most distinguished names in England, which would have doubled or trebled rapidly. I withdraw my sympathy from the French (with the exception of yourself and two others), who complain of being unable to speak openly. They do not care to do so, and it is folly on our part to pity them. How

\* The French Review started by Mr. Jeffs came to an end for want of sufficient contributions from France.

much might have been said to interest England in the good cause! However, it is finished, and will not be tried again.

From M. d'Haussonville I have had a most touching letter. I feel that he understands the elevation of my husband's character, and that he sees a little what I have lost. But no one can really enter into my feelings who has not known what it is to marry solely for passionate love, who has not passed five years feeding only on love, and severe study, in order to become worthy of being a wife. One must have known what it is to fight for a lifetime by a husband's side against misfortunes, and have felt the shadow, even of death, warmed and illuminated by the passionate devotion, which age had no power to dim.

I have been reading my husband's letters to me before we married. How you would admire them! Full of love and of reason, of wise and high-minded advice. He begs me to read the books he is reading—Adam Smith, Matthews, Blackstone, Bacon, Locke; he exhorts me to study Latin, and read Tacitus attentively, “for I shall desire to talk with you on all subjects which engage my attention.” It is the love of a great heart, and greater soul.

My sad and sacred work is advancing; the first volume of lectures will be printed immediately. I find the difficulties increase as I proceed, but they will not prevent my finishing, if God gives me health and strength. I think I shall remain the whole summer at Weybridge, in order to work hard. My daughter is not well; she is ordered to pass the winter in the south. The children are well. Good-bye, my dear and true friend.

Your affectionate

S. A.

## CHAPTER X.

Letters from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell on the 'Province of Jurisprudence'—Dr. Hawtrey at Mapledurham—Garibaldi and the Emperor Napoleon—Accident to the Comte de Paris—Marriage of Miss Duff Gordon—Lord Brougham on the Chair of Jurisprudence at Oxford—Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot on Family Matters and Mr. Austin's Books.

*Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell.*

DEAR MASTER,

Weybridge, August 15, 1860.

I know you will do me a kindness, if you can; and that you *can*, I am sure. Will you tell me where to find the passage in Leibnitz in which he draws a comparison between Law and Mathematics. It is referred to as intended to be quoted in one of the precious and almost illegible scraps which now occupy my life. You have seen perhaps in Murray's list that my dear husband's Lectures are to be *re-printed* and *printed*, and perhaps you will have guessed that I have the courage to attempt to put the MS. part into some form. I hope you will not think it presumption. My best excuse is that those of his friends who have seen the MSS. are quite convinced that nobody else could or would decipher and arrange them.

Of the inestimable value of the materials there is no doubt, and if I can but succeed in giving them a permanent form, they will serve as a mine for future thinkers on these subjects. His friends and hearers—

Romilly, Lewis, Booth, and many others—are unanimous in encouraging me to do this work. But oh ! sometimes the bitterness of seeing these noble ruins fallen into my feeble hands almost makes me despair, and long to bury myself with them in his grave.

However, if God spares my life, and gives me some little strength, I shall go on. I am entirely alone, and I live with and for these beloved remains.

The volume is to be *re*-printed unaltered, except by the insertion of some fragments which rather show what he meant to do, than what he had done or could do. Among them is one called "Excursus on Analogy." It consists in great part of numerous scrawled scraps, without order or indication of sequence. I am now upon these, having deciphered all but a few words.

But the arrangement is above me. My small knowledge of logic, which I owe to him, has enabled me to do *something* towards it, but I must get help. My friends are very kind—Lewis especially ; it is now that his regard for my husband comes out.

Pray remember me kindly to Lady Affleck, and believe me, dear Master and Friend, always your affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell.*

Weybridge, August 28, 1860.

Kind and ready help from you, dear Master, as I expected. The quotation is all I wish, and I shall insert it in your own admirable English. But now (see how the cheering warmth of kindness fosters impetuosity) I am going to ask more, much more. I am going to beg you to look over the whole fragment, or rather collection of fragments, entitled (as I think I told you) "Excursus on Analogy," and left by my poor



husband in a state which I think would have baffled any eye but mine. They were, in fact, notes or memoranda scrawled down for himself to work from ; and though I have succeeded in deciphering all but a few words, I am still in doubt on two essential points. Ought *any* of this matter to be published ? If so, how much ?

The two or three friends who have seen it, or part of it (of whom Lewis is one), are for publishing as much as can be put into a coherent form ? How much is that ?

Always sincerely and affectionately yours,

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Weybridge, Sept. 21, 1860.

I write little, dear friend, because my work absorbs and tires me. From time to time I am forced to rest, so I have been for a week with my excellent Provost, not at Eton, but at his rectory of Mapledurham, on the banks of the beautiful and silvery Thames. This incomparable brother passes his life very sadly by the side of his sister, who has become imbecile, though always affectionate and sweet-tempered. He has the courage not to banish her from his society or his table, and I admired with my whole heart the dignity with which he surrounds her with every care and respect. There is real heroism for you—a word so often profaned. Poor Lucie is not well. The weather has been horrible, and she is going to Ventnor immediately.

Ever your affectionate

S. A.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Rue de l'Empereur, Paris.

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND,

Sept. 24, 1860.

Have you or Lady Lucie settled your plans? Recollect that my present apartment is at your service, for I can always stay at Barrot's house.

Lamoricière's defeat has distressed every one; the perfidy and cunning shown now as ever by Piedmont is worthy of her august ally. The English papers are wise in preaching moderation to Garibaldi, but he is launched on his course, and I doubt his power of stopping, even if he had the prudence and the wish to do so. He hates the French, and he and his followers believe that they owe us nothing. If he has the audacity to attack our soldiers at Rome, he will receive a severe lesson. The confusion seems to me to become greater every day, and I begin to doubt in an united Italy. You may be sure, that should Italy be made, the Emperor will attack the Rhine, as compensation for the aggrandisement of Piedmont. Do not believe a word the official papers say about the popular enthusiasm. The imperial government is not popular. There are always a certain number of idle spectators ready to applaud clever mountebanks; and this so-called triumphant progress is simply a show. Complaints would be loud and deep if the Press were free, and the knowledge of this state of things causes war to be considered a diversion. I repeat, Lord Lyndhurst was right, let England continue her preparations, costly though they may be.

Your ever devoted friend,

B. ST. HILAIRE.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

2, Princes Gardens, London,

DEAR FRIEND,

Oct. 30, 1860.

I am here since the 24th. You will soon see my dear Lady Wm. Russell at Paris; she has been so good as to ask me to accompany her, promising to deliver me sound and safe into your keeping there. I hesitated for an instant—I wished so much to go! I feel the need of seeing my friends—you, M. Guizot and his daughters, Madame de Bourke, M. Dunoyer; but after due reflection I decided not to accept the tempting offer. I know the pleasure and the interest I should feel in again seeing you all, but I am sure that no sooner should I be at Paris than I should want to come back, for my work is not yet advanced enough to be able to leave it with tranquillity to myself. A thousand questions arise. The fragment on Analogy is reserved for another volume, in which I shall also print a most precious fragment on Interpretation, and one on Codification. When the first volume is finished it will be easier for me to take a little holiday. The more I do, the more I perceive the immense difficulty and the value of the work. Then my dear Lucie's health. She says she is better, but I am terribly anxious. Her doctor wishes her to go to Egypt, but dreads the journey. If you see M. Guizot, tell him that only a feeling of duty prevents me from going to see him and his children. Tell him that I find my only consolation in work.

Janet showed great presence of mind and courage when M. le Comte de Paris broke his leg. She caught his horse, and held him in spite of his kicking; and then went off at a gallop to the house of Dr. Izod (who was out hunting also), and before the poor Prince reached

Claremont everything was there ready for setting the leg. When there was nothing more to be done she burst into tears, like the child she still is. I have had a charming letter from the dear patient.

In a few days I shall be back at Weybridge. Good-bye, my best of friends. Believe me I love you with all my heart.

Your very affectionate  
S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, Nov. 13, 1860.

How am I to tell you? Our little Janet is going to be married, and is to live at Alexandria! In a month you will see *Mr. and Mrs. Ross* at Paris, *en route* for their Egyptian home. It is like a clap of thunder, and I feel quite stunned. Mr. Ross is a banker, clever and agreeable, an intimate friend of Mr. Layard, whom he aided in his excavations at Nineveh. There is a little too much difference in their ages, but Janet never liked young men. We are all charmed with Mr. Ross, but less so with the notion of Alexandria. However, he means to settle in England in the course of a few years. She is too young, and had he resided here the marriage would have been delayed.

Mr. Ross wished Lucie to go out with them to Egypt, but her doctor opposes this strongly, and she will remain where she is.

I am going to Ventnor for the marriage, which will be as quiet and simple as possible. I shall not intrude my sombre figure among the joyous company, but I shall be there—near my daughter. Good-bye, dear friend; I know you will share all my feelings, for you are in every sense of the word a friend. I embrace you cordially.

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Weybridge, Nov. 17, 1860.

I wrote you a few lines, dear friend, the other day, and now let me thank you a thousand times for your good wishes for the happiness of our little girl. As to the present you propose sending her, we have unanimously decided that it is "outrageous," which does not mean *outrageant*, but *exagéré*. We have taken the liberty to vote an amendment. She has bracelets enough to cover her arms up to the shoulder, and she wishes for a good edition of Molière, which her father has seen and admired. I shall get it for her, and she will take the first volume to Paris, in order that you may write her name in it. I know you will not be offended; are you not our brother, our uncle, our friend? and we act as we should for ourselves.

Janet begs me to thank you affectionately, and to say that on the 7th or 8th of December she will be at Paris with her husband. May I beg you to tell those who take interest in our child, of her approaching marriage, MM. Cousin, Dunoyer, dear Barbier, de Circourt, if it is not asking too much of you. I will write to M. Guizot; I am sure of his good wishes. M. Mignet does not know her. People say she is very like me, perhaps my friends would like to see this third edition. I am going to Ventnor, as I told you. Pity me, my friend, every day brings a sad memory to me, every night wrings my heart; and during these days I must take part in an event which we must try to look upon as a joyful one. I must go because my daughter wishes it. It may perhaps be useful to the young people to see what remains of a long and true love; what past joys this deep and endless sorrow reveals!

Ever yours, dear friend, from my heart,

S. A.

*Lord Brougham to Mrs. Austin.*

MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,                      Brougham, Nov. 27, 1860.

I greatly lamented not having seen you while I was in town. There is a question at Oxford of founding a chair of Jurisprudence, and the authorities of the University have done me the great honour of asking my opinion, and leave to print it. I gave it strongly in favour of such a measure, and it gave me the greatest pleasure to take occasion to mention the greatest of all professors of the science, and to state how happy I was to find that his Lectures would soon be given to the world as he had left them, and that they would furnish the most valuable assistance to the plan proposed. I daresay the letter will appear; but in case it should not, I thought it right that you should know what has passed. The expression I used was, "The most able and learned cultivator of the science in our day, Professor Austin."

Yours ever,

H. BROUGHAM.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,                      Dec. 31, Evening, 1860.

The year must not go out without my sending you some token that I think of and pray for you and yours. May your life be spared to be, as it is, precious—beneficent to the world, and may you see your children virtuous, happy, united—such as you see them now. For myself, I have not courage to ask for anything but *strength to endure*. I do not raise my prayers so high as happiness. That it may please God, in His mercy, to spare me a second death-blow—this is all I ask. You will ask it for me. I need not tell you that no second blow can be like the first. Yet that loss makes what

remains more precious, and leaves me without earthly refuge or solace if more grief should be in store for me.

I cannot say that my dear daughter is worse. I am assured not. But she is not better. She has had no return of hemorrhage, but then the bitter cold has brought on cough and expectoration. In short, though, as I am assured, danger is not *present*, it is always *near*; and that is enough to keep me on the rack. Alexander is now at Ventnor, and both the children. Dear Maurice goes back to Eton on the 15th, and Alexander makes his annual *tournée* in Ireland. Then, if Lucie will have me, I shall go back to Ventnor. But one of the cruel things is, that her doctor wishes her to be alone as much as possible, that she may not be tempted to talk. While I was there, I was seldom with her above an hour in the whole day. It was the only way of keeping her silent. The baby is an enchanting little creature, overflowing with health, spirits, and vivacity. She is her poor mother's delight and amusement.

You may think how terrible was the conflict of feelings at Janet's marriage. But it is a great satisfaction to her mother. M. St. Hilaire will tell you what impression Mr. Ross made on him and on M. Cousin, who, on leaving them, exclaimed, "*Ah voilà un homme !*" That strikes everybody, and the devoted love of such a man is not only flattering, but, if I may say so, *imposing* to a young girl. My people at Marseilles were charmed with him. He and his wife are now in Malta. She will find there an inheritance of love and veneration earned and bequeathed by her dear grandfather.

I came home before the 17th that I might keep the anniversary of my heavy loss here, in *his* room, surrounded by every object that speaks of him, and *entirely* alone; and so I have remained. I have to do the most difficult and anxious thing I ever did yet—to write about *him*. The book—the 'Province of Jurisprudence'—is

reprinted, with such small additions as I could find, and is ready for publication. But it is necessary that I should explain why it was not republished years ago, why I edit it now, what other materials I have in my hands, and what I mean to do with them. I must vindicate myself from the appearance of presumption and irreverence, and (what I care for infinitely more) him from the charge of indolence or indifference to truth. I have written a good deal, but it is written between bursts of grief, and interrupted by tears and sobs. I must take time to meditate upon it. What a life of unbroken disappointment and failure!

I have during the last week been reading over all his letters—from 1814 to his last tender letters written to me in Scotland. He had always an *Ahnung* of misfortune and unhappiness. All his love-letters, during our five years' engagement, speak, not of the happiness he hopes to enjoy or to give, but of his reliance on me as his prop and comforter. And this tempted me. Thanks be to God that I was strengthened for this dear and noble task! His last letters assure me of *that*, and in that I find my consolation.

I must leave you; the New Year is close at hand. May it be blessed to you and yours, prays your very faithful and affectionate

S. AUSTIN.



## CHAPTER XI.

Completion of First Volume of the 'Province of Jurisprudence'—  
Letter from Mrs. Austin to H.R.H. the Comte de Paris—  
M. A. Barbier to Mrs. Austin on her Preface to her Husband's  
Book—Lady Duff Gordon goes to the Cape of Good Hope—  
Mrs. Austin in France—Lord Jeffrey—Baron v. Humboldt—  
Lord Lansdowne's Munificence—Rome as Capital of Italy.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Ventnor, Isle of Wight,

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,

Feb. 10, 1861.

Two lines to tell you that my work is, for the present, done ; all the doubts and internal debates of my poor heart and head are closed, and what I have writtten is, if not good, irrevocable. I am not, indeed, satisfied, but at least I have the sort of calmness given by the consciousness of having done what I felt to be due to my honoured and dear husband, and of having tried to do my best. Perhaps you can imagine how constantly I paused and asked myself if *he* would approve, and how my heart cried out to him to guide me, and to check me if I was wrong. But for this most anxious work of my life I had *no* guide. He whose word was my law, whose judgment always convinced mine, whose few approving words were my highest reward and glory, was no longer there. Of course I feel *assured* of *nothing*. My narrative will give offence. For that I care not. If it does justice to him, I am content.

As soon as I was free, I came to be near my dear daughter. I found her apparently much better, but I

see that there is yet no *firm* ground for confidence. On the whole, however, her doctor thinks better of her, and she of herself. I can now see her daily, and her darling baby is a little sunbeam. The windows of my two little rooms look straight upon the sea, and the ceaseless melancholy noise suits me.

I am not as well as usual, or I am rather more ill than usual, but that is a small calamity. I am constantly thinking of Val Richer. If all goes well—oh, yes, *pour sûr*, I shall go.

Yours ever

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to H.R.H. the Comte de Paris.*

MONSEIGNEUR,

Esher, March 16, 1861.

I hasten to send you the first copy of my husband's book which I have received. In begging your acceptance of it, I do but follow what would have been the wishes of him whom in all things I desire to obey so long as I remain on earth.

It is also an indulgence to myself to offer to Your Royal Highness this memorial of one so worthy to be remembered, so profoundly devoted to your noble mother and her august sons.

I hardly know whether you will read the whole. But the interest you are good enough to express in what concerns my dear and honoured husband will, I think, lead you to look at the little sketches of his honourable and unprosperous career which I have prefixed to it.

I am sorry to put before you anything which exhibits my country in an unfavourable light. But I *must* speak the truth, and England can well bear that it should be spoken. Already things are altered. *He* was the forlorn hope; others have found the way cleared for them.

The last letter with which you honoured me, suggests

so many subjects on which I would fain hear your opinion, and know what I *ought* to think. I never was so much in want of a guide. There is only one thing of which I am sure—that I wish only what is for the interest and happiness of Your Royal Highness, whose faithful and devoted servant I am.

SARAH AUSTIN.

*M. Auguste Barbier to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAREST MADAM,

Paris, April 17, 1861.

I have read your Preface ; it is admirable. Impossible to describe better the eminent man England has lost. In a few striking, simple, and eloquent words you have depicted him physically and morally with a master-hand : “He was never sanguine. He was intolerant of any imperfection. He was always under the control of severe love of truth. He lived and died a poor man.” How true is all this, but how sad are those last words, in spite of their grandeur !

What touched me deeply is the picture you draw of the last years of his life. They were, you say, tranquil, peaceable, and just what he desired. Poor great intellect, at last he was able to rest from the terrible struggle of life for some time ! This repose was in great measure due to your tenderness and your courage. If anything can soften the bitterness of your grief, it must assuredly be the thought of the happiness you procured him. There now remains the work of his life, which has become yours. Alas ! how I regret that I am so ignorant of the serious topics which will form the object of your studies ; and how I should have liked to trace in his works the safe and true foundation of our social condition delineated by so powerful a hand

as his! But I am only a putter-together of rhymes, a searcher after images, unfit to attain to the virile conceptions of pure reason. My idea of the heart and the mind of Mr. Austin was a very high one, but your writing has increased and vivified it. Continue, dear friend, to publish the thoughts of your eminent husband; it is a service you render science. Your Preface is a peristyle of Roman simplicity and beauty, which decorates in the most worthy manner the monument left by the great jurist to the glory of his country. Give me your news, and

Believe me, ever your devoted friend,  
AUGUSTE BARBIER.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND, 31, Chester Terrace, London,  
June 23, 1861.

Your kind heart never would admit how great was my sorrow, and how imminent was the danger. It is long since I wrote to you, for I have been devoured by an anxiety too great for words. My poor Lucie comes to London to-day for a last consultation before finally deciding her plans. She has always wished to take a long sea voyage, and that is what De Mussy and the other doctors recommend. She will probably start immediately for the Cape. I need not tell you what this means—a solitary home for Alexander and the children; for me *le vide*. But the doctors unanimously say that another winter in England would be fatal. Poor Janet will be in despair. She counted on seeing her mother.

It appears to me that it is impossible to get at the truth about climates. Now we are told that in Egypt, particularly in Alexandria, the climate is changeable, damp, and stormy; it seems that it is only good on the

Nile, where you must live in a good boat, which is only possible for rich people. At all events, these reports have influenced Lucie, who says she will either stay in England, or go where she may hope for a radical cure.

You may suppose that all this has not helped me in my work, but that will help me to bear what would otherwise be unbearable. I live *with* and *for* my husband, and it is by that alone that I do live.

When are you coming? Will you not come to see your poor old friend, who will soon be doubly solitary? But I ought not to propose such a sad visit to you.

Good-bye, my dearest friend,

S. A.

P.S.—There is something frightful in Cavour's death, and in the thought that he was killed—bled six times in one day! It is inconceivable.

My brother Philip's eldest son has been almost living in his house at Turin. It is impossible to conjecture the consequences of this death. Sir G. C. Lewis tells me Louis Napoleon is very glad; so are Louis Napoleon's enemies. This is strange.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, August 16, 1861.

I have received two more letters from Val Richer. I think I must go. M. Guizot reminds me that he is seventy-four, and his children write to me as if they were my own. Besides this, my *collaborateurs*\* are leaving town, and I would not willingly print a line without their *imprimatur*, so that I am most undecided, torn by conflicting desires and motives. I dread the

\* Messrs. Booth, Quain, and Stephen.

long journey, I dread the heat of Paris in August, and, above all, I dread every sort of hurry. Alas! how I am changed! Formerly, nothing alarmed me; now the slightest agitation takes away my breath. But these are all reasons for making this last effort, as time will not add to my strength.

This journey would also help me to pass the terribly long period of suspense, for we can hope for no news of Lucie until the end of October. Alas! if you, dear friend, could take wings, fly over to Weybridge and help me. Good-bye. The children are well. I embrace you from my heart.

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, August 25, 1861.

At last I have decided, and shall start in a few days. Madame de Beauvoir has written me a charming letter. Sandricourt, their château, is near Beaumont, and I will write from there, as I cannot think of passing through Paris without seeing you. It seems that Paris is obligatory. How characteristic of your provinces! What would Bristol or Exeter say if they were forced to pass through London in order to communicate with each other? But I shall be as short a time as possible there, and rest, say, at Mantes, on my way to Lisieux; but I must see you. Could you meet me at the station at Paris, and go with me to Mantes, or elsewhere? We could have a quiet day of talk. My heart is on the sea, rocked by the waves of uncertainty. No, dear friend, vessels touch nowhere between Portsmouth and Cape Town. Five weeks have already passed; six or seven more must elapse; then we may have news. Write to

me at Boulogne, *poste restante*. I shall be there this week. Good-bye, dear friend, I shall see you soon, and you will return here with me in October.

Yours, from my heart,  
S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Weybridge,

Nov. 27, 1861.

DEAREST MONSIEUR GUIZOT,

Did I know Jeffrey? One of his *qualités* was to be always in love. Sydney Smith used to talk about Jeffrey's seventy-two loves, and at that time put me at the top of the list. He was certainly *very adoring* for a time; but he fell off in consequence of my taste for Germany and German literature, which (being completely ignorant of it) he could not bear. He wrote absurd criticisms on Goethe, whom he treated as *le dernier des absurdes*.

But Jeffrey was kind, generous, an excellent friend, and had great talents. There is a Life of him which you should see; I will get it for you.

Do you remember my saying to you, at Madame Baudrand's house, with an air of surprise, "Mais M. de Humboldt est méchant!" To which you replied, "Comment, ma chère amie, vous ne saviez pas cela?" Everybody knows it now at least, thanks to Made-moiselle Assing. The good old Professor Brandis calls the book "*dieses Schandbuch*."

The painful thing is to see such great faculties combined with so mean and malignant a character. Ah! dear sir, how different a soul is revealed to me in every line from my dear husband's hand. What elevation, what candour, what singleness of mind and purpose! In the intervals of my study of his works I read his letters to me—*forty-five years of love-letters*, the last as tender and passionate as the first. And how full of

noble sentiments ! The midday of our lives was clouded and stormy, full of cares and disappointments ; but the sunset was bright and serene—as bright as the morning, and *more* serene. Now it is night with me, and must remain so till the dawn of another day. I am always alone—that is, *I live with him*. I don't see how I can begin a new sort of life. Oh, if I could talk with you, dear sir, and hear you talk ! *That* would be comfort !

Mr. Elwin has resigned the editorship of the *Quarterly*.

The only fault I hear found with your third volume (and generally with the book), is that there is too little about *yourself* in it.

I can write no more. There is much to say about Lord Lansdowne. *Pray* say it. He is the type of a *great nobleman*. Dignity, munificence, liberal thoughts, delicate feelings, gracious manners, considerate *égards*—all.

Farewell, dear sir and friend,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,      Weybridge, Dec. 7, 1861.

I find it impossible to give you any facts or details illustrative of Lord Lansdowne's relations to literary men. His munificences were almost always as secret as they were well timed. I do not know of one that could with propriety be mentioned. As for the respectful and gracious attention with which he has treated all persons of merit in Art, Science, or Literature, it is a matter which does not admit of a doubt nor require a proof. Not only he invited all such persons when introduced to him to his house, and treated them with distinction, but he went in search of them, especially if they were foreigners, to whom he may be said to have done the honours of England. If any particular instance of his truly liberal love of Art and Letters should occur to me, I will send it to you ; but it is difficult to select *one* from



so long and consistent a course. His acts of delicate munificence to those *in want* are innumerable; not a quarter of them will ever be known.

I had a letter yesterday from the Master of Trinity; he speaks with great admiration of the "political wisdom" contained in your book. To-day I had a visit from my youngest brother, and I was struck with the curious coincidence of his views about Rome with yours, although he has not seen your book. He formerly lived in Rome long enough thoroughly to understand it, and he maintains that it is in every way *disqualified* from being the political or social capital of a large country. I cannot give you all the reasons he assigned for this opinion, but I am quite sure you would admit the justice of them. He is convinced that by any such attempt the Rome which is, and ought to be, the school, museum, and study of Europe, would be destroyed, while the life and activity of a capital could never be imparted to it. Rome as a free city, the Pope with lay Ministers, and the dependent cities with good municipal institutions—such is his theory. You see it is not far from your own. I dare hardly talk to you about America. You know on how many subjects Mr. Austin and you agreed; but on that his opinions differed widely from yours. He had long watched the gradual growth of fraud, lawlessness, and brutality in that country, and he frequently predicted some outrageous manifestation of depraved political morality. His predictions are fulfilled.

Now, dear, dear friends, I can conclude with good news. We have had a second bulletin from my dear daughter. She is better; the spitting of blood had *quite* ceased. "C'est là la chose importante," says De Mussy. She is cheerful, though longing for home. God be praised! You, dear friends, will all say Amen.

Your most affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

## CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Bentham and his Friends—Mr. Austin's relations to Mr. Bentham—'Discours' on Mr. Hallam, by M. Mignet—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell on her own Work and M. Mignet—Modesty of Mr. Hallam.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,

Dec. 18, 1861.

I have only thanks to give you for your anxiety to understand perfectly what were my husband's relations to Mr. Bentham, and his sentiments with regard to the opinions of which that eminent man was the author or the advocate. I must divide Mr. Bentham's life, I know it, into two parts. When we married, my husband had just been introduced to him, and was an enthusiastic admirer, almost a worshipper, of him, in consequence of those great works which remain, and will remain, monuments of his original genius and acute mind—the 'Fragment on Government,' the 'Defence of Usury,' and the 'Principle of Morals and Legislation,' more especially. Concerning these, his opinion never altered. As a politician, my husband, though reared in ultra-Liberal opinions, early dissented from those held by Mr. Bentham, which were founded on his extreme ignorance of the lower classes, and his ardent, enthusiastic zeal for their welfare. At the time we first knew Mr. Bentham, he lived secluded, and his friends were few, but they

were men of great eminence and honour. Sir Samuel Romilly, Dumont, Brougham, Mill, and Bickersteth (the late Lord Langdale) were the most considerable of them. All had been attracted to him by their admiration for his learning, genius, and courage as a *Law Reformer*, and by their veneration for his ardent philanthropy and his entire devotion to the cause he had espoused. Unfortunately, however, as he advanced in age, he became more and more impatient of contradiction, and he gradually surrounded himself with very inferior men, who flattered his weakness and assented to everything he said. You may imagine that my husband was ill qualified to act this part; he had always expressed to Mr. Bentham his respectful dissent from some of his opinions; and this gradually ended in Mr. Austin seeing less and less of him. This state of things was very painful to us both, for we were extremely attached to the dear old man. In spite of great peculiarities and some weaknesses, he was not only venerable but lovable. You ask me if Mr. Austin regarded himself as one of Mr. Bentham's "*disciples*." In politics and philosophy, *certainly not*, though in both he found much to admire in his writings; but it was as a Jurist, or rather as the most original and inventive of all writers on Law, that he looked up to him with profound veneration. In this light he is now regarded by all the leading Law Reformers of England; or rather, I should say, that all the law reforms that have been carried out of late years were suggested by him, and that hundreds of those who are ignorant of his writings and unconscious of the debt they owe him, are, in fact, acting upon the principles he laid down. Lord Brougham (to whom Mr. Bentham, under the bad influences I have alluded to, behaved very ill), much to his honour, bore testimony in the House of Lords to the enormous obligations which the country and the

cause of Law Reform owed to Mr. Bentham. But the low Radicals who gathered about Mr. Bentham in the last years of his life, and who used his munificent zeal for what he thought useful for their own purposes, succeeded (as you may suppose) in alienating him from his best and worthiest friends. You know pretty nearly what were the opinions of the men whom I have named as Mr. Bentham's earlier friends. Without being precisely *Radicals*, they were all something beyond Whigs; but they passed, at the time of the violent contests about Parliamentary reform, under the general denomination of *Radicals*, and acted with such men as Grote, Buller, Molesworth, and others, who certainly entertained the most democratic opinions. All this is utterly changed since the passing of the Reform Bill. No such party can be said to exist. With the exception of Mr. Grote, who is inaccessible to any new idea, I hardly think that *one* remains. The lessons given to us by France and America have not been thrown away, and Radicalism is now sunk into the ranks to which it properly belongs. Mr. Bentham's fundamental error was the belief that because the people can have no "sinister interests" hostile to good government they would therefore always be in favour of good government. My husband used vainly to represent to him that the ignorance and wrong-headedness of the people were fully as dangerous to good government as the "sinister interests" of the governing classes. Upon this point they were always at issue. I must add that the progress of my husband's mind was in an opposite direction to that of his venerable friend; but also the circumstances under which they lived respectively tended to this result.

Farewell, and believe me always,

Your faithfully attached

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,

Jan. 3, 1862.

On reflection, it seems to me that I have misled you about my husband's relations to Benthamism. I said that he dissented from Mr. Bentham's *philosophy*. Now from parts, he did. But as his exposition of the doctrine of *utility* is by many regarded as his master-work, it would be wrong to say that he differed wholly from Bentham's philosophy, of which *that* must be regarded as a main feature. Not, as he said, that Mr. Bentham *invented* a doctrine which is necessarily as old as the idea of the common weal of mankind, but that it had never been distinctly enounced. He thought that Mr. Bentham had not been fortunate in his way of enouncing it, and had given occasion for much misunderstanding and antipathy, which had been greatly increased by the still more narrow and incomplete statements of some of Mr. Bentham's disciples ; their notions of what constitutes "the greatest good" of mankind being of a kind to exclude some things which are, in fact, the highest good of all. This arose, not from any defect in the doctrine, but from want of imagination, want of sensibility, want of largeness of mind in those who so misapplied or so narrowed it.

It is almost needless to say this, since Mr. Austin's whole structure of jurisprudence is based upon the only sure test to which the goodness or badness of laws can be brought. But I thought I ought to explain my too general assertion.

I send you, dearest sir and friend, my sincerest good wishes ; they are from the bottom of a true but heavy heart. Never did a sad year close so sadly, nor a new one begin so gloomily. The woe of our Queen is a woe to each and all of us ; and besides that we feel stunned

by *our* loss, and have a dim and dark presentiment that we have yet to learn *what* our loss is. Sir G. C. Lewis (no indulgent judge) says, "He is the only man I ever saw who was *never* wrong." The Queen's grief seems quiet, natural, profound. "Oh that I were seventy!" was one of her exclamations. But you will hear more of these things from Mrs. Clark. Lady Canning is a grievous loss. She had the rarest qualities. When the physicians announced to Lord Canning that she was sinking fast, he fell flat down in such a swoon that for a time they thought him dead. She was like a sister to Alexander (they were related), and he feels it much.

I have delayed writing to you till the Cape mail came in. To-day my letter is come; and it does *not* tranquillise my anxious heart. She is not worse, the blood spitting has not returned, but she writes in a depressed tone, and seems to feel her absence and privations very painfully. Her longing for home is almost an illness. God help us through this miserable time! Now I have just learned that my dear, true, valued friend, Dr. Hawtrey, is *worse* than dying: his mind is failing—that noble, cultivated mind!

God bless you and yours, dear sir, prays

Your ever affectionate and grateful

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, Jan. 1862.

M. Mignet has treated me very ill; pray tell him so from me. He allows me to see in the *Times* a few extracts of his fine speech on my dear Mr. Hallam, and never even tells me that it has been pronounced. I ask you, what in France could interest me more?

I hope he has sent a copy to the daughter of Hallam,

the only representative left of that distinguished family. She wished me to write a memoir of her father. I refused, feeling incapable of doing him justice, and always said, "*Wait for M. Mignet.*" I see by the extracts that I was right, and that she will be satisfied. I should like to translate it, and publish it as a pamphlet, or if I have not the time, have it translated and correct the proofs. Pray, my dear friend, send me over a copy of the 'Discours,' which must be a *chef-d'œuvre*. M. Mignet's portraits are as if chiselled by Benvenuto Cellini.

We are delivered from the terrible fear of war (which idiots pretended we desired). I am glad, but one cannot be sure of the future yet. A German who returned from America the other day, speaks of the destruction of Charlestown as a crime. He had been there. A long, flat and dangerous coast, of which Charlestown was the only safe harbour. It is terrible!

As I was closing my letter I received news of the death of M. de Rémusat. Another old friend gone. Nothing but sadness surrounds me now.

Your affectionate friend,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to Dr. Whewell.*

Weybridge, Jan. 20, 1862.

Your letter, dear Master, is an event in my solitary and monotonous life. I say monotonous in its simple and literal sense, and not as a complaint or a reproach—for it is my choice. I live in and for my work. I rise in the morning full of the thought of the labour before me, and I go to bed full of what has occupied my day. So, dear Master, if you want a colloquy on the origin of the offices of *Prætor urbanus* and *Prætor peregrinus*, and of their functions, you may come to me.

You will not smile at my presumption. I know you respect my motives too much. I had a very able young lawyer here last Sunday, and after much study of what I had been doing, he said : "Don't flatter yourself that *anybody* will ever guess a hundredth part of your difficulties or your labour." I thought this the highest and most welcome praise, and only hope it may prove true.

Your letter, as I said, was an event ; it awoke in me what I thought almost dead—a strong desire for that sort of converse which was once my daily bread, and which I used to enjoy so much with you and a few other teachers of arts, learning, and wisdom. Many of those oracles are silent, and my power of enjoyment is so diminished that I thought society was *over* for me. But when I read your letter, something within me cried out at every moment a loud and applauding "Amen," and I longed to see you, and to tell you all the satisfaction it gave me.

I cannot account for St. Hilaire's remissness about Mignet. Was Mignet in Paris? If you go again, let me have the honour and pleasure of making you acquainted with the most engaging of Frenchmen. You see what he has been doing for the memory of our dear Mr. Hallam. Mrs. Cator wrote to me, long ago, to ask me to write a memoir of her father—a request which touched and flattered me more than I can express, but with which I could not think myself justified in complying. It was quite above my hand. What I did was to write to Mignet all that I knew, all that I felt and thought about that noble, excellent and dear friend, whose great acquirements were even surpassed by his character. How beautifully has he blended these few and slight materials with others of greater value !

I think precisely as you do about the American quarrel. But what is to be expected from a *popular*



Press? It may be a little less ruffianlike in a country where a cultivated class exists, but it can never do anything but express and excite vulgar passions and stupid ignorance. The French would have it we were partisans of the South. I said, cannot you imagine that one may hate *two* hateful things? I have not the least doubt you are right about the blacks. Look at Lincoln's proposal of *transporting* them *en masse*! I remember years ago you said (at Trinity Lodge) you had observed the slavery party always gained by every contest.

I shall not talk of my grief at our immense loss and at the poor Queen's affliction. Her prosperity was something ideal, and so is her calamity.

Remember me most kindly to Lady Affleck, who is so good as to *take me upon trust*, and believe me, as you know me,

Your very affectionate friend,

S. AUSTIN.

Will you look at a translation of the Odyssey into Spenserian stanzas by a young man I am much interested in, Philip Stanhope Worsley?

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Jan. 21, 1862.

I have so many reasons for writing as little as possible (among others my arm), that they must be strong ones to make me send you another letter at so short an interval.

*Imprimis*, the 'Moniteur Universel' has just arrived, sent, I suppose, by M. Mignet. The *Éloge* is beautiful, worthy of him and of Mr. Hallam. I only regret two omissions: *Primum*, that he has not mentioned the only

surviving child, who was her father's sole support and consolation after the death of Henry, of whom M. Mignet speaks in so touching a way. Julia never left her father, as even after her marriage Mr. Hallam lived with her and her husband. When a son was born to her, she wrote to me, "At length there is a male descendant of my father." The little boy is alive: may he inherit his grandfather's virtues!

*Secundo*, I should have wished M. Mignet to have mentioned the quality which always impressed me as so remarkable in Mr. Hallam—his extreme modesty, I had almost said humility. I think I wrote this to M. Mignet. There was no affectation about it—but it was extraordinary. I remember one day he told me how gracious the Queen and her husband had been to him. He spoke of it with a kind of surprise, mingled with pleasure—as an unexpected and uncalled-for honour. I replied that I thought it quite natural in two persons so capable of appreciating every sort of merit. He would not admit this, putting it all down to their kindness. Many other examples could I tell, but I should have wished this one to be known, as not only characteristic of Mr. Hallam, but of the Prince we are now mourning for, and of *Her* who was worthy to be his wife.

Alexander goes to Ireland to-morrow, and Maurice goes back to Eton. Eton, which I loved so much, now contains very sad memories of my good old friend. What a year of mourning and grief! Lord Lansdowne says that during his long life of eighty-two years he has never experienced anything like it. Miss Courtenay writes to me from Cannes that Cousin talked the other day without stopping for four hours. Good-bye, my very dear friend.

Yours from my heart,  
S. A.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Good News from the Cape—Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, to Mrs. Austin on the Inscription on Mr. Austin's Tomb—Illness of Dr. Hawtrey—Letter from Mrs. Austin to Mr. Ruggiero Sciortino—Climate of the Cape—The Exhibition—The Queen—Mrs. Austin to Miss Senior on Reasonable Dress for Hot Weather—Lord Brougham's Speech—M. B. St. Hilaire on M. Guizot's 'Memoirs.'

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Weybridge, Feb. 24, 1862.

I will not defer sending you the good news for a single day to my kind and dear, honoured friend. On Saturday came another cheering letter from my dear child, and yesterday I drove to Esher and read her long and most interesting letter to her husband. I think the *tone* of her letters even more *rassurant* than her account of her physical state. But she still coughs, has irritation in the throat, and some expectoration. All this she tells us, that we may not expect too much. So my happiness and tranquillity still hang in the balance. Ah, dear Monsieur Guizot, well may you say that we hold our best blessings by a frail tenure! I wish a fairy could take up Pauline and set her down for a few weeks at Caledon. Lucie says she is convinced *that* is the climate of Paradise; and indeed I never heard of any earthly climate like it. All the gorgeous glories of an African sun, yet fresh evenings and nights and mornings; *coups de soleil unknown*; no oppressive languor, such as poor Janet has suffered from at Alexandria; vegetable,

animal, human life developed in the most beautiful forms (*hideous ones also*). This happy region seems to combine all the perfections of north and south. The most interesting parts of her letters are the descriptions of the various races, their manners, and habits, and characters. You will not wonder to hear that there is a regularly descending scale of insolence and oppression, from the Englishman, who looks down upon all. The Dutch hate the Malays and despise the "Totties" (Hottentots). The Malays, clean, sober, and adroit, scorn the blacks; and lastly the niggers (Caffre or Hottentot) treat the Bosje men as beasts. I need not add that Lucie constituted herself the protector of a poor old creature of this miserable race, who looked at her with wondering and imploring eyes. One thing struck me as pretty. The blacks have settled it that "Missis must be related to the Queen, 'cause she speak nice to everybody." What a charming view of royalty!

God bless you, dear sir and friend,

S. AUSTIN.

*Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, to Mrs. Austin.*

MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,

March 10, 1862.

Let me first express my sincere admiration of the inscription over the remains of your excellent husband. It is a most successful attempt in the most difficult style of composition. Simple yet full, expressing in few emphatic, well-chosen words (and this is the somewhat unaccountable privilege of Latin over modern languages), all that ought to be expressed, suggestive but not vague, strong but neither forced nor laboured. It becomes the man, whose character will live upon his gravestone as it lives in the memories of those who had the happiness and honour of knowing him intimately.

And now for the other sad subject of our common

sorrow. With me it is a friendship of boyhood, kept up with more or less hearty intercourse since our Eton days, with very many common objects of interest. Little did I think, when I accepted the offer of his Mapledurham home in the summer, and had the enjoyment of his society every other Sunday, that we were not to meet again in this world. I begin sadly to feel the inevitable lot of prolonged life ; my dearest friends are dropping around me with frightful frequency. I cannot say that I do not make new and younger friends ; but they are not the old. I really think the Provost (of Eton) almost the last whom I knew well, to the end of whose tether in reading, especially in reading works of imaginative scholarship, and what are called "Les Belles Lettres," in all languages, I do not come ; men of the Hallam and Macaulay type. And this dreary close, worse than removal ! Of all pathetic lines, none move me so much, move me to tears than old Johnson's—

"From Marlborough's eyes," etc.,  
"And Swift expires," etc.

And it is a case in which friendship must fold its hands and be content to do nothing. My dear Mrs. Austin, now that our ranks are so sadly thinned, we should draw closer to each other ; we must love each other more as we feel that we must soon part. With Mrs. Milman's affectionate remembrances,

Your most sincere friend,  
H. W. MILMAN.

*Mrs. Austin to Mr. Ruggiero Sciortino (Malta).*

MY DEAR RUGGIERO, Weybridge, March 20, 1862.

If you could sit down by my side, and only glance over the work I am doing, I should need to make no apology to you for not writing. Whenever *the book*

appears, it will plead my defence with all my friends who may have suspected me of indolence or indifference. I think no man who depended for his daily bread on his labour, ever worked harder than I have done for many months. And (as you will see) it is labour of no common kind ; combining great drudgery with still greater difficulty and intense thought. The state of the manuscripts is such that I am quite convinced (and so are my friends), that if I had not undertaken to rescue them from destruction and oblivion, it never would have been done. No doubt there were hundreds more capable and better fitted for the task ; but no one else would have put every power and faculty of their mind and soul into it, as I have done.

If God grants me life and power to fulfil my task, it will not be long before the most difficult part of it is done. You know, I daresay, from the newspapers, etc., that I published a new edition of my dear husband's *printed* lectures last spring ; adding to it a preface, which, if you have not already seen, I will send you.

Now I must come to the real business of my letter. On looking over my dear husband's books and papers, I found a box filled with those regarding Malta, several of which he evidently brought away, in the hope that he might be permitted to go on with the project of a Code for Malta. Those which belonged to the Government I have *sold* to the Privy Council Office, where Reeve says they will be of use in Maltese questions. At present he has had but three or four, for which he paid me two guineas. This money I wish to remit to some one in Malta who will employ it in some useful manner. I am going to send H. Reeve all the rest, excepting three volumes, in which your dear father's name is written by his own hand, and which I wish to send to you.

Your affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Weybridge, May 3, 1862.

In the first place, let me tell my good news to the dear kind friends who will share in the joy it gives me. Yesterday I received the last letter to be written from the Cape by my beloved daughter. By this time she is on the sea, and hopes to be in England in the middle or end of June. Her letter is charming; *radiant* (I could almost call it) with satisfaction at the immense effort she made, thankfulness for the mercy which has blessed it, hope and joy at the thought of seeing all her dear ones again, and last but not least, with the physical sense of enjoyment in existence to which she had been so long a stranger. No one, she says, who has not passed two years in incessant pain, and languor, and depression, can tell what it was to stand on the mountain top and inhale the exquisite air, and look around and feel once more the springs of life within. Her letters are most interesting, full of acute observation, and original, courageous reflections on all around her. I hope she will print, at least, some part of them. They will have great value for all people who want to find a *really* perfect climate—heat combined with the greatest freshness and general salubrity—"the climate of Paradise," as she says.

Far different, I fear, is that of Egypt, judging from poor little Janet's pale face. She says the summer is quite intolerable. As, however, I am in the way (I believe) to be a great-grandmother, I am less dissatisfied with her looks than I should otherwise be. I begin to feel that it is time for me to leave a world where three generations are pressing on behind me; but God's will be done in this and in all things!

My work advances. As the second volume would not

conveniently contain all the "Lectures," I am going on with the third, which will consist of about 100 pages of "Lectures," of the Tables, some papers on Codification, etc. Murray says it would be utterly useless to publish anything now. This detestable Exhibition overlays everything. To me the whole appears a melancholy mockery; and if I had been present, I should have seen but two figures—the "Silent Father of our Kings to come" in his grave, and the sorrowing, forlorn Queen in her "weeds of woe." Then the state of the world. Instead of the hopeful and peaceful spirit of '51, in one country distress, in another the most savage of wars; in all, alarm and distrust. I was in London lately, and called on Miss Stanley. She had spent two hours with the Queen, whose conduct about Dr. Stanley was most considerate and touching. What struck Miss Stanley most was her simplicity and her profound humility. Her grief was the simple woman's grief; and she spoke of herself as owing everything to him. "He taught me everything, he guided me," and so on. She never adverted to her own position. The truth is, as one of her Ministers said, *he* was our King, and she his Consort. Women who have no claims strive for power, and she was content to give her vast power to him; while he, on the other hand, effaced himself that she might appear supreme. I think this is one of the most beautiful triumphs of love. But oh! the grief, the loss, the void.

And now I must have done. So, with kindest love to all, farewell, dearest sir.

Yours,  
S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to Miss Senior (now Mrs. Simpson).*

DEAREST MINNIE,

Weybridge, June, 1862.

I was just going to write to Mrs. Senior to say that, albeit packed, or nearly so, and ready to start, the heat



of this day terrifies me, and I feel as if I ought rather to make my will than attempt a visit. I really dare not answer for myself; I have had such giddiness from heat that I might fall down or do some strange thing. It is most provoking. I wish so much to see you all, and I have nothing else in the world to prevent my going but the weather. One difficulty is the necessity of being dressed with *decency*. The costume I wish to adopt is that in which I found the Princess Villafranca—a shift (of the simplest and most primitive cut), a large black lace shawl, a pair of silk slippers (feet bare), and a huge fan. (N.B. She was fatter than I am.) This I call a reasonable dress for this weather; but I fear your mother's drawing-room is not the place for it. Even the most correct English ladies in Malta contented themselves with a shift and a white *peignoir*. At home, I make a very near approximation to this; but, as Lady W. Russell said, the English conclude if your dress is loose, that your morals are so. In that case I am thoroughly dissolute, but I will reform at Kensington.

The more hyperborean the room the better. If you have an icehouse, put me in that. Seriously, I could by no means *sleep*, even were I to *lie*, in a south room, and I don't the least mind the additional stairs; that difficulty can be surmounted by prudence and patience. This arrangement has the additional advantage that your kind father is not dislodged, which I know he was on my account before. Anything that makes me feel less of a bore and a burden is a great comfort. To conclude, I wish, hope, intend to be with you to-morrow evening. If I do not arrive by half-past ten, pray conclude that I cannot, and in that case I shall continue to have the same hopes and intentions for the following day. If that degree of uncertainty puts you to any inconvenience, pray, dear child, say so. Don't let me be

a torment, if you love me, as I hope you do; for I am always with a great deal of affection

Yours,  
S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, June 17, 1862.

It seems I only write to make you a partner of my fears and sorrows. Forgive me. Lucie has written from Cape Town that homeward-bound ships are rare, and she was hesitating between a slow sailer and a screw steamer, the *Fason*, which is due in a few days. If she comes by the *Camperdown* (the sailing vessel), she will not be here until the middle of July. I have been anxiously expecting an answer from Madame de Peyronnet, to tell me when she thinks of coming.

What do they say in France about the last volume of M. Guizot's book? Here, I am sorry to hear it blamed on all sides. They say that he tells many things which had better have been left unsaid. Did you see Lord Brougham's speech in the *Evening Mail*? If you did, you will have pitied me for being thus dragged before the public. His praise is bestowed with the best intentions; but nothing is less agreeable to me. I am working hard. I have found sketches and fragments which make me profoundly sad. But I must try and render them useful to the ungrateful world, who did not know how to appreciate *him*. That is the lot of the best and most remarkable men.

And you, most excellent friend, when are you coming? You know I shall not budge as long as my Lucie is at Esher. In October she intends to go with Janet to Egypt for the winter.

Remember me to M. Cousin and to Madame de

Circourt. I have heard from Dozon, who is bored to death at Bucharest, and proposes to throw up his post and come to Weybridge to give French lessons! You may imagine my answer.

Ever your affectionate

S. A.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Rue de l'Empereur, Paris,

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND, June 20, 1862.

I am very proud, as you may imagine, of my "English great reputation." Reeve had the goodness to send me the *Edinburgh*, in which Max Müller reviewed my book on Bouddha in the most flattering and indulgent terms. M. Guizot's book has made the same impression here as in England. It is not history, it is not a memoir, and the style is verbose and prolix. There is a constant pre-occupation of *self* in it, and it looks like a bookseller's speculation, a thing unfortunately common in these days.

Let me know your plans, and I will arrange mine to suit you. I hope Lady Lucie will soon arrive in good health. My love to all the family.

Your most devoted friend,

B. ST. HILAIRE.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Lady Duff Gordon goes to Egypt—Illness of Mr. Ross—Birth of a Great-Grandson—American Policy of England according to M. P. Paradol—Break up of the Esher Home—Mrs. Austin's Illness—Letter to Mrs. Grote on 'Domestic Morals'—'Province of Jurisprudence' used as an Examination Book at Oxford and Cambridge.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR AND TRUE FRIEND,

Weybridge,  
August 12, 1862.

An hour since, I heard the sentence which condemns me to another year's separation from my dear Lucie! Her doctors are much pleased with the results of her sea-voyage, but decided that she must leave England again. When Dr. Walsh and De Mussy advised her to go at once to Eaux Bonnes and thence to Cairo, Lucie asked them whether this kind of life was to continue; they declared that if she followed their orders there was every hope that her health might be re-established in two years. To this everything must give way, and I shall see her depart with quite different feelings from those of last year. But, my friend, for me, at my age, a year is long; and when I received Alexander's letter announcing the decision, I thought I should die.

With what pleasure I had looked forward to your visit, to your seeing Lucie, Janet, Alexander, and Ross! That pleasing picture has vanished. But you will come;

will you not, to console me? I feel that all courage is ebbing from me. Forgive me, my poor friend, for making you participate in all my sorrows.

Yours from my heart,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Weybridge, August 27, 1862.

I cannot even keep you informed, my dear friend, of all our misfortunes! I begin to say, "My soul is weary of life," and to long for eternal repose. Hardly recovered from the agitation of my daughter's return and the grief of her departure, I was expecting Janet's confinement with intense anxiety, when her husband falls desperately ill! The day after Lucie's departure, typhoid fever declared itself. Imagine, I beg of you, Janet, within a few days of her confinement, standing by her husband's bed, doing everything for him! Maurice has been sent away, and little Rainie also. Of all that happy group, none are left save the poor old grandmother; and Janet absolutely forbids my remaining at Esher, declaring it would only add to her anxieties. I have but one consolation, Janet is all I could wish. This young woman, apparently so giddy, seemingly caring for no one, only thinking of her own amusement, shows a devotion and a courage which astonishes every one. Never a word of complaint, never an allusion to her own condition.

If my friends ask about me, tell them they had better forget a person who can only talk of sorrow and sadness. This is not addressed to you, dear friend; I do not even ask your pardon for the grief I know I shall cause you.

Your affectionate

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, Sept. 9, 1862.

At last I *have* good news to send you ! Janet has a son ; Ross is so much better that he talks of driving over to see me. God be thanked ! But this is not all ; my daughter is slightly better, and she is, of course, nearest to my heart. Tell my good Cousin that *a great-grandmother* sends him many greetings, I will not say embraces him, for he will think my rank so dreadful that he would be shocked. As to you, young or old, I send you my tenderest affection.

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, Nov. 27, 1862.

I cannot give you a better proof of my friendship than in writing to-day, for I feel inclined to work, and I need not tell you how precious every moment is to me. But I have so much to say, and it seems to me six months since you left.

Our Oxford friends were much pleased by our visit. I am glad to have been the means of bringing together people made to understand, help, and love one another. I have a letter from Dr. Stanley, thanking me for the pleasure I had procured them, and full of your praises.

I must draw your attention to a sentence of M. P. Paradol's in the paper, which will, I fear, have serious consequences if it is accepted as the expression of a party. We are only too accustomed to hear all we do misrepresented in France, to be astonished at anything.

But what does astonish me, is to find M. Paradol's opinion more foolish than ill-natured. What ! England, shop-keeping, manufacturing England, not only desires the destruction of her best market, but has a direct interest in aiding in that ruin ! Every one knows that our commerce with America was, before the war, larger than with all Europe put together, and what the interruption of that commerce costs us. Now we are supposed to desire its entire destruction, and this is the key of our American policy ! Such silly paradoxes can only be inspired by the bad passions which blind men's understandings. Unfortunately, in France, the ignorance of political economy is as great as the strength of political passion. No one would dare to address such nonsense to a public who knew the A B C of the science. The opinions of M. P. Paradol would be indifferent to me ; only I fear that, in England, they will pass as those of a party. Hence my taking it up so strongly. Show this to M. de Lagardie. It would be worthy of him to expose so unfortunate an error.

I am working—my work progresses—and I am in better spirits, for I meet with great encouragement. On Saturday I expect a lawyer I have never seen, who wrote to my friend the Lord Chief Justice, begging him to induce me to publish “the lightest indication” left by my husband on criminal law. I invited him to come and pass a day or two here, and to examine the MSS. He accepted with evident pleasure. I must leave you to go to Esher ; I have not told you that soon I shall be entirely abandoned. Alexander is leaving Esher, and goes to stay with his friends, the Tom Taylors, at Clapham, for a year. Alas ! Lucie must be at Cairo by this time ; the last news were better.

Yours, dear friend, from my heart,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,

Esher, Dec. 11, 1862.

I write now from what was my dear daughter's *home*; from what is now the dismantled shell of a home. Alexander could not bear another winter of long solitary evenings. He has given up his house, and next week leaves it for ever. With him and his children vanish the last remains of what I clung to after my bereavement, and I am now entirely desolate and deserted. Alexander is going, with his little darling, to live, for the present, in the house of his friend, Tom Taylor, at Clapham; perhaps as good as any arrangement as he could make.

His household has been costly discomfort, and poor Lucie's wanderings absorb a great deal of money. But though I approve his plan, I cannot see this entire dispersion without fresh anguish. All the proofs of her admirable taste are stripped down and stowed away; nor do I expect ever to see them again. There is good hope that *in time* she may be able to inhabit England again; but when one year after another is deducted out of the few I have to live, I feel that to *me* she is lost. You, dear sir and friend, who live surrounded with all who are dearest to you, can pity my solitary old age.

Dear Monsieur Guizot, you once said that you knew every form of sorrow. No, God be thanked! you do not know that of a deserted old age. It cannot be helped, *but* it is bitter. The 17th, Wednesday, is the anniversary of my great and irreparable loss. All the rest is trifling to *that*. Yet, to be left without *one* comforter, is desolate indeed. I can write no more. My best love to Henriette.

Your truly attached

SARAH AUSTIN.



*Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Grote.*

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, Jan. 29, 1863.

Your letter followed me to Senior's, whither I went on Saturday week. I got back with De Mussy's help, and am now in that refuge of the sick and weary, my *own* bed. Last Sunday morning, in the middle of a conference with one of my lawyer advisers, I fell down on the floor in one of those fainting-fits which may at any time prove fatal, and since then my highest ambition has been to get home alive. This does not look promising, does it, for another attempt on a week of London? Yet such is my desire to see you, my dear Cummer, that if I am tolerably *rémise*, I would go; only there remains my book. It is so near the end, and my anxiety about it has gone on gaining such intensity as the end approaches, that I see I have no chance of being tolerably (except when at work) till I have done my part. I have even a superstitious fear of dying before I have finished, and could say to him, "I have done my best that your great thoughts might not perish." If you will have me, as soon as I have done, I will go to Barrow Green, if you are there; if not, to London.

How entirely I enter into your feelings about London! It would be a mere impertinence to say I approve or applaud; but I may say that your desire for quiet, repose, and some degree of *recueillement*, seems to me natural and becoming, and that you have a right to arrange your life in such a manner as that you can procure it.

My solitude is different. I sit under the shadow of grief, and tortured by anxiety. But yours need not be *triste*; nor, indeed, need it be solitude.

Thanks for your inquiries. Lucie is better so long as she is in or near the tropics. I must lie down again.

Your most affectionate

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Grote.*

DEAREST CUMMER,

Weybridge, Feb. 27, 1863.

In the first place, come what may of movements (which seem always difficult enough), it's a clear gain to hear from you—even grievances, with which one may fairly presume one's friend's life to be thickly sown. I can't help wishing you would write a treatise—a book, on the present state of domestic morals. Contrasting the immense efforts and pretensions of these our days as to the training of the classes out of which servants are to come with the quality of the article produced, there never was a more deplorable *fiasco*. One cause I believe to be the general substitution of (so-called) religion for morality in the schools. To be sure, the fright of the country at the notion of “secular teaching” is, when the results of their religious teaching are contemplated (in all our households), profoundly ludicrous.

But what strikes me even more is the way in which every kind of immorality in servants is regarded by masters and mistresses. They speak of being robbed and cheated as matters of course, and, as you say, they give false descriptions of those who leave them. A young barrister, who has been here several times about my work, told me he had had to conduct an investigation into a long-practised system of robbery at his club, which had resulted in the dismissal of six servants. He had to consult a detective from Scotland Yard, and had much talk with him. This man treated as quite visionary the notion of an honest servant: “Lord, sir, these things are going on in every private house in London!” This seems to me very melancholy, yet I hear people treat it as a joke.

You may well say these things poison life. I have just heard from two young wives and mothers, happy in

all other respects, each compelled to send away all three maids—each bewildered and worn with the torment.

You will guess my sorrow at the loss of the dear old friend, who has left another chasm in my life.\* I think, dearest Cummer, my going to London is improbable. I am in the last sheets of my book, and I can work nowhere so well as here. I shall not stir till it is quite done, and then it does not signify what becomes of me. I may die, the house may be burned, and the MSS. and I in it; my dear husband's labours and thoughts are safe. Do you see, dear Cummer, that Cambridge too has adopted his book as an examination book? Every day I receive some new encouragement.

In a few days you will have a copy of a little *brochure*, the object and nature of which you will see. It will be followed in a week or two by the two volumes. If you will have me then at Barrow Green, I will come. So good-night, dearest Cummer, for I am tired, having driven to Hatchford.

Your most affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,      Weybridge, March 2, 1863.

I cannot any longer defer writing to you. I must say—lest you should doubt it—that my heart is not changed or chilled towards you and yours. And when I have said that, I feel as if I had nothing more to say. Till now, I have lived for and in my work; but now it will last but a few days longer, and I feel as if my life were done. I have indeed the constant pain of anxiety (which is a kind of life), but it has nearly worn me out. We have not heard from my dear Lucie since her letter of 10th December, nor can we, quite yet. For this

\* Marquess of Lansdowne. Died 1863.

Ross prepared us, or at least forwarned us—*prepared* one can never be for such lingering tortures.

Mr. Senior, who goes to Paris in a few days, will, I trust, be the bearer of a little extract from my book, which I have reprinted as a pamphlet, for reasons you will see. I think it will please you. I felt as if I *ought* to let my husband speak to the class of men he thought so important to the state, and who might not see his book. Yet I must tell you that his book is daily rising into fame and authority to a degree which I never hoped to live to witness, and which he would never have believed. It is become an examination book at both Oxford and Cambridge, and I am assured by barristers that there is a perfect enthusiasm about it among *young* lawyers—men among whom it was unknown till since I published the second edition. So I have lived for something.

You will receive a copy of the second and third volumes as soon as they are out.

Your ever affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

## CHAPTER XV.

Marriage of H.R.H the Prince of Wales—Death of Sir G. C. Lewis—Condolences from M. Guizot—Mr. Bright at Woburn Abbey—O'Connell and Repeal—Mrs. Austin to Mr. Gladstone on Italian Unity and Liberty in France—The German Part of France.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, March 5, 1863.

Mr. Senior will tell you about me—no good ; I was very ill and troublesome in his house. I am better now. Sir G. C. Lewis writes to me that nothing is thought of but the Prince of Wales's marriage. The Queen has contrived to make her children so popular that "Friends of the People," etc., have no chance. You had formerly the phrase, "*Les Enfants de France*," but we have now the sentiment. They are our children, and we share all their joys and sorrows. What do they say in France about us? I suppose they think us mad? Nothing could be more striking than the warm affection, mixed, as the *Times* rightly observes, with a deep political conviction.

How are these two bright young people to repay such sentiments? I wonder if they understand what it means to see the hearts of a whole nation—a self-contained, undemonstrative, matter-of-fact nation—cast at their

feet like garlands of flowers. This is what one woman can accomplish by a simple, pure, upright life, always dedicated to duty. It is the greatest conquest and the finest triumph the world ever saw.

Good-bye, my dear friend,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Weybridge,

April 20, 1863.

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,

I began and half wrote a letter to you immediately on the receipt of one from my dear Henriette. But I could not get on. Blow upon blow has stunned me, and made me incapable of writing to my friends. In little more than three weeks I lost two brothers—both excellent—the eldest, whom you remember at Kensington, a loss to be felt to the last day I live. He was my second father, my dear, kind, indulgent, generous friend, my refuge in all distresses and troubles—his house and family an inexhaustible source of comfort and cheering to me. He was eighty-four, and his bodily health had become feeble. We all said and felt that it would be a blessing to him to depart; even his loving children said so. But now he is gone there is a chasm for which nobody seemed prepared, for feeble and helpless as he was, he was still the centre round whom gathered so many recollections and so many cares. We are thankful that God permitted His aged servant to depart in peace, but we are all like sheep without a shepherd.

I was writing to you on the 13th, after having made several vain attempts to finish my letter, when Alexander came to tell me that the news had just arrived by telegraph of George Lewis's death.

I was stunned then, and am still stupefied. The death of my brothers was to be expected, and in many senses not to be deplored.

But besides that George Lewis was a brother in intimacy, confidence, and affection, his untimely death is a calamity to the country hardly to be calculated. If you continue to take the *Evening Mail*, you have seen a very good notice of him (some guess it to be by Lowe). Poor dear Alexander is gone to his funeral (in Wales). What a loss to him!

Lucie is at Cairo; she has been better, but was not quite so well the last letter. Janet, poorly, compelled I fear to leave Alexandria for the summer. The little children well, but oh! so far from poor grandma. My own health is bad enough. I am ordered to Badenweiler, not far from Freiburg, and if I can crawl there I will; not that I care for life, but I dread helplessness. For the last fortnight I have been suffering terribly from gout in the hand—a weary, painful affair.

My book is done, though not *out*. I hope you received the small portion of it I published separately for lay readers. People congratulate me that my work is done. This leaves me nothing. But I am most thankful to have been permitted to place my dear husband's remains beyond the reach of destruction or of oblivion.

Farewell, dear sir and friend. Think with compassion of your affectionate and afflicted

S. AUSTIN.

*M. Guizot to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,

May 3, 1863.

I feel the profoundest sympathy with your sorrows. There is no deep affection that I have not known, no crushing loss that I have not experienced. I well remember your eldest brother; we passed a day with him at Kensington in 1848. I know what Lord Lansdowne was to you and to your family, and what

England and his friends have lost in Sir George Lewis. For you he had, I know, a strong and sincere friendship, and took an affectionate interest in your work. You will not be consoled for such losses, my dear Mrs. Austin; your regret will be lasting. But the memory of such friendships, and the joys they shed over your life, will also remain. This is the only comfort left when all present and palpable happiness has vanished.

But you have one affliction which I am spared—solitude; and I pity you the more because you are not formed to live alone. Yours is an expansive and loving nature. Tell me of your projects; are you really thinking of Badenweiler? Will Lady Gordon return to England during the summer? If your little Janet cannot bear the heat of Alexandria, where will she go to escape the worst months?

I have received and read with much interest the detached chapter you sent me, and await the whole work with great impatience. As soon as it is out I shall propose an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. There are, unfortunately, few men in France capable of appreciating the value and explaining the ideas of Mr. Austin. I only wish that I could undertake the task, but I will not, and I cannot, allow anything to take me from working on my 'Memoirs.' I have still three volumes to publish, and I am entering on my seventy-sixth year.

I hope you have received the translation Henriette has made of the principal speeches of Prince Albert, with the little preface I added? Your Queen sent me a message expressing her wish that the work should be published under my eye and with my name, and she sent me a copy of the original, with a few lines written on the first page, which touched me extremely by the depth and the simplicity of their emotion. Farewell.

Yours, with all my heart,

GUIZOT.



*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Weybridge, Jan. 4, 1864.

It is long since I heard from you, dear Monsieur Guizot, and I feel sensibly the privation.

I have nothing new to tell you. My dear daughter is, I hope, by this time at Thebes. Cairo is too cold for the winter ; but it is some time since we heard from her, and I am looking anxiously for a letter. If you continue to take the *Evening Mail*, you see Janet's letters from Egypt. She is "Our own Correspondent." She and Ross are well and prosperous.

Alexander and the dear young ones are well and, just now, together. I have been absent from home, with the exception of a few days, ever since the end of November, when I went to visit my dear young friend, Hastings Russell, at Woburn Abbey. It is very interesting to me, who love him, to see the care, the anxious thought and conscientiousness, with which he administers the vast *dominions* confided to his management. It is an oppressive charge. I met there Mr. Bright, Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne ("S. G. O." of the *Times*), and some others. I had a great deal of talk with Bright, and told him exactly my opinion of his and Cobden's speeches. He bore this patiently. I came to the conclusion that he and Cobden have no scheme to propose. They are profoundly ignorant, and can only destroy. But their influence is greatly overrated. Crowds go to hear them, and to make a noise. But men who *know* those populations say they have no real power. But I must leave these topics.

The immediate motive for my writing to you, dearest sir, is to introduce to you the brother of my friend, Miss Courtenay (whom I think you have seen in London). Mr. Courtenay was private secretary to Lord Dalhousie

during the whole of his viceroyalty. If you talk to him of India, as I daresay you will like to do, you will expect to find him a zealous champion of the policy of his chief. Mr. Courtenay possesses *in the last perfection* one talent, which will, I hope, secure for him the favour of my dear Pauline. He is a thorough musician, and his singing is exquisite.

Farewell, dear sir and friend. I send my cordial love and greetings to all around you, and am always, with the truest affection,

Yours,

SARAH AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, Jan. 11, 1864.

It is long since we have talked together, and I feel the want of some words from your faithful and kindly hand. This year begins darkly and sadly for me. My sister is dying, and my daughter's last letter alarms me, from the melancholy tone in which it is written. I cannot talk politics to you. The spectacle in Europe is only surpassed by that of America. It is all so odious that I should advise my country to close her doors and her windows, and not occupy herself with the affairs of her neighbours. The French writers who have the face to deplore the oppression in Ireland amuse me—Ireland, where the public press insults and abuses the Government every day without let or hindrance. M. de Lasteyrie has written a good article on the state of things there; tell him that in the thick of the "Repeal" cry, some Members of Parliament belonging to the Liberal party advised O'Connell to drop so foolish a cry, and seriously to attack the Irish Anglican Church,

promising him their support and co-operation. O'Connell smiled and shrugged his shoulders ; that was not at all what he wanted. Charles Buller, who made the proposal to O'Connell, told me about it at the time. Such are the idols of the masses. He stuck to Repeal because he knew it would lead to nothing. The only ray of sunshine in my life is the success my book has had, but since its completion I feel a thousand times more lonely. However, there is some idea of publishing a second edition, in which case I shall have more work before me, I must leave you. Adieu, best of friends.

Most affectionately yours,  
S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to Mr. Gladstone.*

DEAR MR. GLADSTONE,

Paris, May 9, 1864.

It was not likely that I should forget your kind invitation to your Thursday breakfasts ; and when in March I left England, I thought I should not be long in Paris without hearing something which would give me a better reason for troubling you with a letter than the mere apology for my absence. I did not expect that I should be confined to my bed with a violent attack of gout. But let me proceed to the immediate motive of this letter. Since I have been here, a nephew of mine has arrived, whose long residence in Italy and very peculiar acquaintance with the affairs of that country render his conversation interesting to me, and to all who care about Italy. In listening to him, it has often occurred to me to think, "Mr. Gladstone would be pleased to hear that," or, "That is a fact I should like Mr. Gladstone to know." And so, dear sir, I take courage to give this nephew, Philip Taylor of Marseilles, a letter to you. You will understand that neither he, nor I for him, have the smallest request to make to you.

Born in England, educated in France, and established for some time in Italy, he speaks, I think, without prejudice. He enjoyed a good deal of the confidence of M. de Cavour, and has had some insight into the political condition of the country. But it is not as a politician that I introduce him to you. He is an engineer, and in that capacity has been brought into immediate contact with the Italian people. His description of the tranquillity, the prosperity, and the high cultivation of the beautiful and little-known shore of the Adriatic, is very delightful, and will cheer the *Italian portion* of your benevolent heart. The degree to which the people have *slid* into the new *régime*, and have silently and practically adopted the unity of Italy, is, I think, one of the most remarkable appearances of our day.

Perhaps, dear sir, I, in my ignorance, exaggerate the novelty and the interest of what my nephew has to tell; if so, you will forgive me, and will not lose your precious time in listening to well-known facts. Another matter on which he has ample information is curious enough, but so little agreeable that you will hardly care to hear details of what is so shameful, so afflicting. Are you aware that every postmaster in France has to send to the "Commissaire de Police" a weekly return of the newspapers taken by every individual in his district, and that this return is forwarded to the Préfet of each Department? Perhaps you know this and a thousand other *mesquines* inquisitions and tyrannies. They will not be removed by declamations about "La Liberté," and I see little that looks like earnest attacks upon distinct practical grievances. There is a small movement in the right direction in Lorraine, a revival of local activity.

Dear Mr. Gladstone, I am always most respectfully and cordially yours,

SARAH AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,           Niederbrunn, Bas Rhin, May 27, 1864.

It is high time I should tell you where I am. I do not think I shall get over my illness at Paris ; I shudder when I think of the bother I caused my friends. At Strasburg I was met by Madame Schneider, a remarkably talented and original woman, taking a virile interest in all great questions. I find this German part of France extremely interesting—the mixture of the two natures—the leaven of Protestantism, and above all the grand town of Strasburg, which, compared with Paris, has the air of a great noble by the side of a vulgar *parvenu*. Then the country is so rich and well-tilled, and the forests so magnificent. No one is here, as the season has not yet begun, but the people please me, they are quiet and civil. I have made the acquaintance of the Dietrichs and the Türkheims, influential manufacturing families, whom I regret to see resigned to having no political influence. They have immense workshops, employ thousands of workpeople, and ought to be the natural representatives of their country. Politically, they are nothing, and do not appear to regret it. It is true that a man whose grandfather died on the guillotine as a recompense for patriotism, may be excused for holding aloof from all popular movements. I must confess that the Protestants here seem to be superior in education. How much there is to study wherever one goes ! Tell me how your eyes are, and do not write me more than three lines.

Yours from my heart,  
S. AUSTIN.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Death of Mr. N. Senior—Marriage of H.R.H. the Comte de Paris—Fourth Edition of ‘*Ranke*,’ and new Edition of the ‘*Province of Jurisprudence*’—Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Grote on M. Dunoyer—People no longer enjoy Things—M. P. Paradol on Lady Duff Gordon—Letters from Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Grote.

*Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Senior.*

Neiderbrunn, Bas Rhin,

MY DEAR FRIEND,

June 12, 1864.

I have now learned that your watchings and cares, your hopes and fears are at an end. How I know them *all* ! How I have felt for yours while they lasted, and oh ! how I feel for you now, when all is over !

Nobody can know better what you felt and *will* feel. For I will not mock grief like yours with any notion of its *wearing off*. My dear friend, have I not seen that from the first day to the last of your married life, you have lived *for him* and *in him*, and how can you now begin another life ? No, dearest Mrs. Senior, we must continue to the end as we are—our husbands (now reunited) must still be our constant thought, and if we have any earthly consolation, it must be derived from the retrospect of the life we have passed with them.

Nobody living has a greater right to this consolation than you ; for a more unselfish wife never existed. I feel sure that you will thank God, as I do, that you were permitted to fulfil your task to the end. The more I

feel the unutterable dreariness of my widowhood, the more thankful am I that it is I, and not he, who have to bear it.

I say nothing of myself and my own loss, for how can I mention it by the side of yours? But this I must say, that few greater losses can befall me in this world. Putting aside my own nearest and dearest, there is really nobody for whom I felt a more entire and warm regard, or upon whose friendship I calculated with greater certainty. His life-long affection for my husband would alone have sufficed to attach me to him in no common degree; but how many other reasons had I—I who knew him—for respecting and loving him!

Well, my dear friend, he has passed a useful, happy, and honourable life, and has left behind him a name that will be a treasure to all who bear it.

Give my kindest love to my dear Minnie. She too will feel as if half her life were gone. But she is young, and will in time find new interest in life. You never will, dear friend, as I know by my own experience. We have only to await as patiently as we can the welcome call to join those we have lost.

Ever, dearest Mrs. Senior,

Your true and attached friend,

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to H.R.H. the Comte de Paris.*

Rómerbord, Badenweiler G. H. Baden,  
MONSEIGNEUR, July 3, 1864.

It is needless for me to try to express the emotion with which I read the accounts of your marriage. It appeared to me to take place under all blessed and favouring auspices—not the least of which is, that you

will have for the present to seek your happiness in each other, undisturbed by other interests.

All my thoughts and wishes were with you. I question if any of the assistants were more absorbed in the scene than I in the thought.

If Your Royal Highness sees German papers, I need not attempt to describe to you the universal exasperation against us, of which you must hear enough from higher sources. It far exceeds anything I remember in French or English journals. Even *I* must admit that there is a little *fond* of *Grobheit* (coarseness) in the mass of Germans which comes out unpleasantly when they are angry or exultant. My doctor here evidently believes that Baden, single-handed, could beat England. But I heartily forgive them all their nonsense and fanfaronade, which is fully justified by Lord Russell's miserable shufflings. For the first time in my life I am ashamed of my country. However, German popular politics have seldom been worth listening to.

If you see (as I hope) Lord Grey, pray tell him, with my regards, that I did not meet with a single man in Paris who doubted for a moment that he was right—that a fleet sent to the Baltic at the first moment would have stopped the war. Unfortunately most of them added, "*Oui, mais la difficulté est ici.*" In spite of the nature and magnitude of that difficulty, I can hardly believe that it would not have been better to risk it than suffer intolerable shame.

Why make promises and hold out hopes? *that* at any rate might have been avoided. I am sure you feel generously towards Englishmen who love their country's honour, and are cut to the heart by this abdication of her great position and her great duties.

I know not how to recommend myself to the gracious regard of the Comtesse de Paris. You will explain to her (if you can) how it is that an obscure old woman



ventures to write to Your Royal Highness as I do. Tell her, if you were my King, I could not honour you more, and if you were my son, I could hardly love you better.

Your faithful servant,

SARAH AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND, Bolton Street, London, Jan. 22, 1865.

Since I wrote to you, I have been very anxious about Lucie. The last news were not good. At Alexandria she was delayed because her boat was not ready. You will be surprised at my being in London, but I was forced to come, and here I am laden with honours and literary business. A fourth edition of my 'Ranke' is called for. In vain have they published a cheap translation ; the few copies remaining of mine are being sold at fancy prices. I cannot deny that I feel gratified at such a recognition of my *opus*. It was done with care and conscientiousness, and it is pleasant, before dying, to know that my country appreciates those qualities. What interests me still more is the new edition that I am preparing of my husband's book, and I have come to consult some of my legal friends. It is unlikely that I shall live to see another edition, and I want to leave it as perfect as possible. The book is evidently *taking root*. One of these days you will receive a packet of M. Dunoyer's letters to my husband and to me ; his widow wrote to ask me for anything I had, as M. Mignet was preparing an "*éloge*" of her husband. I have collected all his letters, and beg you to hand them over to her or M. Mignet. You have no idea how occupied I am, as the daughter of Felix Mendelssohn has asked

me to write down my recollections of her father, for his memoir, which is in the press. I could not refuse, for if ever a man was perfect, he was. Then I wish to write every mail to my Lucie, whose published letters have made quite a sensation—I am now preparing a fourth edition.

My poor hand refuses any more work. Good-bye, my excellent friend ; you know what my feelings are towards you, nothing will ever change them.

Yours affectionately,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Grote.*

DEAREST CUMMER,

Weybridge, March, 1865.

*Primum*—I write in bed, where I am expiating my jaunt to London. Your letter is everything that can possibly be wished, honouring the dead, soothing and cheering the living. I forward it with the sincerest pleasure. I hope your article will appear. I wrote a notice of poor Dunoyer at the time of his death,\* and sent it to the *Athenæum*. H. Dixon would not insert it, because it was “too political.” I think I will hunt it up and see if it cannot do duty now. I really cannot write a fresh article. I have so much to do and so little doing power.

What I *have* done anent the book is this, begged Jeffs to expose it as much as possible in his window and on his counter ; most of our public men call in at his shop. Now good-bye, dear Cummer. It is very pleasant to feel oneself in harness with you once more. But I am a poor worn-out jade by the side of you.

Your affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

\* M. Dunoyer died 1861.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND, Paris, March 20, 1865.

I have just seen Prévost Paradol on his return from Egypt. He is enchanted with Lady Lucie, and exceedingly struck by her talents, her eloquence, and the extraordinary strength of her understanding. Clever and witty as he is, he could not find words to express his admiration. She is the Queen of the Arabs at Thebes ; they are taught, enlightened, and improved in every way by her example. Prévost Paradol spent three days with her on his way up the Nile, and two on his return, when he saw Janet, who was going to pay another visit to the Suez Canal with M. de Lesseps.

I have no doubt that the 'Letters from Egypt' will have as much success as those from the Cape, and probably more, as having lived among the Arabs so long, Lady Lucie's descriptions must be perfect.

When you know the date and the place of meeting, let me know, and I will do my utmost to be ready to escort you : it will be delightful to see the whole family together. At the end of this month 'Mohammed' will be published, and then I shall begin on the proofs of another volume of Aristotle.

Your ever devoted friend,

B. ST. HILAIRE.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND, Weybridge, May 13, 1865.

Your letter has caused me great pleasure ; it remains for you to fix the place of meeting. I think I shall go by Liège and Cologne. I dare say you would like to

pass a couple of days at Bonn ; if you are pressed for time, you might meet me there. But I trust that you have not become such a "man of the present" as to be bored whenever one is not projected through space like a cannon-ball, or to calculate in how many hours one can "do" the Rhine. Only to-day I heard some young people complaining of the slowness of the steam-boats. I always found that the glorious scenery passed but too quickly before my eyes. Why is this? People no longer enjoy things. Forward, ever forward! is the cry, not of war, but of peace—peace which is not repose. "In how many hours?" is the question which has superseded all others. Lucie hopes to be at Soden by the middle of June, but I await a final letter from El Uksur. Henry Reeve came to see me yesterday ; of his Parisian news what pleased me most was his account of my old friend, Cousin. Remember me to him, and tell him that I rejoice at his good health, and am delighted at all the noble work he is doing for his child, Philosophy, and at his remaining true to Italy and her liberty ; our dear Santa Rosa would have blessed him. I look forward to meeting you about the 12th of June.

Ever from my heart, your affectionate

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Grote.*

DEAREST CUMMER,

May 16, 1865.

Many thanks for your thought of me. If I go anywhere, I should go to see what on every account (subject, donor, artist) interests me so much. Twenty-five years ago was I first profoundly impressed with Triqueti's *Salutation*, the first work of the kind I had ever seen. What did I not write and speak about it, and whom did I not take to see his studio, and especially *that* work!—Lord Ellesmere, Lord Lans-

downe, Hawtrey, etc. etc., none of whom had even heard of Triqueti's name. They all admired and bought, but nobody seemed to take to what so struck me. I spoke to Lord Herbert of Lea about it for his church. I am not sorry that it was reserved for Mr. Grote and you to present this admirable work of art—so suited to such a subject—to the public, who will now see and admire.

I must hope to see it hereafter (what a word for me to use!). I am, as usual, full of work and of calls on my time and attention. Thursday, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris are coming to see me. Friday, a Mr. Gifford, one of the Committee of Enquiry for Schools, comes from Brighton on purpose to hear what I have to say. It is little enough, for I have said, and *quod dixi dixi*. But I could not refuse the young man who asked it as a devoted admirer of my husband. How curiously the effect of his book crops out! I never heard of Mr. Gifford before.

I am getting my house in order, and hoping to be off in the first days of June. This meeting looks to me very like the final event of my life. May I but see my child once more!

I don't know if I told you that St. Hilaire has proposed to meet and accompany me. He never saw the Rhine, and he wants to see Lucie. His 'Life of Mohammed' will be supremely interesting to her.

How sorry I am for your domestic plagues! My doctor here says half his female patients are *ill of servants*—worried and worn.

I hope, dearest Cummer, you will come as you say. Whether you do or not, I shall carry with me the comfortable assurance that your good wishes go with me; but I would fain see you.

Your ever affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to Mrs. Grote.*

DEAREST CUMMER,

Soden, August 25, 1865.

It is miserable work to be forced to reply to a letter which moves one's inmost heart through a stranger's hand; but, alas! I can do no otherwise. Immediately on my arrival at this place I was attacked with gout, which has finally settled in my right hand in such a degree as to render it useless. You, who for forty years and more have known the whole course of my inward and outward life, with all its privations and toils and all its compensations, can estimate better than anybody what this loss is to me. If it were likely to be permanent, life would be scarcely tolerable; and you who, God be thanked! enjoy the unspeakable comfort afforded you by the tender cares of your life's companion, can hardly imagine the dismay with which I contemplate any diminution of that occupation which has always been so valuable to me, and is now almost the only remnant of my once varied and active life.

Alexander and I were six weeks without news of Lucie, who was dangerously ill; and during that time I was in such a state of mind that I really could not write to anybody. Nothing is so intolerable to write about as suspense. I left Weybridge in the middle of June, and did not find Lucie here till the 22nd of July, just about the time of your arrival at Baden. It is an additional grief to think that you and I have been so near and yet so separated. The one bright spot in my history is—what indeed brightens all the rest—the great improvement in Lucie's health.

The last sentence in your letter struck me much as to the real nullity of what is called society, when you really want it; I cannot get you out of my mind. I have often seen you in intense pain, but have always looked

with confidence for the return of that matchless activity and vivacity which were the delight of all who knew you. It would be folly to hope for the revival of youthful health or youthful spirits ; but I earnestly hope that I may find you tranquilly cheerful, and able to enjoy that best and dearest of all society which you have by your side. May you never know what it is to want all those watchful and tender cares which Love alone can or will bestow ! Nearly the whole of my married life was passed, as you know, in rendering such offices, and a very small portion of it in receiving them : enough to know that it is vain to look for any—the smallest compensation for the loss of them. May God preserve them to you, my dearest friend !

Your most affectionate

S. A.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Letter from Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot about her Daughter—Mr. Carlyle on Letters of Condolence and Smollett's House—Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire on Prussia and Austria—Love of the Arabs for Lady Duff Gordon—Absorption of Germany in Prussia—Letters on M. Cousin's Death from M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin—Her Answer—Last Letters from Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire—Her Death—The *Times* on Mrs. Austin—Letter from M. Guizot to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon on the Death of Mrs. Austin.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

DEAR MONSIEUR GUIZOT,      Weybridge, Dec. 20, 1865.

Alexander has been to see his poor wife, and has spent five weeks with her at Cairo. He is now on his way home, and she on hers to *her* solitary home at Thebes. He leaves her with the entire conviction that she will never again be able to visit Europe. Even Cairo was too cold for her, and she had a slight return of blood-spitting. It is only at Thebes that she is comparatively well. That she can *live*, and live with something like comfort *anywhere*, is a blessing for which I am duly thankful. But enough of sorrow remains. Her husband's broken life and broken home; her children motherless and homeless; her poor mother—how can I write it?—I shall never see that beloved face again; and so vanishes the last ray of earthly hope out of my horizon. Nor with this extinction of hope is there any cessation of fear. The anxiety, the corroding anxiety *for her* remains; and after five weary years of that torture, I find myself as far as ever from repose.



I keep out of the way of people ; I fear their indifference, and I fear yet more their condolences and consolations. The comforters are always the happy. God forgive them ! they know not what they say.

If you have seen anything of her letters from the Cape, you will see that my chief earthly comfort lies in the wonderful *trempe* of her mind—so noble, brave, generous, unselfish. Her letters from Egypt are still more interesting. They will be published, and you shall see them.

I have just passed my woful anniversary. Markby will tell you how my husband's influence grows.

Your most affectionate

S. A.

*Mr. T. Carlyle to Mrs. Austin.*

DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,

Chelsea, June 28, 1866.

Thanks for your kind inquiry after me ; I feel it all the kinder knowing too well that you are yourself so weary and heavy-laden.

In respect of bodily health I seem *not* to be worse than I was six months ago, which, indeed, is not saying a great deal. As to my instantaneous and incalculable loss, *otherwise*. I felt, and more and more feel it to be, the sudden extinction of all that remained of humanly cheerful in my sombre existence, and had better not speak of it at present—much and continually as it insists on being thought of, and thought *to the bottom* if I can. How I understand what you say about letters of condolence ! I have burnt some scores of them, unread except the first line and the signature.

Mr. Irving did not call even in passing—out of polite and considerate motives. Please tell him, if you write, that I yesterday morning received his letter enclosing yours, and along with it his Notes upon *Tobias Smollett* and the Smolletts, which I read with interest and care,

and will keep with thanks. Smollett's house stood within a gunshot of me here, and only vanished within the last twenty years.

May peace more and more be with you, dear old friend! Accept my grateful remembrances and continuance of affectionate wishes.

Yours faithfully,  
T. CARLYLE.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR FRIEND,

Weybridge, Oct. 3, 1866.

You will have perceived my return by receiving your papers regularly. I feel ill, and should not have written this but for my habit (to borrow a phrase from M. Cousin) of mixing myself up with what does not concern me—*i.e.* public affairs. You are aware that I know Germany, and that I love her. The misfortunes of Austria, the insolent triumphs of Prussia, the destruction of that dear old Germany who has given us so much that is beautiful and so many profound thoughts, leave me no rest. The crowd of courtiers, applauding success in the shape of Prussian violence and cheater, make me sick. I have published some facts in the *Examiner*, from a source above all suspicion, about the conduct of the Prussians in Bohemia. Hardly had I despatched my packet when I saw in the paper I send to-day the sentence I have underlined. Now, dear friend, you are honesty and justice personified. Go to M. Dufaure, tell him that I hold documents which will be precious to him for the defence of the "Mémorial diplomatique."\* You know what Count

\* Attacked by the Prussian Ambassador, M. de Goltz, in the French Courts.

Leo Thun is, and my opinion of him ; it is from him that I have these documents, and he vouched for their truth. This I tell you, for his name must not be mentioned. You can say I guarantee the truth of all I send. The papers are of course in German, which will probably make no difference to M. Dufaure. Tell him, if he requires more proofs, that I undertake to put him in communication with some of the most eminent men in Bohemia, whom he can implicitly believe. You will laugh at my zeal ! But it is too terrible to see men not only deceived, beaten, and trodden under foot, but after their fall, maligned and calumniated by their victors. What strikes me is the baseness of the Prussian nobles. The common soldiers have, on the whole, behaved well and with humanity. The officers (nobles), who open the ladies' wardrobes, take their linen, and order the wine they could not drink to be packed up to take away with them ! The most brutal of Napoleon the First's officers did not behave worse. In the *Evening Mail* they mention an accusation of sheep-stealing. M. Dufaure should know that at Berlin Austrian sheep were sold publicly before the battle of Königgratz. Lord Bloomfield saw them. In Prague the officers ran races with the horses they had stolen from the stables of Count Kinsky, in whose castle they were quartered. At his brother's, Prince Kinsky, they broke open the private archives, and threw about the carefully-arranged papers. Thus M. Dufaure can say with perfect truth that the conduct of the Prussian officers has not been exaggerated by his client or any one else. I tried three papers before finding one which would publish these facts. My so-called liberal countrymen are bewitched—deceived by words—by a name ! Austria stands for despotism and darkness ; Prussia for liberty and light ! I must say good-bye, and will tell you my adventures another time. I enjoyed my visit to the

Bishop of St. David's exceedingly. Dear Lucie is better; her last letters are delightful.

Yours from my heart,  
S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR AND TRUE FRIEND,

Nov. 2, 1866.

I have been wishing to write to you for a long time, but I have had much to do, and have done little. The condition of Germany saddens me, and still more the state of public opinion in England. People hardly venture to express the horror felt for this mixture of falsity, fraud, and violence called Prussian policy. Imagine that Mr. Froude, our distinguished historian, refused to publish in his magazine authentic facts sent me by L. T., on the ground that he was glad to see a great Protestant Power established in the north of Europe. What a reason! As though there would be a single additional Protestant! However, the *Examiner* has printed my extracts; and I have added a few words about the good and unfortunate King of Saxony. The way he is spoken of makes me very angry. Prussian intrigues against him had already begun when I was in Dresden. I shall be attacked in the papers—never mind, no one now will care, and I shall at least show the courage of gratitude and respect. Janet is at Venice. She has no great admiration for the Venetians, but she is struck by the moderation and dignity shown by the Austrians. I conceive that Venice will sink into comparative insignificance: she lived by her complaints.

I hope you have seen in the paper the enlightened and patriotic munificence of my dear friend, Whewell—

£70,000 consecrated to so admirable and permanent an end. What a contrast to his philosophical antagonist, John Mill, who shows his attachment to the people by the artifices of a demagogue! His has been a fall indeed! Our noble "Master," who despised popularity, really loved his country, his university—in short, the good and the true.

Thank God! the accounts of Lucie are better.

Yours affectionately,  
S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to Lady William Russell.*

Nov. 6. 1866.

*Curios!* Your charming letter, dear Lady William, comes *a punto*. It treats of all the subjects that now occupy me. If this meeting of one's thoughts gives me great pleasure, the regret that I cannot talk with you is, on the other hand, very painful. To say truth, I have seldom been more *triste*. I do not speak of convulsions of sorrow or of fear, which I have had formerly, but of that settled gloom which, I am afraid, must in the end overpower me. The cause of this is (next to the separation from my dear daughter) my continual and increasing ill-health. Again I am incarcerated. I returned home the day after I saw you, was attacked by bronchitis, and condemned to keep my bed for four days, and my room ever since. It is not, however, the bodily pain or *malaise* that depresses me; I have had as much of that before, and bore it cheerfully. The terrible thing is the loss of energy. I have always in my mind a number of things that I want to do—that I ought to do—that torment me, not being done.

I can do nothing. I sit down to write, and I fall into a sort of reverie; the hours are gone and I have done nothing. I rise up and put away my paper, and feel

ready to cry. When I think of the three winters, during which I worked with such unflinching courage and industry, and achieved (I dare say it to you) a really great work ; and now the second edition must be prepared and I seem powerless to do it. If I die leaving it undone, I shall die miserable. Dearest Lady William, do pardon this out-pouring ! These constantly recurring fits of illness will destroy my living soul before they put an end to my body.

I have been intensely excited, however, by all that is going on—abroad and at home. The Prussomania is so violent that one can't get a hearing on the other side. Leo Thun sent a number of extracts from letters and papers describing the behaviour of the Prussian officers in Bohemia. He sent them first to Lord Clanwilliam, who took no trouble about them—"dared say they were all true, but *à la guerre comme à la guerre*," and so turned them over to me. I translated them, and after applying in vain to two journals, got them admitted into the *Examiner*. Perhaps you saw them (Oct. 6th). Then I wrote a little sketch of the Kings of Prussia and Saxony, as typical or representative men, and added a few words about states, ending with : "Klein ist unter den Fürsten Germaniens," etc. etc. Exquisite lines !

The *Athenæum* accepted and even printed it, but took fright and suppressed it. Something I sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* has never appeared. Lastly, I wrote to ask Froude (editor of *Fraser*) if he would have an article about Saxony, for which I have very interesting materials. He is so delighted "at the consolidation of a great *Protestant* power in North Germany that," etc. etc.

N.B. that all these men are immensely civil to *me* personally, full of respects and compliments. So this is the fairness of a free press !

When your letter came I had just taken down from

an almost forgotten shelf my translation of Cousin's 'Report on Public Instruction in Prussia;' for it was I, *meine Gnädigste*, and nobody else, who introduced that matter to the enlightened English public. If I had a spare copy you should have it, but I have only the one shabby original copy, which I am using. It was published by Effingham Wilson in 1834.

Poor George Lewis used to say to me: "You will go down to posterity upon that preface." I was satisfied that he thought so; but otherwise this dry laborious work never brought me one atom of either honour or profit.

Of course you and I are not ignorant that Saxon civilisation is much older than Prussian. *Schulpflichtigkeit* is as old in Saxe-Gotha as 1643.

You'll see that even then I took the *compulsory* side (in said preface). I remember Lord Brougham seized me by the arm and shook me for being such "*a friend to despotism.*" I am persuaded our mob is the most atrocious in the world. As to the imbecility about the training of women, it is nauseous. I read of a "Working Women's College;" I am going to write to the lady president to know what they teach.

I am, and have always been, entirely of your mind about the second *ceto*. I have always felt more at my ease with *Allerhöchste* people than with my peers, though, indeed, the latter would not own me as an equal if they keep six servants and I three. They always measure their dignity by material things; I have always avoided their society. My husband hated it.

As to my going to London, you see how it is, each visit (even so short a one) followed by an illness! We have good news of my dear Lucie. She is on the Nile, her boat comfortable, and her three servants—two Arab and one negro—obedient, devoted, and cheerful. I have

just heard from B. St. Hilaire ; he is going to Cannes. Cousin is there already. I would go if it were not so far.

But I can do nothing. The only thing about me unimpaired, is my affection for you, which is not enfeebled like all the rest of

Your very devoted  
S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. Guizot.*

Jan. 1, 1867.

I am very unwell, dear M. Guizot, and very unable to write anything fit for you to read.

I have long been wanting to tell you that my beloved daughter is—as we dare to hope—rather better. She thinks she may be able perhaps to come once more to Europe to meet husband and children, and, once more, her poor old mother. You may be sure I shall go if it is possible. They say it is a great risk. Perhaps so. I can die anywhere—and how much the happier if I have seen her dear face ! She was at Cairo during the summer—at Cairo for *coolness* ! Now she is returned to her old home at Thebes—alone, served by her faithful and devoted Omar and a negro boy. I could tell you curious things of the degree to which she is adored by the poor Arabs. Why will not those whose duty and business it is to conciliate and attach “ natives,” learn from her how easy it is ? These poor people would die for her.

My friend Markby has married my niece Lucy, to whom you were so kind. When he was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, the first use he made of his good fortune was to lay it at her feet, and she is, as she maintains, the happiest wife in the whole world. I have no doubt Markby will do much good there ; he is so judicious and so upright.



I have just had a long letter from him, which I thought so valuable that I sent it to Lord Cranborne, and received his warm thanks for the perusal of it.

I have endured already much pain for the calamities of Germany. Perhaps, though, you do not think them calamities. I am in a very small minority, but I think I *know* Germany, and very few of my countrymen do. The absorption of Germany in Prussia is, I am sure, a calamity for the country and the world. Do you remember Goethe's exquisite lines, "Klein ist unter den Fürsten Germaniens—freilich der meiner," and so on?

My letters from Saxony and Bohemia are heart-breaking.

Now I must leave off, for I am very weary, and besides the New Year's Day will be gone without my letter. Accept, dearest sir, my affectionate wishes for the happiness of all your dear circle. Be assured that I never forget any of them, and that I am always

Your faithful and grateful friend,

SARAH AUSTIN.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND, Cannes, Jan. 14, 1867.

It is with the deepest sorrow that I have to tell you that we have lost our dear friend, Cousin. Yesterday he was seized at luncheon with invincible lethargy, and, in spite of all the doctor's efforts, he never regained consciousness. He died this morning at five o'clock. During the last few days we had talked much about you, and his affection for you and yours was as great as ever. On Saturday we dined with a friend, and Cousin was brilliant and amiable, as was his wont, towards the ladies of the party. Next morning at eight we had breakfast, and at one he acknowledged that he was hungry; half-

an-hour afterwards he was unconscious. One of the finest and most remarkable minds of this century—indeed, of all times—is no more.

I accompany the body to Paris.

Ever yours,

B. ST. HILAIRE.

*M. B. St. Hilaire to Mrs. Austin.*

[TRANSLATION.]

MADAM AND DEAR FRIEND, Paris, Jan. 22, 1867.

Cousin has left Mignet and myself sole legatees, with the notary Frémyn. He leaves us a fortune, and has done it with the utmost delicacy; we always knew that we were to be his executors, instead of which we are his heirs. He has named me keeper of his library for life.

I write in haste, and am

Ever your devoted

B. ST. HILAIRE.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

Jan. 24, 1867.

I think no one ever felt such a mixture of sorrow and joy as your two letters have caused me—sorrow for the loss of an affectionate and tried friend; so few remain to me who could compare with him! But my sorrow is tempered by the mode of his death; he had such a horror of old age, his vanity rebelled against it; and then you were there to receive his last breath. Joy at the way in which he has disposed of his fortune, which does honour to him. I bless Cousin, I pardon all his weaknesses, and I honour his memory.

I am very solitary. Occasionally some one comes

down to talk jurisprudence, public instruction, the state of affairs in poor Austria, or some such light matter. But this, my friend, is what suits me best. Common gossip of society has no attractions for me; only the great interests of humanity have the power of making me forget my troubles for a time. I do not think Lucie will venture to come to Europe, and I cannot wish her to do so, for it is evident that she cannot face the change of climate. Her letters are extraordinary—full of courage, love of humanity, and original ideas. Have you ever met her friend, M. Brune? He must live in the artistic world.

You must tell me what you would rather do—come to Weybridge and run up to London occasionally to see your friends, or make a little trip somewhere in England. For me the principal thing is to be with you—*ubicunque*. I am reading over Cousin's letters, written during forty years of warm friendship. Such a thing is rare to find, and one would not have expected it of him. I live with the dead, and I think generally they are superior to the living. I have translated and arranged the letters of M. de Lindenau, so that people may see what the government of Saxony was, and in what good hands. I hope they may be published.

Good *excellentissime*, your well-being is a great joy to your faithful friend,

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to Lady William Russell.*

51, Cumberland Street, Hyde Park,

DEAREST LADY WILLIAM, April, 7 1867.

It is so ordered that I am to be deprived, one by one, of every solace my sad case admitted of, and now the sight of you, the delight and animation of your conversation! It really is curious how, to the two great woes of my life, the two immense losses, have been added every kind of lesser suffering and privation. Fate

is inexorable. I write in a dismal vein, for I feel faint and ill this morning. Pray forgive me.

The *North British Review* is not mine, nor do I know anything about its management or *contribuables*; I, too, am very anxious to know who is the Runic scholar. The article is very interesting—as any good one on that subject must be. What a marked and quite peculiar nationality, and in many respects how grand!

I entirely sympathize with you as to the joy of witnessing the loves of a young couple so completely and tenderly united. I remember M. Guizot telling me an incident which charmed me. M. de Bourquéney came from his legation for a holiday, and while in France fell in love with the girl he afterwards married. She was living with a blind grandmother. One day they were in the room with her, when she heard (you know the blind have fine ears) a sound which she instantly recognised. Instead of scolding or rebuking, the dear old granny said: “Ne vous gênez pas, mes enfants, ne vous gênez pas. J’ai beaucoup d’amitié pour l’amour.” What an adorable old woman! The kiss which she heard gave her nothing but pleasure. I am afraid all the actors in this pretty scene are gone, are they not?

*Encore* an anecdote. A maid presents herself to Madame Thiers to occupy the post of *femme de chambre*. She begins: “Est-ce que Madame va beaucoup dans le monde? Est-ce que Madame se couche tard? Est-ce que Madame fait beaucoup de toilettes par jour?” etc. etc. “Enfin,” Madame Thiers says, “mademoiselle, vous m’avez fait tant de questions, que je n’en ai pas une seule à vous faire. Je vous souhaite le bon jour.” Is it not good? Our ladies now, as I hear, “se laissent questionner.” Send me word how you are to-day, my dear Lady William.

Your most affectionate

S. AUSTIN.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

July 3, 1867.

I cannot write with my own hand to my dear friend, but I must dictate a few words. You have heard I am ill. On the 25th May I fainted away, and for three hours and a half all the attempts made by the doctor were ineffectual to recall me to life. To tell you the truth, I am not sure that I rejoice at his having succeeded, but God's will be done! Among my many sufferings the worst has been sleeplessness. The Sister of Mercy (French) who nursed me, declares that for five nights I never closed my eyes; and all this time I could not lie down for more than a few minutes, on account of the difficulty of breathing. Good De Mussy came twice to see me, and took a bad view of my case, as he told Mrs. Grote, who wrote me a farewell letter which touched me extremely. She is also very ill. And thus we separate after half-a-century of intimacy. One of my most painful thoughts was that I should see you no more, and I sent you a blessing from the depths of my heart. But now I had rather you came, when I shall be more able to enjoy your visit, and I do not know if I shall not even ask you to come and take me to the sea-side. I will write soon, and not by the hand of another.

S. A.

*Mrs. Austin to M. B. St. Hilaire.*

[TRANSLATION.]

VERY DEAR FRIEND,

July 30, 1867.

To-day I discharged my nurse, and I hope to be able to go to the sea-side next week. Do as you like, come at once to Weybridge, or meet me at Broadstairs; but

*come*, do not delay, I have been too near never seeing you again in this life. I have so much to say to you, and I want to show you all Cousin's letters. Yesterday I had a visit from Ross and my dear little great-grandson Alick ; they are going to Homburg. I hope he may remember me, for I doubt his seeing me again. I am impatient to see you.

July 31.

Your letter interrupted me. Your arrangement is perfect : after your visit to Trouville I shall hope to enjoy your society. I am much changed, and I shall never again be what I was even last year, when we made our excursion to Wales. But you come *because* I am feeble, ill, and effaced. I hardly like you to make such a sacrifice, but still I accept your offer to accompany me to the sea with gratitude. My doctor says I must go to the pure bracing air of my own county. So I have decided on Hunstanton, a bathing-place I do not know : if I do not like it, I shall go on to my well-beloved Cromer. Our little trip will be interesting enough, as we shall sleep at Ely, and pass by Holkham, celebrated as the centre of agricultural knowledge, the type of a great gentleman's house, containing fine pictures and valuable manuscripts. But I do not like to take you so far from London, where so many friends await you. I should not be alone, as I shall have my maid and the faithful William, who is devoted and intelligent. So arrange all this, and do not sacrifice yourself too much. Come as soon as you like, it will be the greatest pleasure you can give to

Your ever affectionate

S. A.

This is the last letter Sarah Austin wrote. On the 3rd August she had a severe fainting-fit, and she died on the morning of the 8th. Her faithful and beloved friend,

M. By. St. Hilaire, arrived, alas ! a few hours after all was over. Mrs. Austin lies in the churchyard of Weybridge, by the side of the husband she loved so well, and to whose memory she raised the noblest monument by editing and arranging his great work on Jurisprudence. The *Times* truly said :—

“Mrs. Austin had a masculine intellect and a large heart. It was not by the play of a vivid imagination, or by an habitual display of what is termed wit, that she secured the affections and the friendship of so many of the wisest and noblest of her contemporaries. The power she exercised in society was due to the sterling qualities of her judgment, her knowledge, her literary style—which was one of great purity and excellence—and above all, to her cordial readiness to promote all good objects, to maintain high principles of action, and to confer benefits on all who claimed her aid.”

M. Guizot wrote to my father :—

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR SIR ALEXANDER,

The death of Mrs. Austin is a real grief to me, for she was a trusty and intimate friend. I knew her in the most prosperous and in the saddest periods of my life, in the midst of my domestic joys and sorrows, of my political successes and disasters. I always found her the same—the same elevation of character, the same kindly sympathy, the same energy of devotion to her friends. Hers was a rare nature. I had given up all hope of seeing her again, and almost told her so in the last letter I wrote to her. She said farewell in her answer of the 11th July.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

LADY DUFF GORDON.

Birth of Lucie Austin—Her Childhood—J. S. Mill her Playmate—Goes to Germany—Sydney Smith's Advice not to tear her Frock, to learn Arithmetic—Meeting with Heinrich Heine at Boulogne—Lucie Austin sent to School—Her Friends among the Fishermen at Boulogne—Visit of Miss Shuttleworth to Bromley—Letters from Lucie Austin to Mrs. Grote.

LUCIE AUSTIN, the only child of John and Sarah Austin, was born in Queen Square, Westminster, on the 24th June, 1821. At first her life was despaired of, and only saved by the skill of the surgeon Maudsley, who used to boast of his exploit, and always called her his child. Her chief playfellows were her first cousin, Henry Reeve, and her father's pupil in Roman Law, John Stuart Mill, whom she called "Bun Don" (Brother John). Jeremy Bentham's garden, next door, was the playground; his coach-house was converted into a gymnasium, and his flower-beds were intersected by threads and tapes to represent the passages of a panopticon prison. "Toodie," as she was always called, was the pet of the remarkable circle who frequented the house of her parents—the Grotes, the Carlyles, Bullers, Sterlings, Mills, Romillys, Erle, Molesworth, Rogers, Comte, Say, and many more. She grew in vigour and in sense, with a strong tinge of originality and independence, and an extreme love of animals.

In 1826, the Austins went to Germany for nearly two



years, and Lucie came back transformed into a little German maiden, with long braids of hair down her back, and speaking German like her own language. Her childhood was singularly lonely, days and days passed by without any companions of her own age. She lived in a world of elves and fairies ; and, as she described, "Once, standing in the garden at South Bank, Regent's Park, gazing dreamily at some sun-flowers, my face must have been very sad, for a friend came up and asked me what was the matter ? I answered, 'Nothing was the matter, only I was wishing the sun-flowers could talk to me.' " "Alone by herself" she mused and roamed—unchecked, unquestioned and unamused by the usual occupations of girlish existence. The only playfellow of her own age during their residence at South Bank was Herbert Taylor, son of the lady who afterwards became Mrs. J. Stuart Mill. The Taylors lived next door, and he tells me how well he recollects the hole in the hedge through which the two children used to creep in order to take off their shoes and stockings and paddle in the Regent's Canal. He said to me, "I remember how odd I thought your mother, and the wonderful tales she used to tell me about the newts and toads."

She had little regular instruction save the Latin lessons her mother gave her, and *accomplishments* were never attempted. For a short time she went to a boys'-school at Hampstead, kept by Dr. Biber, a German, where she showed more taste for Greek than anything else, probably in obedience to her father's strong desire that she should learn it. In 1834, Mrs. Austin decided on leaving England, and Sydney Smith wrote to the young girl :—

“Lucie, Lucie, my dear child, don’t tear your frock : tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius. But write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts ; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest, and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import. And Lucie, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know in the first sum of yours I ever saw there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucie, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle ? What would life be without arithmetic but a scene of horrors ? You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by men who have never understood arithmetic. By the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you. Therefore I now give you my parting advice—don’t marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year. And God bless you, dear child.”

At Boulogne, Lucie sat next Heinrich Heine at the *table d’hôte*. “He heard me speak German to my mother, and soon began to talk to me, and then said, ‘When you go back to England, you can tell your friends that you have seen Heinrich Heine.’ I replied, ‘And who is Heinrich Heine ?’ He laughed heartily, and took no offence at my ignorance ; and we used to lounge on the end of the pier together, where he told me stories in which fish, mermaids, water-sprites, and a very funny old French fiddler with a poodle were mixed up in the most fanciful manner, sometimes humorous, and very often pathetic, especially when the water-sprites brought him greetings from the ‘Nord See.’ He was at Boulogne a month or two, and I saw him often then, and always remembered with great tenderness the poet

who had told me the beautiful stories, and been so kind to me and so sarcastic to every one else. He afterwards told me that the poem, 'Wenn ich an deinem Hause,' etc., was meant for me and my 'braune Augen.'"\*

When in 1836 Mr. Austin was appointed a Commissioner to the Island of Malta, it was thought undesirable to take a girl of fifteen to a hot climate, so it was decided to send her to school at Bromley. She writes to Miss Shuttleworth, step-daughter of Mr. North, whose acquaintance she had made at Hastings two years before, and who had a strong influence over her:—

*Miss Austin to Miss Shuttleworth.*

London, Oct. 12, 1836.

MY DEAR JANET,

Thank you many, many times for your kind letter which I would have answered directly had I not been in such a state of worry and annoyance. I hear that I am to be prodigiously dragooned at Miss Shepherd's; I am neither to receive nor write any letters whatever, except from mamma, and all that I write or receive from her must be read first by Miss Shepherd; neither may I speak to any of my friends except in her presence. Now this is annoying; but still more so is that I shall have to stay and dress in the same room with several other girls, which I think excessively improper. I don't know whether you do, but I am very prudish about such things, and do not like this at all. However I think that my imperturbable *insouciance* will carry me through anything. Whomever I offend, I shall quarrel with no one.

\* 'Monographs,' by Lord Houghton. Written by his request for his article on 'Heine,' by Lady Duff Gordon.

I was very much distressed at parting with my *matelot* friends at Boulogne, and they made such lamentations, and begged me to go again and to write to them and not to forget them, that I did not know what to say or do. I went over to Pierre Hénin's (the man who swam out to the *Amphitrite*), at about six in the morning on which we left Boulogne, to give him my address. His wife was out ; and on going in I saw Hénin sitting there with his hands before his face crying bitterly, so I went up to him, and laying my hand on his shoulder, said, "Mais donc, Pierre, qu'est-ce que tu as ?" He seized both my hands, kissed them over and over again, and said that he could not bear my going away, that I had been "si bonne" to him, and that he loved me as much as his own daughter, and wanted to know whether there was nothing in the world he could do to serve me and to show me how much he was attached to me. I was quite *attendrie*, and cried too, promised to write to him, never to forget him, kissed him, his wife and little girl ; and when I saw the last wave of his *bonnet rouge* from the end of the pier through the wind and pouring rain, I felt that I had just said adieu to as true a friend as it would ever be my chance to meet with. I have been very happy at Boulogne, and learnt to swim admirably of Hénin, and bathed every day in order to practise it. I went occasionally to the *matelot* balls and to their houses, mending their nets, playing with their children, learning their songs and their manner of fishing and navigating, and speaking their *patois* to perfection. *Par conséquent* there was not a *matelot* or a *matelote* in Boulogne or Partel (a fishing village two miles off) who was not delighted when Ma'mselle Lucie went into their cottage.

I wish to heavens, my dear friend, that I could see you ! I have so much to say, and write with such abominable stiffness and difficulty. A young curé at Boulogne tried to convert me to Catholicism ; it is useless to say that

he did not succeed, but I liked him very much, and he was very tolerant and gentle and took a great liking and admiration for me. His was not a very superior intellect, however, and I rather frightened him by bringing up one or two unanswerable reasonings of my father's which silenced him ; and he then said no more about it, and we became very good friends, and I gave some money and an engraving for his church, and went to mass and to hear him preach. Pray write and tell me whether Miss Shepherd is Evangelical, whether I shall have to learn a catechism, whether there are prayers there, whether she will persecute me about my religion (if I *bien entendu* say nothing about it), and so forth.

Have you a liking for queer little ballads? if you have, I will send you one by Pierre Hénin, one of the prettiest I know. Many of the *matelot* songs are charming, especially the old ones. I must be at Miss Shepherd's on the 21st, so please write to me soon. I must say I rather dread going there. Now, dearest Janet, good-bye, or rather *au revoir*—it is less sad.

Your affectionate friend,

LUCIE AUSTIN.

Miss Shuttleworth went with her mother, Mrs. North, to see Lucie at Bromley, and wrote in her diary : " We found her looking ill and wretched, and Miss Shepherd cross and not amiable about her. Harriet Stone, who is at school there too, said Lucie had been crying violently. I, who know her pride, know full well how very miserable she must have been to have cried. When she embraced me at parting, her eyes filled and her voice faltered. Dearest Lucie, she has much misery in store, with her strong feelings, philosophical pride, and lack of religion. *Insouciance* is nonsense, I have plainly told her so ; it is even worse than nonsense, and it is not her

nature. By nature, Lucie's disposition is perfectly good ; she is a splendid creature, full of genius, of talent and honesty, simplicity and confidence in others and herself. I suspect Lucie may have shocked Miss Shepherd's conventionalism. I never saw a creature shrink so instinctively from the least touch of vulgarity as Lucie ; she is so totally without it herself—so above it—that it jars like discordant sounds upon her mind."

The correct and vigorous style which afterwards distinguished Lady Duff Gordon was apparent in her writing as a girl of fifteen. One of her first letters from school was written to Mrs. Grote :—

*Miss Austin to Mrs. Grote.*

MY DEAREST MRS. GROTE,

Nov. 6, 1836.

As I have permission to write (not without due inspection of all letters written and received, however), I shall put you to the expense of twopence to tell you how I am getting on. I like my *convent* very much. I cannot give my opinion of Miss Shepherd, for I won't praise her to her face, and I dare not abuse her if I would ; so we must wait till Christmas, when I have a holiday of a fortnight. I have written to mamma, and upbraided her for telling me that Bromley was but four or five miles from London, whereas I find myself at twelve miles off, within a little at least. Janet Shuttleworth was in London for a day before I came here, and we had a long talk, and I liked her better than ever ; but she brought up the old subject so well named by Mr. Bentham, and I cannot reason with people who insist on such things. I hope that when you have nothing better to do, you will come down and see me. Between one and two is the best time, as we go out afterwards to walk. Or, *au pis aller*, that you will

write me a note, letter, or what you will ; so long as it is from you, I shall be delighted to receive it. I am dying to see you or hear from you, and don't hope that you will escape my quartering myself upon you for a day at Christmas ; for I *will* hold a solemn palaver with you, which I could not accomplish before coming here. I shall not be able to write to you again, as I shall not have time to write to any one but mamma, and not much to her ; as, if I do my Latin and Greek lessons satisfactorily, I shall be rather hard-worked.

Your most affectionate

LUCIE AUSTIN.

*Miss Austin to Mrs. Grote.*

DEAREST MRS. GROTE,

London, Jan. 10, 1837.

As I shall be unable to come and see you before my return to Bromley, I write you my adieus. I would ask you to write to me, but perhaps it is better not, as it might cause some *désagréments* between Miss Shepherd and me, which it must be my study to avoid as much as possible. On this account do not tell any one that I find fault with anything ; nothing makes her so angry as one's not being happier with her than anywhere else.

I cannot tell you how delighted I was at Mr. Grote's kindness to me. I really quite cried for pleasure when I went away : I felt so proud and happy that such a man should take an interest in me and my concerns ; for, after my own dear father, I do not respect and *love* any one better than Mr. Grote, or indeed so much. Do you think that he could be prevailed upon to write something in my album ? My best love to dear Mr. Grote also to Henry Taylor, if you fall in with him ; to dear Carl Buller and Pawnee Chief (Sir W. Molesworth) ; and, above all, to yourself, my dearest friend.

Yours ever,

LUCIE AUSTIN.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Letters from Lucie Austin to Miss Shuttleworth—Death of Lady Nasmyth—Consolation of Christian Religion—Letter from Lucie Austin to Mrs. Grote on her Baptism—Reminiscences of Lucie Austin by Miss Marianne North—Her Tame Snake.

*Miss Austin to Miss Shuttleworth.*

DEAR JANET,

London, August 20, 1837.

In a few days I start for Coed-dhû, my aunt's house, near Mold, in Flintshire, where I shall remain till the beginning of October. Miss Shepherd I now like exceedingly—nay, love her dearly, as must every one who knows her; her qualities are such as must strike all minds and opinions, however different. I was deeply grieved at Lady Nasmyth's death; it is indeed a severe affliction and a dreadful loss. May your religion enable you to bear it with that Christian patience which is so deeply affecting and beautiful even to me! Do not ask or expect me to speak of my present opinions. I have been lately disgusted with a great deal of illiberality, and am not therefore in an unprejudiced state of mind. Be sure, however, that I admire the doctrines and sentiments of Christianity above all others, whatever my own feelings may be with regard to the truths of your belief, or even of that of the Socinians, to which, if to any modification of religion, I feel the greatest inclination.

Ever your affectionate friend,

LUCIE AUSTIN.



*Miss Austin to Miss Shuttleworth.*

DEAREST JANET,

Coed-dhû, Sept. 27, 1837.

I must ask what you mean by refusing to Unitarians the name of Christians. I never thought, and never can think, you could be by nature intolerant, but certainly I fear you are likely to become so, if you do not take care. I will give you the title of a little book on Unitarianism I should like you to read. I do not give it you as my opinions, not being prepared to define them as yet; and really, dear Janet, our views are, and are likely to remain, so entirely opposite, that it is but vanity and vexation of spirit to have any more discussions on the subject. Depend upon it, that whatever my views may be, I shall always be of opinion that one who follows his own religion *quelconque*, with a humble and conscientious spirit, is sure of Divine mercy; and my ideas of the importance of *doctrines* are absolutely nothing. Can we not be friends just as well if our opinions differ?—or, rather, I should say, can you not be my friend? I should be sorry if that which ought to promote kindness and goodwill and charity were to be a cause of disagreement between us—no! not disagreement, that is too strong a word, but *éloignement*. Pray let us drop a subject on which we never can agree, and be assured that I can never love you less. So believe more than I can say of the affection of your faithful friend,

LUCIE AUSTIN.

*Miss Austin to Miss Shuttleworth.*

DEAR JANET,

Bromley, Nov. 9, 1837.

I heard from mamma a fortnight ago; the Commissioners are coming home in the spring. Don't you

congratulate me? You know I have not been with them at all since June, 1836—a long time for a spoilt child, *n'est-ce pas?* I was very happy at Coed-dhû; every one was very kind to me. I had not my own way, but I had that of people I was fond of, which is much more agreeable. You would like my cousin John Taylor, if I know your taste; he is too Utopian in his notions for me, and thinks everybody much too good; but I am very fond of him. You remember my Londonomania? *Eh bien, j'en suis revenue.* I hate London most cordially, and will live in Wales. Do you enjoy field sports—hunting, racing, shooting, etc.? I have conceived a passion for them, more especially for such as concern horses. I used to go with John when he went shooting, till at last he used to call for his dogs, gun, Peter (the keeper), and Lucie, as part of his train, quite as much as the rest. You would have laughed at the torn, wet, scratched figure I came home after a day's shooting over the hills. You must expect to be bitten Wales-mad by me when I arrive at Hastings to spend Christmas with you. Till then, farewell.

Yours ever,  
THONYS.

P.S.—I think this way of spelling my name more distinguished, being Welsh.

During her visit to Mr. and Mrs. North at Hastings, Lucie Austin determined to be baptised as a member of the Church of England at the same time with her friend Janet Shuttleworth's little half-sister, Catherine North (now Mrs. J. Addington Symonds). Mr. Spring Rice (afterwards Lord Monteagle) was her sponsor.

*Miss Austin to Mrs. Grote.*

DEAR MRS. GROTE,

Feb. 20, 1838.

Perhaps you have already heard of my having, and I hope most conscientiously, sought to be admitted by baptism into the Established Church, and you may think, with many, I ought not to have taken so important a step solely on my own responsibility; but till you tell me so, I will not attempt defence of that which does not appear to come under the denomination "optional." I believe I have done my duty, and acted in obedience to the Giver of the "commandment with promise," and that in no way could I more honour my parents than by confident trust they will sanction my conduct. I hope they and I will be but of one heart and one mind on this important point. I am prepared for some slight crosses from many excellent friends, whose creed I never could satisfactorily adopt; but with the "fear of God" before my eyes, I could not be deterred by this difficulty, through which I know, if I place but perfect trust in Him, and cultivate *humility*, His strength will guide me. I expect to be pitied for that ignorance and weakness which has made me an easy victim to others' rule; but my own heart tells me I have no claims upon any such commiseration. My sponsors were wholly unprepared for my application to them to become such, and had not an unlooked-for and quiet opportunity of attending an infant of Mrs. North's to the baptismal font offered itself, I had probably yet remained in the same painfully unsatisfied state of mind that had so long been mine. I already experience happiness and advantage in and from the views and hopes which from day to day seem to unfold themselves more and more; and I expect and pray, if I make religion my guide, that even the most opposed

to my present opinions will ultimately rejoice in their influence upon my character and conduct. Surely you, who have ever been to me the best and dearest of friends, will be the last to disapprove of anything which could tend to my improvement and happiness, which I feel convinced must be the case with my present faith and feelings. Do pray then, my dearest Mrs. Grote, write me a few lines to assure me of your favour and that of dear Mr. Grote, to whom my very best love, and accept the same yourself from

Your ever attached and loving child,

LUCIE AUSTIN.

In Miss Shuttleworth's diary I find an entry in February: "I had a letter from dearest Lucie which makes my heart ache. She is persecuted by some of her relations, and Mrs. Grote is very severe upon her, and has written her a sarcastic, cutting letter. This she will deeply feel, being so much attached to Mrs. Grote, and having so high an opinion of her. She says: 'I see I shall have a good deal to put up with, but I incurred it with my eyes open; and what I should sink under if left only to the support of my own strength, God will support me through, I trust, unshaken. I cannot be too grateful for what I more and more find to be my greatest and only abiding happiness, and owe inexpressible thanks to those who were the means of affording it to me.'"

Miss Marianne North, the half-sister of my mother's friend, Janet Shuttleworth, has been kind enough to write me her recollections, which I give in her own graphic words:—

"The person who made the strongest impression on

me was Lucie Austin, then at school with Miss Shepherd at Bromley Common. She spent many of her holidays with us while her parents were abroad, and inspired me (then about seven years old) with the most profound respect and admiration—as one raised above ordinary mortals. Her grand eyes and deep-toned voice, her entire fearlessness and contempt for what people thought of her, charmed me. Then she had a tame snake, and must surely have been something more than a woman to tame a snake! She used to carry her pet about with her, wound round her arm (inside the large baggy sleeves which were then the fashion), and it would put its slender head out at the wristhole, and lap milk out of the palm of her hand with its little forked tongue. It was as fond of glittering things as Lucie herself, and when she took her many rings off her fingers and placed them on different parts of the table, it would go about collecting them, stringing them on its lithe body, and finally tying itself into a tight knot, so that the rings could not be recovered till it chose to untie itself again. Sometimes Lucie would twist the pretty bronze creature in the great plait of hair she wore round her head, and once she threatened to come down to a dinner party of rather stiff people thus decorated, and only gave it up when my mother entreated her with tears in her eyes not to do so. She used to sit for hours together in a rocking-chair reading Shakespeare to us, and acting and declaiming her favourite parts over and over again, till I knew them by heart myself, and Beatrice and Portia became my personal friends. When my sister Catherine was to be christened, Lucie thought she would like to be christened at the same time. Her mother, who was one of the famous Unitarian Taylors of Norwich, had of course never thought of such a thing; but when (at my father's suggestion) she wrote to ask her parents' leave first, Mrs. Austin wrote back that she was welcome to do as

she liked in that matter ; and I remember well the curious scene of our good old Rector, Mr. Foyster, in a highly nervous state, performing the ceremony to the baby in arms and the magnificent lady of eighteen in the ugly old church of St. Clement, Lord Monteagle, Miss Shepherd, and my mother being the sponsors.

Soon after that, Lucie was engaged to be married to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, a very handsome man, who used to come down for weeks at a time, and drew wonderful devils in our scrapbooks, and walk about with her, wound up in one plaid. They especially liked doing this on the flat roof at Gawthorpe, to my mother's horror, who thought the neighbours might think it was her daughter Janet, who was quite innocent of everything but good works, schools, lending libraries, church buildings, etc., which she used to plan in one of the bow windows in the long gallery, while Lucie often employed her time in illuminating beautiful floral arabesques round her favourite poems in some book. The two were great friends, and remained so until the end of their lives ; while I lost sight of Lady Duff Gordon till I saw her in her old age at Luxor amongst all her Arab friends, who looked upon her, as I had done in my childhood, as a wise woman, with almost supernatural powers.

I do not think I can give you much else ; the tone of her voice still seems to ring in my ears as I think of her grand head with its heavy roll of hair round it. She used to wear a brown holland blouse and a red shawl—much as you do.”

## CHAPTER XX.

Return of Mr. and Mrs. Austin from Malta—Sir Alexander Duff Gordon and Lucie Austin—Their Marriage—8, Queen Square, Westminster—M. Guizot's first Dinner in England in 1848—Visit to Atelier of Kaulbach in Augsburg—Translation of 'Amber Witch' and Mrs. Norton's Criticisms—'The French in Algiers'—'Remarkable Criminal Trials'—Sir A. Duff Gordon has Cholera—Letter from Lady Duff Gordon to Mrs. Austin from Richmond—Eothen and Ford's 'Spain'—Hassan el Bakkeet—The Chartist Riots.

IN June, the Austins returned from Malta, and Lucie began to appear in the world. Mrs. Austin's old friends flocked about her, and many new acquaintances mingled with them. Lucie writes to her Italian master, Prandi, who was a devoted friend of her family : "I have not seen you for three days, and shall be obliged to get me a new father confessor if you perform your duties so negligently. To-night I am going to Rogers, *il rivale* of Mr. Wishaw. In good sooth it is not easy to choose between such fascinating lovers, for though no longer in the first bloom of youth, both are very charming." Sir Alexander Duff Gordon met the Austins, I believe, first at Lansdowne House ; he was at once attracted by the mother, and became deeply attached to the daughter. They used to walk out together, as she was left much to herself, owing to her mother's literary occupations and her father's bad health. One day Sir Alexander said to

her, "Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?" She was annoyed at being talked about and hurt at his brusque way of mentioning it, but just as she was going to give a sharp answer, he added, "Shall we make it true?" She replied with characteristic straightforwardness by the monosyllable "Yes," and so they were engaged. They were married in Kensington old church, on the 16th May, 1840. Eye-witnesses still remember the singular beauty of the young pair—tall, dark, and stately. They took No. 8, Queen Square, Westminster, an old house with a statue of Queen Anne at one end.

The talent associated with the beauty, sincerity and complete unaffectedness of Lady Duff Gordon, and her husband's remarkable charm of manner and pleasant conversation, soon attracted a remarkable circle of friends and acquaintances—many of whom, alas! have passed away. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Monteagle, Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot Warburton (who was lost in the 'Amazon'), Tennyson, Henry Taylor, Mrs. Norton, Kinglake, and Tom Taylor were *habitués*; and every foreigner of talent and renown looked upon the Duff-Gordon house as a centre of interest. When M. Guizot escaped from France in 1848, his first dinner and welcome was in Queen Square; and I remember as a little child to have been much astonished at Leopold Ranke, who walked up and down the drawing-room, talking vehemently in a kind of *olla podrida* of English, French, German, Italian and Spanish. Now and then a Latin quotation would come in, and he was almost impossible to understand, as he talked fast, and mixed up all the languages into a compound of his own. Soon after their





Lucie Duff Gordon  
*From a picture by H. W. Phillips.*



marriage, my father and mother went abroad, and she wrote from Munich to her mother :—

*Lady Duff Gordon to Mrs. Austin.*

DEAREST MUTTER.

Augsburg, July 6, 1840.

Alick left me to tell you that our friend Magnus took us to Kaulbach's atelier, where we saw his "Hunnenschlacht," his "Tollhaus," a great new picture he is designing of the destruction of Jerusalem, and last but not least, a set of drawings for a new edition of 'Reineke Fuchs,' for which I could have worshipped him. The lion's court, the cock accusing "Reineke" to the King, "Reineke" keeping school for the rabbits, and lastly "Reineke stellte sich fromm," over which Alick laughed till large tears ran down, were finished ; but there will be forty or fifty. If you could see "Reineke's" face and attitude, his shaven crown, his downcast eye, and mouth down at the corners !—in short, the drawings are quite as good as the poem. Kaulbach is a wonderful genius ; he had beautiful *erhaben* paintings, drawings which might have been Hogarth's, and this "Reineke," in quite another style of work, besides which he is a beautiful portrait painter. Our friend Magnus showed us some beautiful sketches he had made of some Italian peasants. Munich disagreed with both of us excessively ; I never felt so depressing and languid an air. We were amused by a bookseller here, into whose shop we went to buy the Gospel of the Life of Maria ; he had not got it, and wanted us to buy Sievert's 'Leben Christi.' Alick, not hearing the name of the author, asked if it was Strauss's. The poor man looked shocked and frightened, his being a pious shop ; and on our expressing decorous sympathy with his feelings, he added in a most confidential tone, "Aber wissen Sie doch, gnädige Frau, es gibt auch Freigeister hier in Augsburg !" (But do you know, ma'am,

there are freethinkers even in Augsburg !). His face was unutterable, and we only suppressed our laughter till the door closed behind us.

In the library at Munich we saw Albrecht Dürer's prayer-book (exquisite beyond any of his works), and a missal illuminated by Hemlingh, which I need not say was beautiful. Albrecht Dürer's portrait of himself, with his beautiful curls, pleased me, I believe, more than anything in the Pinacothek ; his face, so sweet and so sad, is quite *rührend* (touching), and so beautiful, no print could ever catch the life in the face and in the very hair and beard. I should not like one, and as it is, shall never forget his picture ; it was like seeing himself : I never saw any portrait at all like it. I hope we shall hear from you at Bonn, where we shall not stay long, *faute de temps*. How is Da ?\* to whom best love.

Your own

TOODIE.

Lady Duff Gordon continued after her marriage the translation she had begun of Niebuhr's 'Stories of the Gods and Heroes of Greece,' which was published under Mrs. Austin's name in 1842. In that year their eldest child was born ; and in 1843, Lady Duff Gordon began the translation of the 'Amber Witch.' Before doing it, Mrs. Norton says, "she read through—in order, as she said, to familiarise her mind with the subject—a mass of narratives relating to that bygone superstition, and such trials as have survived in printed records. One of these especially struck her. A woman aged thirty-six or thereabouts, with a husband and many children, was accused of witchcraft. It was the law of the time not to execute till after confession. This woman was con-

\* Mr. Austin.

tumacious ; not only she would not confess, but she declared that to the best of her belief there was no such thing as witchcraft. She was remanded again and again to torture and to prison. At length she announced her confession, and was led to die with others under a like sentence. She got leave to speak a few words to the crowd of spectators, and suddenly reiterated to them her utter disbelief in witchcraft and her innocence. 'But,' said she, 'since even my husband and children hold me to be a witch, I am content to die rather than to live this day.' Lady Gordon laid down the book and said, 'I feel with that woman.' \*\*

The 'Amber Witch' was followed by the 'French in Algiers,' which came out in 1845, and 'Remarkable Criminal Trials' (Feuerbach) in the following year. My father nearly died of an attack of cholera in 1846, and Lord Lansdowne, ever kind and thoughtful, lent him his villa at Richmond for the autumn.

*Lady Duff Gordon to Mrs. Austin.*

DEAREST MUTTER,

Richmond, August 16th, 1846.

Alick brought me your letter of the 8th inst. to-day, and a great relief it was to me to know where you were, and where to write to you. I am furious about my letters. I am sure at least two of them have never reached you. Did you never get my account of poor Alick's dreadful illness, and afterwards a letter containing a commission for black lace? Here we are in the most perfect of villas; were the weather but tolerable it would

\* "Lady Duff Gordon and her Works." *Macmillan's Magazine*, Sept. 1869.

be a paradise ; but, alas ! November could not be more cold, damp, and gloomy than this August. The Berrys are here in Mrs. Lamb's house, and Lady Char. (Lady Charlotte Lindsay) at Petersham, and all well and youthful. Mr. Senior is vacation-master in London this year again, and finds us a godsend for his Saturdays and Sundays. We have had various people here, and many more have announced their intention of coming. Aunt Reeve first, and the Gordons, Lord Lansdowne himself for a day or two in passing through London,—and he was “so much obliged for our kind hospitality in giving him a dinner and a bed,”—Dwarkanauth Tagore, the clever Hindoo merchant, etc. etc., and Landseer and Eastlake. Our faithful friend Eothen\* left us yesterday, having spent Wednesday and Thursday here, for Algeria, where he hopes to join Abd-el-Kader, if possible. I gave him several letters for Paris, and bade him find you out and call on you in October on his way back. I don't know whether you will make much out of him, for he is both shy and reserved. But when the ice is broken he is very amusing, and he nursed Alick and helped and cheered me with the gentleness and kindness of a woman. Moreover, he has lent me a horse ever since, and been constantly kind and good-natured. As to his book, I don't believe it has been translated at all ; nor would it be easy to translate—a lively, brilliant, and rather insolent style is very hard to put into German above all. Why does no one translate Dana's ‘Two Years before the Mast’? It is equal to ‘Robinson Crusoe,’ though written by an American, and I hear that it is perfectly true, every word of it. Or Madame Calderon de la Barca's ‘Life in Mexico’? She is a Scotch woman, married to a Spaniard, a descendant of Calderon's and ambassador to Mexico. Or Drummond Hay's ‘Wild Tribes and Savage Beasts in Morocco’?

\* Mr. A. W. Kinglake.

The most amusing book this year is Ford's 'Handbook of Spain'—one of the "red Murrays." It is written in a style between Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy' and any work by the immortal Sancho Panza, had he ever written a book; so quaint, so lively, and such knowledge of the country. Alick and Cosmo are in raptures with it. How I envy you Munich. If you see Kaulbach, tell him how often we talk of him, his pictures, and his beautiful little girl; and look at Albrecht Dürer's beautiful pale face in the gallery, and *grüß* him for me. Little Janet is grown so tall, quite a girl and not a baby, and she asks *vernünftig* (reasonable) questions, and is *somebody*. She always quotes you as "the danmama who let me play with ink." She has quite Alick's figure, and "turns her round lightly as the Gordons does a'."

We shall be here till about the 10th of October, I think, and then home to London, unless we pay a few visits; but much depends on the weather, which is execrable. This house is Bowood on a diminished scale as to comfort, and such a civil old housemaid, all *à la* Lansdowne. Elise's amazement and admiration were very amusing, and Hassan (a black boy) is an inch taller for our grandeur—*peu s'en faut*, he thinks me a great lady, and himself a great butler. It sounds absurd to say, but I have not yet recovered the fright of Alick's cholera, it has made me nervous about him in every way. He has been stronger and better lately than ever, I think, and is growing fat.

Ever your affectionate

TOODIE.

Hassan el Bakkeet, the black boy mentioned in this letter, was quite a feature in the establishment. Lady Duff Gordon had found him crouching on the doorstep one night on her return from a theatrical party at

Charles Dickens's. His master had turned him out of doors because he was going blind, and having sometimes been to Queen Square with notes and messages from Signor Prandi, who lived in the same house with his master, he had come "to die," as he said, "outside the house of the beautiful pale lady." My mother took him in, put him under a good oculist, and he became her devoted slave and servant and my playmate: he was about ten years old.

I perfectly recollect Mr. Hilliard, the American author, being much shocked at seeing me in Hassan's arms, and my rage at his asking how Lady Gordon could let a negro touch her child; whereupon she called us to her, and kissed me first and Hassan afterwards.

He was probably a Nubian, and had come into the possession of English missionaries when quite a baby, so that he not only spoke English well and without foreign accent, but was always ready with phrases in use amongst pious people, and liked, when he could, to apply them as means of giving honour and glory to his beloved master and mistress. So that if, for example, it happened that, when they were not at home, a visitor called on Sunday, he was sure to be told by Hassan that Sir Alexander and my Lady were at church, or even—for his diction was equal to this—that they were "attending Divine Service."

Lady Duff Gordon had the courage to practise true Christian kindness under conditions from which many people might often shrink. A certain "Mary" known to the household had brought herself into trouble by omitting the precaution of marriage, and my mother determined to secure the girl a safe refuge by taking



her into her service. Before doing this, however, she assembled the other servants, and warned them that instant dismissal would be the penalty for saying a single unkind word to Mary. Then small jet-black Hassan, possessed with an idea of the dignity of his sex, conceived it his duty to become the spokesman of the rest, and accordingly advancing a little in front of the neat-aproned, tall maid-servants, he promised in his and their name a full and careful obedience to the mistress's orders ; but then, wringing his hands and raising them over his head, he added, "What a lesson to us all, my Lady!"

The oculist who cured him offered to take him into his service, and give him £12 a year and a fine scarlet dress, and my mother advised him to accept the place ; when poor Hassan fell on his knees in a passion of tears, and begged to be whipped instead of being sent away. "Five pounds with you are far sweeter than the £12 he offers," said he.

On the birth of a son, Hassan announced triumphantly to all callers, "*We* have got a boy;" and one evening, when Prince Louis Napoleon (the late Emperor of the French) came in unexpectedly to dinner, he gravely said, "Please, my Lady, I ran out and bought twopennyworth of sprats for the Prince, for the honour of the house."

Lady Duff Gordon's old friend, William Bridges Adams, the engineer, had a workshop, which she sometimes went to visit. She was very popular with the men, and during the Chartist riots in 1848, they came to protect their "Lady." She describes the scene in a letter to her mother :—

*Lady Duff Gordon to Mrs. Austin.*

DEAREST MUTTER,

April 10, 1848.

I had only time to write once yesterday, as all hands were full of bustle in entertaining our guests. I never wish to see forty better gentlemen than we had here last night. As all was quiet, we had supper, cold beef, bread, and beer, with songs, sentiments, and toasts, such as "Success to the roof we are under," "Liberty, brotherhood, and order." Then they bivouacked in the different houses till five this morning, when they started home. Among the party was a stray policeman, who looked rather wonderstruck. Tom Taylor was capital, made short speeches, told stories, and kept all in high good-humour; and Alick came home and was received with great glee and affection. All agreed that the fright, to us at least, was well made up by the kindly and pleasant evening. As no one would take a penny, we shall send books to the library, or a contribution to the school, all our neighbours being quite anxious to pay, though not willing to fraternise. I shall send cravats as a badge to the "Gordon Volunteers."

I enclose a letter from Eothen (Kinglake) about Paris, which will interest you. My friends of yesterday unanimously decided that Louis Blanc would "just suit the 'lazy set.'"

We had one row, which, however, ceased on the appearance of our stalwart troop—indeed, I think one Birmingham smith, a handsome fellow six foot high, whose vehement disinterestedness would neither allow him to eat, drink, or sleep in the house, would have scattered them.

Your affectionate

TOODIE.

## CHAPTER XXI.

'Village Tales from Alsatia'—Residence at Weybridge—Ranke's 'Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg'—Mrs. Norton on Lisbon Society—'Stella and Vanessa'—Mr. C. J. Bayley, "The Thunderer of the *Times*"—Working Men's Library at Weybridge—Letters from Mr. Richard Doyle to Lady Duff Gordon—Sir R. Peel—"Big Higgins"—Sir J. Graham—The Italian Opera—The Whig Ministry and Madame Tussaud.

IN 1848, Sir Alexander Duff Gordon translated 'Village Tales from Alsatia,' by Weill, and the following year he and his wife together, Ranke's 'Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg.'

Mr. and Mrs. Austin having been driven out of Paris by the Revolution of '48, had taken a long, low, rambling cottage at Weybridge in Surrey; and after the birth of their son Maurice, in March 1849, the Duff Gordons spent the summer there. Mrs. Norton, to whom both Sir Alexander and his wife were exceedingly attached, wrote to the former from Lisbon:—

*Honble. Mrs. Norton to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon.*

DEAR SEMI-HUB,

Lisbon, June 9, 1849.

I would have *delighted* in being Maurice's godmother. I thought of asking Lucie, but then I bethought me, "Lo! 'tis a *male* child, and a hidalgo, and there will be some family grandee who will be invited to the dignity of being the fat darling's godmother," so I desisted.

I am most glad that Lucie goes on well. How often I wish for you both, I cannot say; sometimes selfishly,

for *me*, sometimes for your own sakes. Fletcher is too weak, Harry Howard too lazy and dispirited to see any of the sights of Lisbon, and Brownie (hear it, O Punch!) is *too fine* to like walking with me and my donkey, and says, "ladies in a foreign capital" ought not to ride donkeys. Often I am reduced to converse with the faithful Childe,\* who, after a pause, thus renews the topics of the day: "*I beg your pardon, ma'am*, but is it true Her Majesty has been shot at?" "*I beg your pardon, ma'am*, but there is most astonishing shabby turn-outs among the noblemen's carriages in this country,"—an observation which chimes in with my own opinions, and which I therefore receive with the more cordiality.

I had a woman friend, very intelligent, but what with her constant rehearsals for private theatricals and performances of love (already some years rehearsed) with a velvet-eyed Spanish *attaché* here, I see little of her. The Pope's nuncio is a great friend, but he has bursts of absence (during which, I believe, he does penance for our interviews—to no purpose), reappearing gay, boyish, and sinful, like an otter coming up to breathe. The Portuguese society is stiff and disjointed—indeed, it ain't jointed at all; *only* stiff. Every one civil, smiling, and apparently anxious *if they knew how* to "*lier amitié*" with you, but never an inch nearer. A Portuguese gentleman told me, it was not unusual to see a lady in the winter and dance with her several nights, and never meet her again till the winter after. They hardly ever visit, or receive visits—never *men*, at least in very few Portuguese families. The women meet with apparent cordiality, kiss each other, and then sit down in a formal row, never stir afterwards the whole evening, and seldom speak even to those they have just embraced. Nobody reads or writes. They

\* Mrs. Norton's maid.

sing sometimes, and *always* look out of the window. I am sure it is good for the eyes to be ignorant, and to stare out of window, for oh! the pretty eyes I see here among the women. The look of mingled laziness, curiosity and passion, which replaces the English intelligence and *good behaviour* of expression! I think the Infanta's daughter, Comtesse Quináres, has the most beautiful eyes that ever opened on the world, like pools among the dead brown autumn leaves on a warm summer night, with stars looking down into them.

Love to Lucie and the children.

Your affectionate

CARRY.

Lady Duff Gordon translated 'Stella and Vanessa,' from the French of Léon de Wailly, in 1850; it originally appeared as a *feuilleton* in a newspaper, and remained unnoticed until the English version appeared. It was then published in France as a separate volume with very great success, which the author always declared he owed to his English translator.

For some years C. J. Bayley, who was, I believe, called the "Thunderer of the *Times*," had lived with the Duff Gordons, and, to their great sorrow, was appointed Secretary to the Government of the island of Mauritius. Lady Duff Gordon wrote often to him.

*Lady Duff Gordon to Mr. C. J. Bayley.*

DEAR BAYLEY.

Weybridge, Oct. 17, 1850.

I have not left Weybridge this summer, except to go to Sandgate for three weeks for Maurice's health. I still like my *campagnarde* existence of all things; it just suits my laziness and my children's health and happiness.

Alick, too, looks ten years younger than he ever did in London.

I have set up a working man's library and reading-room here, and have forty subscribers at twopence a week. It answers very well, I think; they all like it much; and I go most Monday evenings and transact the business and talk over the news. I hope it will do some good here; at any rate, it keeps a few out of the public-house. I don't know any news to tell you of any one, as indeed how should I? But I should like to know the most sage reasons which lead you to become a Protectionist. I fear the insular and colonial life has begun to affect your intellect, and that you will want a good deal of scouring when you come home.

We shall soon be going back to Queen Square for the winter. Would that your familiar face could greet me there!

Good-bye, dear Lodger.

Your affectionate.

PADRONA.

*Mr. Richard Doyle to Lady Duff Gordon.*

17, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park,

DEAR LADY GORDON,

March 22, 1851.

Many thanks for the illustrated poem upon the "aggression." The lines are excellent, and the drawings possess point and humour.

I am very sorry to hear that you have been ill. It is too bad that any one should be otherwise than well at Weybridge, whatever we poor wretches in town may suffer in the ordinary course of things. In the days of my early youth, it was the custom among juveniles of tender years to remark in reply to any accusation not deemed complimentary, "You're another." Perhaps it may not be any substantial relief to your "influenza'd"

feelings, but nevertheless it would be strictly in accordance with truth for you, addressing the inhabitants of London generally, to say "You're another"; for there can be no doubt that that "foreign potentate" the epidemic has committed an aggression upon the people of these realms temporal, I regret to say, as well as spiritual, and not confined to any one class of the British islanders. Ten days ago it was worse than now. At about that period, one night at the Dowager Lady Molesworth's, I do assure you, in a couple of rooms densely packed with the nobility and gentry, every lady was sneezing and blowing her nose, every gentleman sighing and feeling feverish and "seedy" (that was the expression), and there was a low murmur on the surface of "society" of "Let's go home."

The conversation of the night was not brilliant, consisting chiefly of the words "Have you got it yet?"



I do hope that by this time you are quite well again.  
and am,

Yours ever sincerely,

RICHARD DOYLE.

*Mr. Richard Doyle to Lady Duff Gordon.*

17, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park,  
 MY DEAR LADY GORDON, March 27, 1851.

Had I known that you were so seriously ill, my last note would not have been written altogether in so jocular a spirit. I fear it must have seemed unfeeling. And yet it surely is better to amuse, if possible, than to condole with an unfortunate invalid. Acting on this last supposition I shall proceed to gossip till post hour, which is half an hour off.

Through the kindness of the Speaker I have been permitted every evening almost during the "Aggression" debates to sit in that part of the House of Commons devoted to the Peers and Foreign Ministers.

Under which of these denominations I passed it is impossible for me to decide, but we will suppose it was as a diplomatic "poor" relation from Rome. In this distinguished position I heard the speeches of Sir James Graham with delight, of Mr. Newdegate with drowsiness, of Mr. Drummond with shame mingled with indignation,



of the new Sir Robert Peel with surprise and contempt. This is what the last-named gentleman is like.—"How like his father!" you will instantly say. His appearance created in the "House" what Miss Talbot's did in the fashionable world, according to Bishop Hendren,—a "sensation;" and when he rose to speak, shouts of "New Member!" rose from every side, and expectation rose on tip-toe, while interest was visible in every upturned and out-stretched countenance, and the buzz of eager excitement prevailed in the "first assembly of gentlemen



in the world." There he stood, leaning upon a walking-stick, which from its bulk you would have fancied he carried as a weapon of defence, young and rather handsome, but with a somewhat fierce and, I would say, truculent look about the eyes, hair brown, plentiful and curly, shirt collar turned down, and, O shade of his father! a large pair of moustaches upon his republican-looking "mug" !!!

He has a manly voice and plenty of confidence, and his speech made up by its originality what it wanted in common sense, and was full of prejudice, bigotry, and illiberal Radicalism, while it lacked largeness of view and was destitute of statesmanship.

I perfectly sympathise with your natural wish that some Irish member should administer personal chastisement upon Henry Drummond, for it were difficult to say whether truth or decorum was most outraged by him. Although the fact increase his guilt, yet he can plead it in mitigation of punishment, like Fagin in 'Oliver Twist,' "An old man, my lord, an old man."

Mr. Moore, the Member for Mayo, is just the man, had it been otherwise, to have taken upon himself the pleasurable task of avenging the disgusting and cowardly attack upon the woman-kind of the great majority of the Christian world. It is true that he is so little a man that he would have to climb up Mr. Drummond to kick him, but although he is little, he is full of spirit and equally clever with his tongue and pen. Perhaps you remember hearing of him as the man with whom, a year or two ago, big Higgins, the Colossus of "Roads," was nearly fighting a duel. Higgins made some remarks about Moore being absent from his Irish estates at the time of the famine, and Moore proved that, by coming over for a week or two to some steeple-chase to which he was engaged, he was enabled to send

over to the starving people of his neighbourhood £1,000 more than he could otherwise have done. And so he called on Mr. Higgins to make some apology, which Higgins would not do; seconds were appointed, letters written and published, the upshot being that Higgins's second would not let him fight, which caused Mr. Moore to terminate the correspondence with "regretting that he had ever looked upon 'Big' Higgins as a gentleman."

The disparity of size between the parties is so great, that had the duel taken place, as was remarked at the time by an eminent wit,\* and Mr. Moore taken it into his head to fire in the air, his pistol would inevitably have "taken effect" upon his antagonist.

But to return to our muttons.

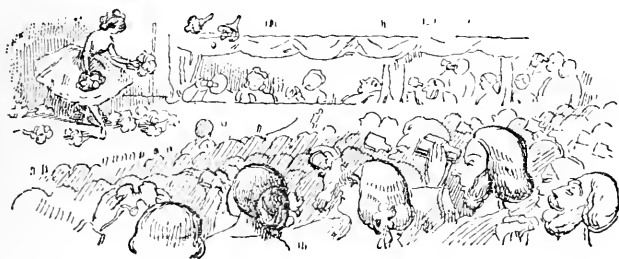
Sir James Graham's speech was wonderfully able, so argumentative and so convincing, and towards the end very eloquent. He was quite fine when he went through a list of illustrious Whigs, the Foxes, the Grattans, the Greys, etc. etc., and told Lord John *they* never would have voted for such a Bill as this; and then turning from the dead to the living, said, "Does Plunket approve of this Bill, does Brougham? does Denman? and, lastly, does Macaulay?" When he sat down, the "House" cheered so long that it seemed as if they would never let the next speaker begin.

I don't know whether you saw the Bishop of Clifton's two letters. Fault has been found with their "smartness;" but, after all, a bishop is a man, and falsehoods daily repeated and circulated over the country will provoke any man, even a bishop.

At the time of the Dr. Hampden controversy, Lord John Russell wrote one or two very "smart" letters, which were found fault with at the time on the ground

\* Mr. R—d D—e.

that a First Minister ought to be above that kind of cleverness. I don't like even sarcasm in a clergyman, but at the same time I must say, and do say, that the Catholics have, throughout these "disturbances," behaved with extraordinary moderation and temper.



I went to the Italian "Uproar"—Opera, I mean—last night. It opened on Saturday night, with Madame Duprès in 'Lucia.' She is pretty, and very young, and very clever, and will no doubt be a "prima donna" some day. Nevertheless I was in an ill-humour the whole time, partly because I was wondering if I would be happier listening to Gladstone in the House of Commons, and partly because the whole business struck me as so wanting in "fine art." The insipid, soft, effeminate, sentimental, sweet, voluptuous Tommy-Moore's-poetry-like music, the conventional attitudinising of the singers, the stiff-legged tenor Calzolaio, the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of the bass, Signor Lorenzo, said to be a "reduced" nobleman in disguise, the elderly dandies in their tight evening costumes in the stalls, the unnecessarily boisterous applause given to the dancers, the bad taste everywhere, and the absence of "genius" anywhere, with the vanity of human (musical) wishes under the present opera

management—all combined to reduce me to a state of dissatisfaction and wretchedness.

“Moral reflection.”—It is only two short years since I thought that to be “bored” at the Opera was an impossibility—that such an idea could only be entertained by a “savage breast” incapable of being “soothed” by the charms that music hath. I must, however, say that the scenery of the new ballet is very beautiful. In fact, I think there is infinitely more poetical feeling and imagination displayed by some of our painters in this department than by any of those “picture landscapes,” R.A. or otherwise, who decorate the walls of our exhibitions with the same trees, brooks, meadows, lanes, year after year—who master one aspect, and then go on painting it ever afterwards, while Nature, with her infinite beauty and never-ending variety, invites them to “fresh fields and pastures new.” Talking of pictures, I went on Sunday to pay a visit to Mrs. Richards, the fair Italian who paints, sings, and talks languages. I had never before been at her studio, and her pictures really do astonish me, not more for the great cleverness and dexterity of the handling than for the very (for a woman) remarkable vigour of the execution. For a foreigner, the colour is very good, though not quite up to the English mark, “a good eye for colour” being one of the undoubted attributes of the Great Britons. Her drawing is capital, but her taste not always.

A portrait of herself, palette in hand, in her black velvet painting jacket, is one of the best of her works. She is going to send it to the Academy Exhibition. There are also three pictures, *à la* Raffaele, of Faith, Hope, and Charity, which promise well. I confess that in paying this visit I stood in some considerable dread of Mother C. That animated old lady is in the habit of making “aggressions” upon me in “society”; and

although she may be a most estimable female for aught I know, yet my position is that of one who stands in bodily fear in her presence. There was an eagerness and an energy about the interest she seemed to take in every remark that fell from my lips that quite oppressed me. She rushed from picture to picture, and gabbled (if I might use without offence such a part of speech) to her daughter in, to me, unknown tongues, and in a state of much excitement. Now I think it will not be thought an exaggerated statement on my part to say that "quietness" is one of my peculiarities. Even in my most enthusiastic moments I do not give a very boisterous vent to my feelings. It cannot be said that I am what is called "demonstrative." And so, although I was very much pleased with the pictures, I felt that in the expression of my admiration I must appear tame and slow.

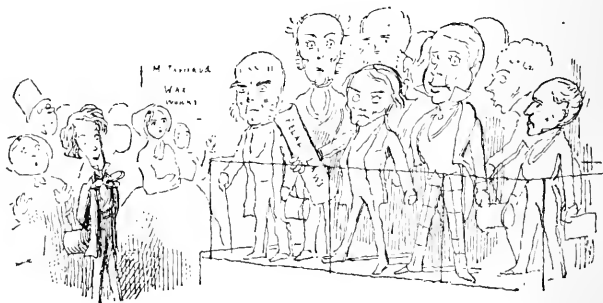
I could not keep up the steam to the high (Italian) pressure, and the consequence was a sensation of being overpowered by the volubility of the fair Signora and her Titianesque mother. But the climax of my perplexity was reached when the mother rushed from the room, "tore" upstairs, and presently returned with the "baby," and called upon me, in the most vehement Italian, to say "whether it was not beautiful." I confess with some grief that, departing from that strict truth so desirable in all communications between man and man, or between man and woman, or between man and—baby, I answered "Yes," although in my secret soul a profound conviction possessed me that it was the ugliest infant in the world. At the same time, it is only right to say that I am not a judge of babies.

Mrs. Richards told me that Mrs. Norton was suffering from the influenza a few days ago; I intend to call and ask how she is to-day. Nor have I seen Tom Taylor,

whose hand I regret to recognise in *Punch* in subjects much better let alone. We will most assuredly be having the "Comic Prayer Book" next, or perhaps a series of jolly "rollicking" papers on the authenticity of the New Testament. The public, like a great roaring baby, will swallow anything that is put into its mouth, however sacred or awful the subject, provided it is connected with abuse of the religion of the great majority of the Christian world.

John Bull reminds me of the man who said that all the world was mad, and the world said he was mad, and locked him up. I don't wish to see John Bull put in a strait waistcoat, but I am certain that he will be sent to "Coventry" by the whole civilized world.

I have just seen an advertisement of Madame "Tussaud and Sons," announcing the "magnificent addition" of Cardinal Wiseman. Oh! how I wish that she would put the whole Whig Ministry into her Chamber of Horrors.



Comforting myself with the reflection that although our numbers are small, we have the "intellect" of

Parliament on our side, and hoping that you are much better, and will not be bored by this long rigma-role, and with kind regards to Mrs. Austin and Janet and Sir Alexander,

I remain,

Ever sincerely yours,

RICHARD DOYLE.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Lady Duff Gordon's Illness—Moves to Esher—Letter to Mr. C. J. Bayley—Mrs. Norton on Red Pots and Straight Noses—Letters from Lady Duff Gordon to Mr. C. J. Bayley—Letter from Mr. Richard Doyle—Evening Parties, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson—Letter to Mrs. Grote.

*Lady Duff Gordon to Mr. C. J. Bayley.*

MY DEAREST BAYLEY,

Esher, May 18, 1851.

The anniversary of our parting shall continue to be celebrated with grief until your return to your "*penates*"—*i.e.* your landlady. When I received your letter of 20th January, I was still in bed, having lain there six weeks sick of bronchitis and intermittent fever, which seized me at Weybridge immediately after nursing Janet through the measles. I state this to account for my not writing either in March or April. I am now nearly well again, but had a very narrow escape for my life. If you looked at my date, it will already have told you that we have left Weybridge. We have also left Queen Square, and moved all our goods and ourselves to a very nice, pretty, old-fashioned house on the very top of a high hill close to Claremont, which indeed joins our garden and field, and where bachelor beds can be given to our friends. I only wish you were installed in one of them, dear Lodger, for if a constant longing to see you and have your company again constitutes being very much in love, as you seem to think, I also must "own the soft impeachment." Tom Taylor and Fred Elliot were the



only friends who came to see me when I was ill, and accordingly I have seen no one else, as I am still very weak, and very busy setting my house in order, and cannot go to London yet, even to see the Exhibition. I will send you many thanks for the sugar when it arrives, though it is not needed to sweeten our remembrance of *you*. My library at Weybridge was very successful; I have left it with sixty members, self-supporting, and very well self-governed.

*Evening.*—Tom Taylor and Dicky Doyle came in just as I was busy writing to you, and I handed over my pen (your gold pen) to Tom to do the same, on his expressing contrition at having so long neglected that duty.

Your ever affectionate

LANDLADY.

*Honourable Mrs. Norton to Lady Duff Gordon.*

MY DEAR LUCIE,

July, 1851.

We have never thanked you for the *red Pots*, which no early Christian should be without, and which add that finishing stroke to the splendour of our demesne, which was supposed to depend on a roc's egg, in less intelligent times. We have now a warm *Pompeian* appearance, and the constant contemplation of these classical objects favours the beauty of the facial line; for what can be deduced from the great fact, apparent in all the statues of antiquity, that *straight noses* were the ancient custom, but the logical assumption that the constant habit of turning up the nose at unsightly objects—such as the National Gallery and other offensive and obtrusive things—has produced the modern divergence from the true and proper line of profile? I rejoice to think that we ourselves are exempt. I attribute this to our love of Pompeian Pots (on account of the beauty and distinction of this Pot's shape I spell

it with a big P), which has kept us straight in a world of crookedness. The pursuit of profiles under difficulties—how much more rare than a pursuit of knowledge! Talk of setting good examples before our children! Bah! let us set Pompeian Pots before our children, and when they grow up they will not depart from them.

Stirling is gone to Scotland to look at his unfinished house. I very much doubt its being fit to live in for two months; none of the grates are fixed. But he will report when he returns, in a week's time.

I called for you the wet day you departed, to carry you to our den, and Lord Lansdowne came after his dinner, making sure of finding you; but you were gone.

My family are all scattering abroad, but wait—some of them—for the wedding of Mabel Graham on the 7th August. It is a most satisfactory marriage in all respects.

Brin continues very seedy. Fletcher pretty brisk. When shall you again be seen in London? Food is there at five every day on our table, but slumber is only to be had on the house-steps.

Your affectionate

CARRY.

*Lady Duff Gordon to Mr. C. F. Bayley.*

MY DEAREST LODGER,

Esher, July 20, 1851.

I will devote this solitary Sunday evening to a gossip with you: how I wish it could be done *vivâ voce*, instead of with these odious implements, pen, ink, and paper! *Imprimis*, the sugar came quite safe, and is the admiration of all coffee-drinkers. Many thanks for the same, dear old boy, and for the kind remembrance of us which made you send it.

I am very sorry to hear that you have been so ill, and

only hope that your recovery has been more complete than mine. I am by way of being well, but continue preternaturally weak, languid, and nervous.

To-day I ought to be dining in London with Lord Lansdowne at Senior's (where Alexander also is spending some days), but I feel too low, and exactly what is called "not up" to anything. Our house is charming, on the top of a sandy hill, so dry and healthy and warm and pretty. *Ojala!* that you were living in it too! The Wigans were here the other day. She is much better in health, and less nervous, and he has got a good engagement. Tom Taylor is ill. I scarcely ever see him now; Esher is too far for him. Ellison I see not at all; I suppose for the same reason. Phillips the painter comes here very often for a night's rest; I forget whether you know him. We have a kind of half-project of going to Scotland this year, and of visiting Stirling at Keir, together with Mrs. Norton and her son, with whom I am nearly as much friends as with his mother. He has grown into a delightful young man, and certainly twenty-one is a charming age, when it is not odious.

The Baronet is very well indeed—all the better for being here instead of at Weybridge. We have got two ponies—one we bought, and one Lord Lansdowne gave me (I call him Lucy-fer); and Alexander rides, and is as happy as possible.

I fear you would think me very much altered since my illness; I look thin, ill, and old, and my hair is growing grey. This I consider hard upon a woman just over her thirtieth birthday. I break the melancholy fact to you now lest somebody should be beforehand with me. My poor father has been very ill; I cannot but fear that it was a sort of faint threatening of paralysis. He always asks tenderly after you, accompanying his inquiry by an emphatic remark that you are a "*gentleman*," which I think is partly meant in

commendation of you, and partly as an indirect *coup de patte* or "back-hander" at some of our other friends or acquaintances. Whether Da \* and my mother will stay at Weybridge, I know not; their future plans are unknown, even to themselves.

July 24.

I now find, to my infinite disgust, that I had mistaken the day for your letters, and that you will think me a brute and an unnatural landlady; but I am determined to finish my letter and send it by next post, however stale as well as flat and unprofitable it may have become.

I continue to like Esher very much; I don't think we could have placed ourselves better. Eothen (Kinglake) has given Alick a great, handsome chestnut mare, so he is well mounted, and we ride merrily.

How are you, dear Bayley, and how are your eyes? And has no fair damsel of the tropics yet made any impression on your too susceptible heart? Don't bring home a creole wife if you can help it. I don't think it answers.

I only wish you were here, in occupation of the best spare bed or closet.

I don't find that I miss you a bit less than I did at first, if that is any satisfaction to you. Alexander is going, so I must conclude.

Your ever affectionate

LANDLADY.

*Lady Duff Gordon to C. F. Bayley.*

MY DEAREST LODGER,

Esher, August 18, 1851.

'Twill indeed be jolly if you get a *congé*, and come over for six months; but then there's the going back

\* Mr. Austin.

again, which will be dreadful. We went over to Paris for a lark, and 'twas so hot—92° to 95°. Barthélemy St. Hilaire lent us his rooms, and Phillips the painter lodged in the same house with us, and we had a very merry time.

I am far better than I thought I ever should be again; the heat of Paris did me a wonderful deal of good, and I now feel able once more to use my lungs.

How delightful it will be to be once more a landlady after so long a degradation from that dignity, and to ride about our pretty commons with a faithful lodger instead of in solitary dignity as I do now! My mother has been very ill, but is better, and will winter at Torquay or somewhere. Da\* is gloomy, I fear 'tis his normal state. I like my rural existence better and better; the garden, horses, and the health and happiness for the children are better than all London life whatever, and we are really very nicely lodged here and altogether comfortable. It appears to me, indeed, that the one roc's egg is your company here, and that when you are safely lodged under my roof I shall feel as though that indispensable ornament were suspended beneath it. I expressed such glee and exultation at the idea of your return, that my friends, all but Alick, refused to sympathise. Phillips talked of jealousy, and Tom Taylor muttered something about a "hated rival." Meanwhile all send friendly greetings to you. Janet also sends her love; she is grown very tall.

It is now very late, and I am very sleepy, and to-morrow my letter must go, so farewell, dear Bayley, je t'embrasse mille fois.

YOUR LANDLADY.

\* Mr. Austin.

*Richard Doyle to Lady Duff Gordon.*

17, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park,  
DEAR LADY GORDON, Thursday, Sept. 23, 1852.

My only excuse is that I really have had "my nose to the grinding-stone," if you know the meaning of that elegant expression, to that extent as to be quite unmindful of the rapid flight of days and weeks; and when at last, awakening out of a kind of dream of hard work, I became aware of the awful lapse of time since these eyes were gladdened by the sight of you and Esher, I seize a pen, and register a vow that the world does not "move on" till I have had some talk, at least in writing, with mine hostess of the "Gordon Arms." First I will tell you what I am about.

Besides a book on the subject of Evening Parties, which I began some time back, and the etching of which, the process being new to me, has given me much trouble in the learning, I am preparing the Foreign Tour of our old friends "Brown, Jones, and Robinson," "by desire," as the playbills say, both books to be ready, like the meeting of Parliament, "early in November." When these are off my mind, I hope to throw myself headlong into oil-painting. Henry has gone to Rome for the winter, where he will "wallow" in the works of

nature and art abounding in and about that capital, and likewise experience acutely those sensations of interest and pleasure and veneration which a Catholic must feel in approaching the head-quarters of the Church.

Two great men have died since I had the pleasure of seeing you—the Duke, and a man who in another walk played a scarcely less important part, Welby Pugin. If the Duke had his victories over foreign armies, Pugin had his as complete over taste and prejudice. He revived Gothic architecture, and brought a whole nation to admire that which a few years back was looked upon as barbarous. In his struggle with his great antagonist, the false mongrel Classic mania, he lived to see his victory as complete as the Duke's at Waterloo.

It is curious that he died on the same day as the old soldier. Like him, he was seized with a fit, and like him, died in three or four hours.

Wellington's death was certainly like all his actions and speeches—curt and short, he went direct to the point.

I will go down and see you on Sunday next, and hope to find all well, not forgetting Janet.

Ever yours,

RICHARD DOYLE.

*Lady Duff Gordon to Mrs. Grote.*

DEAR MRS. GROTE,

Esher, Surrey, Nov. 8, 1854.

Alexander brought me your review last night, to my great delight. I have not seen the version given by the *Edinburgh*. I suppose they suppressed all *pokes* at Lord John; and, indeed, to do anything but butter *him*, in the *Edinburgh*, is somewhat like setting a flunkey to thrash his own master. I was infinitely amused with the article, and as much gratified at seeing a good word

said at last for poor Tom Moore, whom everybody chose to abuse, because everybody had done their best to spoil him. You have written of him according to my own heart.

I have just returned home from between two and three months' *bootlring* an old friend, Lady Kay Shuttleworth, who is very, very ill at Homburg. The air of Homburg disagreed with me, and I came home very poorly. I am better now, a great deal, but still weakish. I hope you are well, and I wish you would some day "look in" at the Gordon Arms.

My mother will be home in about a week with St. Hilaire ; could not you and she *rendez-vous* here ? and Da,\* who is glorious in talk, being forced by a boil on his thigh to take all needful exercise with his tongue.

Please give my best and dutiful love to Mr. Grote.

Your ever affectionate

LUCIE DUFF GORDON.

\* Mr. Austin.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

The Old House at Esher, "Gordon Arms"—Boating on the Mole—  
The Duc d'Aumale's Harriers—The 'Village Doctor' and  
Ranke's 'Ferdinand and Maximilian of Austria'—Paris—Re-  
miniscences of and Letter from Heinrich Heine.

OUR dear old house at Esher, surnamed the "Gordon Arms," was nothing very remarkable, having been, I believe, an inn, with a cottage near. The space between the two had been built over, and made the dining-room and drawing-room L-shaped. But the house was full of quaint old furniture and china; and the old-fashioned garden, with a big mulberry-tree and many standard roses and scarlet geraniums, sloped upwards from the back of the house to the palings of Claremont Park, whose magnificent beeches overhung the end of the garden. The view from the front windows was beautiful, the "sluggish Mole" and Wolsey's tower in the foreground, and Windsor Castle in the far distance. Many a merry boating-party did we have on the Mole, with picnics in the woods, varied by now and then knocking a hole in the bottom of our boat on one of the many snags and hidden stumps of trees with which the river abounds. Once we lost our wine and ginger-beer, which was hung overboard to cool, and my father and Henry Phillips had to dive for it in deep water, while

Ary Scheffer, who was staying at Esher to paint the portrait of Queen Marie Amélie, and Richard Doyle, stood ready to assist in the recovery of the lost bottles.

The rides were most beautiful, through large covers, green, shady lanes, and over endless commons. In a little cottage on one of these lived our friend George Meredith; he wrote several of his delightful novels at Copsham Cottage, and in 'Evan Harrington,' friends will recognise various inmates of the "Gordon Arms." Behind Claremont Park was a large fir wood with a small lake, called the Black Pool. It was near this that the Comte de Paris broke his leg out hunting; his horse ran away and smashed his leg against a tree. It was raining, and I gave my waterproof to put under the Prince, and galloped off to announce the accident at Claremont, for fear the Queen Marie Amélie should be alarmed at seeing her grandson brought back in a litter. The Duc d'Aumale always let us know where his harriers met, and we had famous runs in the cramped country near by—small fields, big fences, and large water-jumps in the low-lying land near the river. The Princes were most popular with everybody; and they well-deserved it, being kind, courteous, and amiable to all.

In 1853, Lady Duff Gordon translated that charming tale by Comtesse d'Arbouville, 'The Village Doctor'; and she and her husband together, Ranke's 'Ferdinand and Maximilian of Austria.' In 1857, the house at Esher was let to Mr. Charles Buxton, and we went to Paris for three months, chiefly in order that I might learn French. MM. Cousin, St. Hilaire, Comte, A. de Vigny, Mignet, Léon de Wailly, and others were often in the Rue Chaillot. M. Cousin was very kind

to me, and made me go to see him at the Sorbonne twice a week, to *talk*. I must confess the talking was all on one side, and I used to sit entranced, listening to the old philosopher holding forth about the beautiful ladies of the seventeenth century.

My mother often went to see Heinrich Heine, and she wrote her recollections of him for Lord Houghton :—

“I had not seen Heine since I was a child at Boulogne till I went to Paris three years ago, when I heard he was very poor and dying. I sent my name, and a message that if he chanced to remember the little girl to whom he told ‘Mährchen’ years ago at Boulogne, I should like to see him. He sent for me directly, remembered every little incident and all the people who were in the same inn; a ballad I had sung, which recounted the tragical fate of Ladye Alice and her humble lover, Giles Collins, and ended by Ladye Alice taking only one spoonful of the gruel, “with sugar and spices so sweet,” while, after her decease, “the parson licked up the rest.” This diverted Heine immensely, and he asked after the parson who drank the gruel directly.

I, for my part, could hardly speak to him, so shocked was I by his appearance. He lay on a pile of mattresses, his body wasted so that it seemed no bigger than a child under the sheet that covered him, the eyes closed, and the face altogether like the most painful and wasted *Ecce Homo* ever painted by some old German painter. His voice was very weak, and I was astonished at the animation with which he talked; evidently his mind had wholly survived his body. He raised his powerless eyelids with his thin white fingers, and exclaimed, ‘Gott! die kleine Lucie ist gross geworden, und hat einen Mann; dass ist eigen!’ (God! little Lucie has grown

big, and has a husband; that is funny). He then earnestly asked if I was happy and contented, and begged me to bring my husband to see him. He said again he hoped I was happy now, as I had always been such a merry child. I answered that I was no longer so merry as 'die kleine Lucie' (the little Lucie) had been, but very happy and contented; and he said, 'Dass ist schön; es bekommt Einem gut eine Frau zu sehen, die kein wundes Herz herum trägt, um es von allerlei Männern ausbessern zu lassen, wie die Weiber hier zu Lande, die es am Ende nicht merken, dass was ihnen eigentlich fehlt ist gerade, dass sie gar keine Herzen haben' (That is well; it does one good to see a woman who does not carry about a broken heart, to be mended by all sorts of men, like the women here, who do not see that a total want of heart is their real failing). I took my husband to see him, and we bid him good-bye. He said that he hoped to see me again; ill as he was, he should not die yet.

Last September I went to Paris again, and found Heine removed and living in the same street as myself, in the Champs Elysées. I sent him word I was come, and soon received a note, painfully written by him in pencil, as follows:—

'HOCH GEEHRTE GROSSBRITANNISCHE GÖTTIN  
LUCIE,—

'Ich liess durch den Bedienten zurück-melden, dass ich, mit Ausnahme des letzten Mitwochs, alle Tage und zu jeder beliebigen Stunde bereit sey, your Godship bey mir zu empfangen. Aber ich habe bis heute vergebens auf solcher himmlischen Erscheinung gewartet. Ne tardez plus à venir! Venez aujourd'hui, venez demain, venez souvent. Vous demeurez si près de moi, dem armen Schatten in den Elisäischen Feldern! Lassen Sie mich nicht zu lange warten. Anbey schicke ich

Ihnen die vier ersten Bände der französischen Ausgabe meiner unglückseligen Werke. Unterdessen verharre ich Ihrer Göttlichkeit,

‘Unterthänigsten und ergebensten Anbeter,  
‘HEINRICH HEINE.’

‘N.B. The parson drank the gruel water.’

(HIGHLY HONOURED, GREAT-BRITISH GODDESS  
LUCIE,—

I sent back word by the servant, that with the exception of last Wednesday, I was ready to receive your godship on any day and at any hour. But I have waited till to-day in vain for such a heavenly apparition. Do not delay any longer ! Come to-day, come to-morrow, come often. You live so near me, the poor shadow in the Elysian fields ! Do not let me wait too long. I send you with this the four first volumes of the French translation of my unhappy works. Meanwhile, I remain of your godship

The most humble and attached adorer,  
HEINRICH HEINE.

N.B. The parson drank the gruel water.)

I went immediately, and climbed upstairs to a small room, where I found him still on the pile of mattresses on which I had left him three years before ; more ill he could not look, for he looked dead already, and wasted to a shadow. When I kissed him, his beard felt like swan's down or baby's hair, so weak had it grown, and his face seemed to me to have gained a certain beauty from pain and suffering. He was very affectionate to me, and said, ‘Ich habe jetzt mit der ganzen Welt Frieden gemacht, und endlich auch mit dem lieben Gott, der schickt mir dich nun als schöner Todesengel : gewiss

sterb ich bald' (I have now made peace with the whole world, and at last also with God, who sends thee to me as a beautiful angel of death : I shall certainly soon die). I said, 'Armer Dichter, bleiben Ihnen doch immer so viele herrliche Illusionen, dass Sie eine reisende Engländerin für Azrael ansehen können? Das war sonst nicht der Fall, Sie konnten uns ja nicht leiden' (Poor Poet, do you still retain such splendid illusions, that you transform a travelling Englishwoman into Azrael? That used not to be the case, for you always disliked us). He answered, 'Ja, mein Gott, ich weiss doch gar nicht was ich gegen die Engländer hatte, dass ich immer so boshaft gegen sie war; es war aber wahrlich nur Muthwillen, eigentlich hasste ich sie nie, und ich habe sie auch nicht gekannt. Ich war einmal in England, kannte aber Niemand, und fand London recht traurig, und die Leute auf der Strasse kamen mir unausstehlich vor. Aber England hat sich schön gerächt, sie schickte mir ganz vorzüglich Freunde—dich, und Milnes, der gute Milnes, und noch andere' (Yes, I do not know what possessed me to dislike the English, and be so spiteful towards them; but it really was only petulance; I never hated them, indeed, I never knew them. I was only once in England, but knew no one, and found London very dreary, and the people in the streets odious. But England has revenged herself well; she has sent me most excellent friends—thyself, and Milnes, that good Milnes, and others). I saw him two or three times a week during a two months' stay in Paris, and found him always full of lively conversation and interest in everything, and of his old undisguised vanity, pleased to receive bad translations of his works, and anxious beyond measure to be well translated into English. He offered me the copyright of all his works as a gift, and said he would give me *carte blanche* to cut out all I thought necessary on my own account, or that

of the English public, and made out lists of how I had better arrange them, which he gave me. He sent me all his books, and was boyishly eager that I should set to work and read him some in English, especially a prose translation of his songs, which he pressed me to undertake with the greatest vehemence, against my opinion of its practicability.

He talked a great deal about politics in the same tone as in his later writings—a tone of vigorous protest and disgust of mob-tyranny, past, present, and future ; told me a vast number of stories about people of all parts, which I should not choose to repeat ; and expressed the greatest wish that it were possible to get well enough to come over and visit me, and effect a reconciliation with England. On the whole, I never saw a man bear such horrible pain and misery in so perfectly unaffected a manner. He complained of his sufferings, and was pleased to see tears in my eyes, and then at once set to work to make me laugh heartily, which pleased him just as much. He neither paraded his anguish nor tried to conceal it, or to put on any stoical airs. I thought him far less sarcastic, more hearty, more indulgent, and altogether pleasanter than ever. After a few weeks he begged me not to tell him when I was going, for that he could not bear to say ‘*Lebewohl auf ewig*’ (an eternal farewell), or to hear it, and repeated that I had come as ‘*ein schöner, gütiger Todesengel*’ (beautiful, kind angel of death), to bring him greetings from youth and from Germany, and to dispel all the ‘*bösen französischen Gedanken*’ (bad French thoughts). When he spoke German to me he called me ‘*Du*,’ and used the familiar expressions and terms of language which Germans use to a child ; in French, I was ‘*Madame*,’ and ‘*Vous*.’

It was evident that I recalled some happy time of his life to his memory, and that it was a relief to him to talk German, and to consider me still as a child. He said

that what he liked so much was that I laughed so heartily, which the French could not do. I defended 'la vieille gaieté Française,' but he said, 'Oui, c'est vrai, cela existait autrefois, mais avouez, ma chère, que c'était une gaieté un peu bête.' He had so little feeling for what I liked best in the French character that I could see he must have lived only with those of that nation who 'sit in the scorner's seat;' whereas, while he laughed at Germany, it was with 'des larmes dans la voix.' He also talked a good deal about his religious feelings; much displeased at the reports that he had turned Catholic. What he said about his own belief, hope and trust, would not be understood in England, nor ought I, I think, to betray the deeper feelings of a dying man. The impression he made on me was so deep, that I had great difficulty to restrain my tears till I had left the room the last few times I saw him, and shall never forget the sad, pale face and eager manner of poor Heine."



## CHAPTER XXIV.

Illness of Lady Duff Gordon—Ventnor—Voyage to the Cape—Life on board Ship—A Collision and a Gale—Lands at Cape Town—A Mussulman Burial—Caledon—Choslullah—Gnadenthal—The Moravian Missionaries—The last Hottentot—Worcester.

IN the midst of her busy, intellectual life, varied by mingling in the best and brightest of social circles, and rendered precious by many friendships firmly clung to and warmly reciprocated, my mother's health became worse and worse. The death of her father in December, 1859, affected her terribly, and the bitter cold of the cottage at Weybridge, and sitting up at night, which I in vain implored her not to do, brought on a very bad attack of hæmorrhage. After spending two miserable winters at Ventnor, where she edited my translation of V. Sybel's 'History and Literature of the Crusades,' she was advised to try the climate of the Cape of Good Hope. Her invalided condition neither altered the cheerfulness of her temper nor abated her keen interest in all surrounding objects, and her "Letters from the Cape" obtained universal popularity. Readers to whom the dry subjects or difficult details of her German historical and political translations were unknown or distasteful, eagerly read the graphic pages, so full of life, earnestness, quick observation, and playful humour. The letters were *real* letters, written to her family, and without the slightest idea of publication.

She describes life on board ship in July, 1861, to her husband :—

The ship's officers are very good fellows. The mizen is entirely worked by the "young gentlemen;" so we never see the sailors, and, at present, are not allowed to go forward. All lights are put out at half-past ten, and no food allowed in the cabin; but the latter article my friend Avery—the cuddy boy—makes light of, and brings me anything when I am laid up. The young soldier-officers bawl for him with expletives; but he says, with a snigger, to me, "They'll just wait till their betters, the ladies, is looked to." I will write again some day soon, and take the chance of meeting a ship; you may be amused by a little scrawl, though it will probably be very stupid and ill-written, for it is not easy to see or to guide a pen while I hold on to the table with both legs and one arm, and am first on my back and then on my nose. Adieu, till next time. I have had a good taste of the humours of the Channel.

*17th Aug.*—Since I wrote last, we got into the south-west monsoon for one day, and I sat up by the steersman in intense enjoyment—a bright sun and glittering blue sea; and we tore along, pitching and tossing the water up like mad. It was glorious. At night, I was calmly reposing in my cot, in the middle of the steerage, just behind the main hatchway, when I heard a crashing of rigging and a violent noise and confusion on deck. The captain screamed out orders which informed me that we were in the thick of a collision—of course I lay still, and waited till the row, or the ship, went down. I found myself next day looked upon as no better than a heathen by all the women, because I had been cool, and declined to get up and make a noise. Presently the officers came and told me that a big ship had borne

down on us—we were on the starboard tack, and all right—carried off our flying jib-boom and whisker (the sort of yard to the bowsprit.) The captain says he was never in such imminent danger in his life, as she threatened to swing round and to crush into our waist, which would have been certain destruction. The little dandy soldier-officer behaved capitally ; he turned his men up in no time, and had them all ready. He said, “Why, you know, I must see that my fellows go down decently.” Sally was as cool as an icicle, offered me my pea-jacket, etc., which I declined, as it would be of no use for me to go off in boats, even supposing there were time, and I preferred going down comfortably in my cot. Finding she was of no use to me, she took a yelling maid in custody, and was thought a brute for begging her to hold her noise. The first lieutenant, who looks on passengers as odious cargo, has utterly mollified to me since this adventure. I heard him report to the captain that I was “among ’em all, and never sung out, nor asked a question the while.” This he called “beautiful.”

The gale in the Bay of Biscay was a little shaking up in a puddle (a dirty one) compared to that glorious South Atlantic in all its majestic fury. The intense blue waves, crowned with fantastic crests of bright emeralds and with the spray blowing about like wild dishevelled hair, came after us to swallow us up at a mouthful, but took us up on their backs, and hurried us along as if our ship were a cork. Then the gale slackened, and we had a dead calm, during which the waves banged us about frightfully, and our masts were in much jeopardy. Then a foul wind, S.E., increased into a gale, lasting five days, during which orders were given in dumb show, as no one's voice could be heard ; through it we fought and laboured and dipped under water, and I only had my dry corner by the wheel, where the kind

pleasant little third officer lashed me tight. I recommend a fortnight's heavy gale in the South Atlantic as a cure for a *blasé* state of mind. It cannot be described; the sound, the sense of being hurled along without the smallest regard to "this side uppermost;" the beauty of the whole scene, and the occasional crack and bear-away of sails and spars; the officer trying to "sing out," quite in vain, and the boatswain's whistle scarcely audible.

Then the mortal perils of eating, drinking, moving, sitting, lying; standing can't be done, even by the sailors, without holding on. *The* night of the gale, my cot twice touched the beams of the ship above me. I asked the captain if I had dreamt it, but he said it was quite possible; he had never seen a ship so completely on her beam ends come up all right, masts and yards all sound.

There is a middy about half Maurice's size, a very tiny ten-year-old, who has been my delight; he is so completely "the officer and the gentleman." My maternal entrails turned like old Alvarez', when that baby lay out on the very end of the cross-jack yard to reef, in the gale; it was quite voluntary, and the other new-comers all declined. I always called him "Mr. —, sir," and asked his leave gravely, or, on occasions, his protection and assistance; and his little dignity was lovely. He is polite to the ladies, and slightly distant to the passenger-boys, bigger than himself, whom he orders off dangerous places: "Children, come out of that; you'll be overboard."

On September 18th, Lady Duff Gordon landed at Cape Town, and feeling dizzy and tired, lay down and went to sleep.

After an hour or so I woke, hearing a little *gazouillement*, like that of chimney swallows. On

opening my eyes I beheld four demons, sons of the obedient Jinn, each bearing an article of furniture, and holding converse over me in the language of *Nephele-coccygia*. Why has no one ever mentioned the curious little soft voices of these coolies?—you can't hear them with the naked ear three feet off. The most hideous demon (whose complexion had not only the colour, but the precise metallic lustre of an ill black-leaded stove) at last chirruped a wish for orders, which I gave. I asked the pert, active, cockney housemaid what I ought to pay them, as, being a stranger, they might overcharge me. Her scorn was sublime. "Them nasty blacks never asks more than their regular charge." So I asked the black-lead demon, who demanded "two shilling each horse in waggon," and a dollar each "coolie man." He then glided with fiendish noiselessness about the room, arranged the furniture to his own taste, and finally said, "Poor missus sick;" then more chirruping among themselves, and finally a fearful gesture of incantation, accompanied by "God bless poor missus. Soon well now." The wrath of the cockney housemaid became majestic: "There, ma'am; you see how saucy they have grown—a nasty black heathen Mohammedan a blessing of a white Christian!"

The other day we went to Newlands, a beautiful place. Immense trenching and draining going on—the foreman a Caffre, black as ink, six feet three inches high, and broad in proportion, with a staid, dignified air, and Englishmen working under him! At the streamlets there are the inevitable groups of Malay women washing clothes, and brown babies sprawling about. Yesterday, I should have bought a black woman for her beauty, had it been still possible. She was carrying an immense weight on her head, and was far gone with child; but such stupendous physical perfection I never even imagined. Her jet black face was like the Sphinx,

with the same mysterious smile; her shape and walk were goddess-like, and the lustre of her skin, teeth, and eyes showed the fulness of health;—Caffre of course. I walked after her as far as her swift pace would let me, in envy and admiration of such stately humanity.

The ordinary blacks, or Mozambiques, as they call them, are hideous. Malay here seems equivalent to Mohammedan. They were originally Malays, but now they include every shade, from the blackest nigger to the most blooming English woman. Yes, indeed, the emigrant-girls have been known to turn “Malays,” and get thereby husbands who know not billiards and brandy—the two diseases of Cape Town. They risked a plurality of wives, and professed Islam, but they got fine clothes and industrious husbands. They wear a very pretty dress, and all have a great air of independence and self-respect; and the real Malays are very handsome. I am going to see one of the Mollahs soon, and to look at their schools and mosque; which, to the distraction of the Scotch, they call their “Kirk.”

Lady Duff Gordon went to see the burial of the head butcher of the Mussulmans:—

“A most strange poetical scene it was. The burial-ground is on the side of the Sion Mountain—on the Sion’s rump—and overlooks the whole bay, part of the town, and the most superb mountain panorama beyond. I never saw a view within miles of it for beauty and grandeur. Far down a fussy English steamer came puffing and popping into the deep blue bay, and the ‘Hansom’ cabs went tearing down to the landing-place; and round me sat a crowd of grave brown men chanting ‘Allah il Allah’ to the most monotonous but musical air, and with the most perfect voices. The chant seemed to swell, and then fade, like the wind in the trees.

A white-complexioned man spoke to me in excellent English (which few of them speak), and was very communicative and civil. He told me the dead man was his brother-in-law, and he himself the barber. I hoped I had not taken a liberty. 'Oh, no; poor Malays were proud when noble English persons showed such respect to their religion. The young Prince had done so too, and Allah would not forget to protect him. He also did not laugh at their prayers, praise be to God!' I had already heard that Prince Alfred is quite the darling of the Malays. He insisted on accepting their *fête*, which the Cape Town people had snubbed. I have a friendship with one Abdul Jemaalee and his wife Betsy, a couple of old folks who were slaves to Dutch owners, and now keep a fruit-shop of a rough sort, with 'Betsy, Fruiterer,' painted on the back of an old tin tray, and hung up by the door of the house. Abdul first bought himself, and then his wife Betsy, whose 'missus' generously threw in her bed-ridden mother. He is a fine handsome old man, and has confided to me that £5,000 would not buy what he is worth now. I have also read the letters written by his son, young Abdul Rachman, now a student at Cairo, who has been away five years—four at Mecca. The young theologian writes to his '*hoog eerbare moeder*' a fond request for money, and promises to return soon. I am invited to the feast wherewith he will be welcomed. Old Abdul Jemaalee thinks it will divert my mind, and prove to me that Allah will take me home safe to my children, about whom he and his wife asked many questions. Moreover, he compelled me to drink herb tea, compounded by a Malay doctor for my cough. I declined at first, and the poor old man looked hurt, gravely assured me that it was not true that Malays always poisoned Christians, and drank some himself. Thereupon I was obliged, of course, to drink up the rest; it certainly did

me good, and I have drunk it since with good effect ; it is intensely bitter and rather sticky. The white servants and the Dutch landlady where I lodge shake their heads ominously, and hope it mayn't poison me a year hence. 'Them nasty Malays can make it work months after you take it.' They also possess the evil eye, and a talent for love potions. As the men are very handsome and neat, I incline to believe that part of it."

Finding the wind at Cape Town and at Simon's Bay impossible, Lady Duff Gordon hired a light Malay cart, with four horses and a driver named Choslullah, and went up-country to Caledon. She writes :—

"I was most lucky, had two beautiful days, and enjoyed the journey immensely. It was most '*abentheuerlich*;' the light two-wheeled cart, with four wild little horses, and the marvellous brown driver, who seemed to be always going to perdition, but made the horses do apparently impossible things with absolute certainty ; and the pretty tiny boy who came to help his uncle, and was so clever, and so preternaturally quiet, and so very small : then the road through the mountain passes, seven or eight feet wide, with a precipice above and below, up which the little horses scrambled ; while big lizards, with green heads and chocolate bodies, looked pertly at us, and a big, bright amber-coloured cobra, as handsome as he is deadly, wriggled across into a hole."

The climate at Caledon was far better, and Lady Duff Gordon's descriptions of the country life, the horses and the birds, make one long to go there. She was very popular with the coloured people, which an old "bastaard" woman, married to the Malay tailor, explained, as set forth by "dat Malay boy," her driver :—



"She told them he was sure I was a '*very* great Missis,' because of my 'plenty good behaviour;' that I spoke to him just as to a white gentleman, and did not 'laugh and talk nonsense talk.' Never say, 'Here, you black fellow, dat Missis.' The English, when they mean to be good-natured, are generally offensively familiar, and 'talk nonsense talk,' *i.e.* imitate the Dutch-English of the Malays and blacks; the latter feel it the greatest compliment to be treated *au sérieux*, and spoken to in good English. Choslullah's theory was that I must be related to the Queen, in consequence of my not 'knowing bad behaviour.' The Malays, who are intelligent and proud, of course feel the annoyance of vulgar familiarity more than the blacks, who are rather awe-struck by civility, though they like and admire it."

In January my mother drove from Caledon to "Gnadenthal," the Moravian missionary station founded in 1736. She asked one of the Herrenhut brethren whether there were any *real* Hottentots left; and he said:—

"'Yes, one;' and next morning, as I sat waiting for early prayers under the big oak-trees in the Plaats (square), he came up, followed by a tiny old man hobbling along with a long stick to support him. 'Here,' said he, 'is the *last* Hottentot; he is a hundred and seven years old, and lives all alone.' I looked on the little, wizened yellow face, and was shocked that he should be dragged up like a wild beast to be stared at. A feeling of pity which felt like remorse fell upon me, and my eyes filled as I rose and stood before him, so tall and like a tyrant and oppressor, while he uncovered his poor little old snow-white head, and peered up in my face. I led him to the seat, and helped him to sit down, and said in Dutch, 'Father, I hope you are not tired;

you are old.' He saw and heard as well as ever, and spoke *good* Dutch in a firm voice. 'Yes, I am above a hundred years old, and alone—quite alone.' I sat beside him, and he put his head on one side, and looked curiously up at me with his faded but still piercing little wild eyes. Perhaps he had a perception of what I felt—yet I hardly think so; perhaps he thought I was in trouble, for he crept close up to me, and put one tiny brown paw into my hand, which he stroked with the other, and asked (like most coloured people) if I had children. I said, 'Yes, at home in England;' and he patted my hand again, and said, 'God bless them!' It was a relief to feel that he was pleased, for I should have felt like a murderer if my curiosity had added a moment's pain to so tragic a fate.

I am persecuted by the ugliest and blackest Mozambiquer I have yet seen, a bricklayer's labourer, who can speak English, and says he was servant to an English captain—'Oh, a good fellow he was, only he's dead!' He now insists on my taking him as a servant. 'I dessay your man at home is a good chap, and I'll be a good boy, and cook very nice.' He is thick-set and short and strong. Nature has adorned him with a cock-eye and a yard of mouth, and art with a prodigiously tall white chimney-pot hat with the crown out, a cotton nightcap, and a wondrous congeries of rags. He professes to be cook, groom, and 'walley,' and is sure you would be pleased with his attentions."

In March, Lady Duff Gordon left Caledon to return to Cape Town, and drove round by Worcester. She writes:—

"Oh, such a journey! Such country! Pearly mountains and deep blue sky, and an impassable pass to walk down, and baboons, and secretary birds, and tortoises! I

couldn't sleep for it all last night, tired as I was with the unutterably bad road, or track rather. The change of climate is complete—the summer was over at Caledon, and here we are into it again—the most delicious air one can conceive ; it must have been a perfect oven six weeks ago. The birds are singing away merrily still ; the approach of autumn does not silence them here. The canaries have a very pretty song, like our linnet, only sweeter ; the rest are very inferior to ours. The sugar-bird is delicious when close by, but his pipe is too soft to be heard at any distance.

To those who think voyages and travels tiresome, my delight in the new birds and beasts and people must seem very stupid. I can't help it if it does, and am not ashamed to confess that I feel the old sort of enchanted wonder with which I used to read Cook's voyages and the like as a child. It is very coarse and unintellectual of me ; but I would rather see this *now*, at my age, than Italy ; the fresh, new, beautiful nature is a second youth—or *childhood, si vous voulez*. To-morrow we shall cross the highest pass I have yet crossed, and sleep at Paar!—then Stellenbosch, then Cape Town."

## CHAPTER XXV.

Lady Duff Gordon returns to England—Eaux Bonnes—Egypt—Hekeian Bey—Omar—The Bazaar—Her Crew—Bibeh—Slave Merchants and St. Simon Stylites—Death of Marquis of Lansdowne—The Mahmal—Impressions of Cairo—Muslim Piety—The Christian Dyer—Herodotus.

IN July, 1862, my mother returned from the Cape slightly better in health, but was unfortunately persuaded to go to Eaux Bonnes, which did her great injury. "I hear the drip, drip, drip of Eaux Bonnes when I am chilly and oppressed in my sleep," she wrote afterwards. In October she landed in Egypt, and says:—

"I write to you out of the real 'Arabian Nights.' Well may the Prophet (upon whom be peace!) smile when he looks down on Cairo.

I went this morning with Hekeian Bey to the two earliest mosques. We were accosted most politely by some Arab gentlemen, who pointed out remarkable things, and echoed my lamentations at the neglect and ruin of such noble buildings (which Hekeian translated to them) most heartily. That of the Tooloon is exquisite, noble, simple, and what ornament there is, is the most delicate lacework and embossing in stone and wood. This Arab architecture is even more lovely than our Gothic. The mosque of Sultan Hasan (early in our fourteenth century) is, I think, the most majestic building I ever saw, and the beauty of the details quite beyond belief to European eyes. No one has said a tenth part enough of Arab architecture."

My mother's faithful servant, Omar, surnamed Abu-l-Haláweh, "the Father of Sweets," had been recommended to her by my friend Mr. Thayer, the American Consul-General, who also gave her letters for all the consular agents depending on him, so that she writes, "I rather think the agents, who are all Copts, will think I am the Republic in person."

Cairo, Nov. 1862.

"My contract was drawn up and signed by the American Vice-Consul to-day, and my Reyyis kissed my hand in due form; after which I went to the bazaar and sat on many a divan to buy the needful pots and pans. The transaction lasted an hour. The copper is so much per oka, the workmanship so much. Every article is weighed by a sworn weigher, and a ticket sent with it. More 'Arabian Nights.' The shopkeeper compares notes with me about numerals, and is as much amused as I. He treats me to coffee and pipes from a neighbouring shop, while Omar eloquently depreciates the goods, and offers half the value. A waterseller offers a brass cup of water; I drink, and give the huge sum of twopence, and he distributes the contents of his skin to the crowd (there is always a crowd) in my honour. It seems I have done a pious act. Finally, a boy is called to carry the *batterie de cuisine*, while Omar brandishes a gigantic kettle which he has picked up, a little bruised, for four shillings. The boy has a donkey, which I mount astride *à l'Arabe*, while the boy carries all the copper things on his head. We are rather a grand procession, and quite enjoy the fury of the dragomans and other leeches who hang on the English, at such independent proceedings; and Omar gets reviled for spoiling the trade, by being cook and dragoman and all in one. The young man of whom I bought my *fingáns*

was so handsome, elegant, and melancholy, that I knew he must be the lover of the Sultan's favourite slave."

Feshn, Nov. 8, 1862.

"My crew are a great amusement to me. They are mostly men from the First Cataract about Aswán, —sleek-skinned, gentle, patient, merry black fellows. The little black Reyys is the very picture of good-nature, and full of fun, 'chaffing' the girls as we pass the villages, and always smiling. The steersman is of lighter complexion, also very cheery, but decidedly pious. He prays five times a day, and utters ejaculations to the apostle 'Rasool' continually. The most important person on board is the 'weled' (boy), Ahmad—the most merry, clever, omnipresent little rascal, with an ugly pug-nosed face, a shape like an antique Cupid liberally displayed, and a skin of dark-brown velvet. His voice, shrill and clear, is always heard above the rest; he cooks for the crew; he jumps overboard with the rope, and gives advice on all occasions. My favourite is Osmán, a tall, long-limbed black, who seems to have stepped out of a hieroglyphical drawing, shirt, skull-cap and all. He has only those two garments, and how any one contrives to look so inconceivably 'neat and respectable,' as Sally\* said, in that costume is a mystery. He is always at work, always cheerful, but rather silent; in short, the able seaman and steady respectable 'hand,' *par excellence*. Then we have Ez-Zankalonee, from near Cairo—an old fellow of white complexion and a valuable person; an inexhaustible teller of stories at night, and always '*en train*;' full of jokes, and remarkable for dry humour, much relished by the crew. I wish I understood the stories, which sound delightful, all about Sultans and Efreets, with effective 'points,' at which all hands exclaim

\* The maid.

“ Máshá-alláh ’ or ‘ ah ! ’ (as long as you can drawl it out). The jokes perhaps I may as well be ignorant of. There is also a certain Shereef, who does nothing but laugh and work and be obliging ; helps Omar with one hand and Sally with the other, and looks like a great innocent black child.”

At Bibeh, near Feshn, Lady Duff Gordon went to a large Coptic church, which was being restored by a staunch old Muslim, “ who told how the Sheykh buried in the church of Bibeh had appeared to him three nights running at Cairo, and ordered him to leave his work and go to Bibeh and mend his church ; how he came, and offered to do so without pay, if the Copts would find the materials. He spoke with evident pride, as one who had received a divine command, and the Copts all confirmed the story, and every one was highly gratified by the miracle.”

Thebes, Feb. 11, 1863.

“ We have had the coldest winter ever known in Nubia—such bitter north-east winds ; but when the wind, by great favour, did not blow, the weather was heavenly. If the millennium does come, I shall take out a good deal of mine on the Nile. At Aswán I had been strolling about, in that most poetically melancholy spot, the granite quarry of old Egypt and burying-place of Muslim martyrs ; and as I came homewards along the bank, a party of slave merchants, who had just loaded their goods for Sennár out of the boat upon the camels, were cooking, and asked me to dinner. And oh ! how delicious it felt to sit on a mat among the camels and strange bales of goods, and eat the hot, tough bread and sour milk and dates, offered with such stately courtesy. We got quite intimate over our leather cup of sherbet (brown sugar-

and-water); and the handsome jet-black men, with features as beautiful as those of the young Bacchus, described the distant lands in a way which would have charmed Herodotus. They proposed to me to join them, 'they had food enough;' and Omar and I were equally inclined to go. I have eaten many strange things with strange people, in strange places; dined with a respectable Nubian family (the castor-oil was trying); been to a Nubian wedding (such a dance I saw!); made friends with a man much looked up to in his place, Kalábsheh, inasmuch as he had killed several intrusive tax-gatherers and recruiting-officers. He was very gentlemanlike and kind, and carried me up a place so steep I could not have reached it without his assistance.

When coming down the Nile in March, Omar eagerly asked for leave to stop the boat, as a great sheykh had called to them. So we stopped, and Omar said, 'Come and see the sheykh, ma'am.' I walked off, and presently found about thirty people, including all my own men, sitting on the ground round St. Simon Stylites, without the column. A hideous old man, like Polyphemus, utterly naked, with the skin of a rhinoceros all cracked with the weather, sat there, and had sat night and day, summer and winter, motionless for twenty years. He never prays, he never washes, he does not keep Ramadán, and yet he is a saint. Of course I expected a good hearty curse from such a man: but he was delighted with my visit, asked me to sit down, ordered his servant to bring me sugar-cane, asked my name, and tried to repeat it over and over again; he was quite talkative and full of jokes and compliments, and took no notice of any one else. Omar and my crew smiled and nodded, and all congratulated me heartily. Such a distinction proves my own excellence (as the sheykh knows all people's thoughts), and is sure to be followed by good fortune. Finally, Omar proposed to say the



Fat'hah, in which all joined except the sheykh, who looked rather bored by the interruption, and who desired us not to go so soon unless I were in a hurry. A party of Bedawees came up on camels, with presents for the holy man, but he took no notice of them and went on questioning Omar about me, and answering my questions. What struck me was the total absence of any sanctimonious air about the old fellow; he was quite worldly and jocose. I suppose he knew that his position was secure, and thought his dirt and nakedness were sufficient proofs of his holiness. Omar then recited the Fat'hah again, and we rose and gave the servant a few faddahs. The saint takes no notice of this part of the proceedings, but he asked me to send him twice my handful of rice for his dinner, an honour so great that there was a murmur of congratulation through the whole assembly."

A few days later, at Siout, my mother heard the sad news of the death of Lord Lansdowne, "that kind, wise, steadfast man."

On arriving at Cairo in April she went to see the departure of the Holy Mahmal and the pilgrims for Mecca.

"It is, she writes, a deeply-affecting sight, when one thinks of the hardships all these men are prepared to endure. Omar's eyes were full of tears and his voice husky with emotion as he talked about it, and pointed out the Mahmal and the Sheykh-el-gemel, who leads the sacred camel, naked to the waist, with flowing hair.

I loitered about a long time admiring the glorious 'free people.' The Bedawee and the Maghrabee and their noble-looking women are magnificent, and the irregular Turkish and Arab horsemen, so superior to

the drilled cavalry, are wildly picturesque. To see a Bedawee and his wife walk through the streets of Cairo is superb. Her hand resting on his shoulder, and scarcely deigning to cover her haughty face, she looks down on the Egyptian veiled woman who carries the heavy burden and walks behind her lord and master.

Muslim piety is so unlike what Europeans think it : it is so full of tender emotions, so much more sentimental than we imagine, and it is wonderfully strong. I used to hear Omar praying outside my door while I was so ill, 'O God, make her better!' 'Oh, may God let her sleep!' as naturally as we should say, 'I hope she will have a good night.' I found great kindness here. Hekekian Bey came to see me every day, and Delco Bey, the doctor, attended me with the utmost care and tenderness. It had an odd dreamy effect to hear old Hekekian Bey and my doctor discoursing in Turkish at my bedside. I shall always fancy the Good Samaritan in a tarboosh and white beard and very long eyes.

It would be delightful to have you at Cairo. Now I have pots and pans, and all things needful for a house but a carpet and a few mattresses, you could camp with me *à l'Arabe*. How you would revel in old Masr-el-Kahirah, peep up at lattice-windows, gape like a 'Ghasheem' (green one) in the bazaar, go wild in the mosques, laugh at portly Turks and dignified sheykhs on their white donkeys, drink sherbet in the streets, ride wildly about on a donkey, peer under black veils at beautiful eyes, and feel generally intoxicated ! I am quite a good *cicerone* now of the glorious old city. Omar is in rapture at the idea that 'Seedee-cl-kebeer' (the great Master) might come. Máshá-alláh ! how our hearts would be dilated !

It may amuse you to see what impression Cairo makes. I ride along on my valiant donkey, led by the

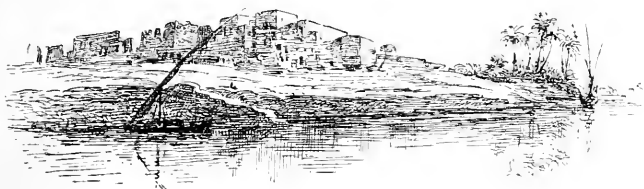
stalwart Hasan, and attended by Omar, and constantly say, 'Oh, if our master were here, how pleased he would be!' ('Husband' is not a correct word.)

Our street and our neighbours would divert you. Opposite lives a Christian dyer, who must be a seventh brother of the admirable Barber; he has the same impertinence, loquacity, and love of meddling with everybody's business. I long to see him thrashed, though he is a constant comedy. The Arabs next door, and the Levantines opposite, are quiet enough; but how *do* they eat all the cucumbers they buy of the man who cries them every morning as 'fruit gathered by sweet girls in the garden with the early dew'?

Nothing is more striking to me than the way in which one is constantly reminded of Herodotus. Both the Christianity and the Islam of this country are full of the ancient practices and superstitions of the old worship. The sacred animals have all taken service with Muslim saints: at Minyeh, one of the latter reigns over crocodiles. I saw the hole of Æsculapius's serpent at Gebel Sheykh Haradee; and I fed the birds who used to tear the cordage of the boats that refused to feed them, and who are now the servants of Sheykh Noonch, and still come on board by scores for the bread which no Reyyis dares to refuse them. Bubastis has not lost her influence, and cats are as sacred as ever: they are still fed in the Kádée's court, at Cairo, at public expense, and behave with singular decorum when the 'servant of the cats' serves their dinner.

Among gods, Amun Ra, the god of the sun and great serpent-slayer, calls himself Mar Girgis (St. George); and Osiris holds his festival twice a year as notoriously as ever at Tanta, in the Delta, under the name of Seyyid-el-Bedawee. In Cairo, of course, one is more reminded of the beloved 'Arabian Nights,'—indeed, Cairo *is* the 'Arabian Nights.' I knew that Christian

dycer who lives opposite to me, and is always wrangling, from my infancy; and my delightful servant Omar, Abu-l-Haláweh (the father of sweets), is the type of all the amiable *jeunes premiers* of the stories. I am privately of opinion that he is Bedr-ed-Deen Hasan,—the more, as he can make cream tarts, and there was no pepper in them. Cream tarts are not very good, but lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts fulfils all one's dreams of excellence,—and dates with Nile water! they are excellent indeed, especially together, like olives and wine."



## CHAPTER XXVI.

Lady Duff Gordon returns to England, but is compelled to go back to Egypt—The “Maison de France” at Thebes—Visit to Tomb of Sheykh Abu-l-Hajjāj—Life very Biblical—Character of Sheykh Yoosuf—Letter from Lady Duff Gordon to Tom Taylor describing Life at El-Uksur.

IN June, 1863, Lady Duff Gordon came back to England, but was forced to return to Egypt in October. My husband and I went, with the faithful Omar, to meet her in Alexandria harbour, and she stayed a fortnight with us. But the damp of Alexandria always disagreed with her, and she went up to Cairo, hoping to start almost immediately for Thebes, where M. Tastu, the French Consul-General, had very kindly lent her the “Maison de France.” In this house, built over part of the great temple of Amenhotep III., Champollion and Rosellini lived in 1829, and the French naval officers in 1831, when sent out to remove the great obelisk now in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. It has lately been demolished by Professor Maspero, who has excavated the great temple of El-Uksur.

The account of my mother's journey up the Nile in a Government steamer, which had to do the work of three

—carry passengers and tow two dahabiehs, in one of which was the son of the Sultan of Darfoor—is too long to quote here.\* In January she took possession of her “Theban palace,” and made the acquaintance of Sheykh Yoosuf, who gave her Arabic lessons. “Oh dear!” she exclaims, “what must poor Arab children suffer in learning A B C! It is a terrible alphabet, and the shekel, or points, are distracting.”

El-Uksur, Jan. 22, 1864.

“Yesterday, I rode over to Karnac with Mustafa's† Sais running by my side; glorious hot sun and delicious air. To hear the Sais chatter away, his tongue running as fast as his feet, made me deeply envious of his lungs. Mustafa joined me, and pressed me to go to visit the sheykh's tomb for the benefit of my health, as he and Sheykh Yoosuf wished to say a Fat'hah for me; but I must not drink wine that day. I made a little difficulty on the score of difference of religion, but Sheykh Yoosuf, who came up, said he presumed I worshipped God and not stones, and that sincere prayers were good anywhere. Clearly the bigotry would have been on my side if I had refused any longer, so in the evening I went with Mustafa.

It was a very curious sight; the little dome illuminated with as much oil as the mosque could afford over the tombs of Abu-l-Hajjáj and his three sons. A magnificent old man, like Father Abraham himself, dressed in white, sat on a carpet at the foot of the tomb; he was the head of the family of Abu-l-Hajjáj. He made me sit by him, and was extremely polite. Then came the Názir, the Kádee, a Turk travelling on government business, and a few other gentlemen, who all sat

\* See ‘Letters from Egypt,’ by Lady Duff Gordon.

† English Consul at Thebes.

down round us, after kissing the hand of the old sheykh. Every one talked; in fact it was a *soirée* in honour of the dead sheykh. Every now and then, one of our party left off talking and prayed a little, or counted his beads. The old sheykh sent for coffee, and gave me the first cup—a wonderful concession; and at last the Názir proposed a Fat'hah for me, which the whole group repeated aloud, and then each said to me: 'Our Lord God bless thee and give thee health and peace, to thee and thy family, and take thee back safe to thy master and thy children;' every one adding 'Ameen' and giving the *salám* with the hand. I returned it and said, 'Our Lord reward thee and all people of kindness to strangers,' which was considered a very proper answer."

El-Uksur, Feb. 26, 1864.

"It is impossible to say how exactly like the early parts of the Bible every act of life is here; and how totally new it seems when one reads it on the spot here. Old Jacob's speech to Pharaoh really made me laugh (don't be shocked), because it is so exactly like what a Fella says to a Pasha, 'Few and evil have been my days,' etc. (Jacob being a most prosperous man); but it is manners to say all that. I feel quite kindly now towards Jacob, whom I used to think ungrateful and discontented. And when I go to Seedee Omar's farm does he not say, 'Take now fine meal and bake cakes quickly,' and want to kill a kid? Fateerch, with plenty of butter, is what the 'three men' who came to Abraham ate; and the way in which Abraham's chief menlook, acting as wekeel, manages Isaac's marriage with Rebecca, is precisely what a man in his position would do now. All the vulgarised associations with Puritanism, and abominable little 'Scripture tales and pictures,' peel off here, and the inimitably truthful representation of life and character comes out; as, for example, Joseph's tears,

and his love for the brother *born of the same mother*, which are perfectly lifelike. Leviticus and Deuteronomy are very heathenish compared to the law of the Koran, or to the early days of Abraham.

I want to photograph Yoosuf for you; the feelings and prejudices and ideas of a cultivated Arab, as I get at them little by little, are curious beyond compare. It won't do to generalise from one man, of course, but even one gives some very new ideas. The most striking thing is the sweetness and delicacy of feeling, the horror of hurting any one (this must be individual, of course; it is too good to be general). I apologised to him two days ago for inadvertently answering the 'Salám aleykum,' which he of course said to Omar on coming in, and which is sacramental to Muslims. Yoosuf blushed crimson, touched my hand and kissed his own, and looked quite unhappy.

Yesterday evening he walked in, and startled me by a 'Salám aleykee,' addressed to me; he had evidently been thinking it over, whether he ought to say it to me, and came to the conclusion that it was not wrong. 'Surely it is well for all the creatures of God to speak peace (*Salám*) to each other,' said he. Now, no uneducated Muslim would have arrived at such a conclusion. Omar would pray, work, lie, do anything for me—sacrifice money even; but I doubt whether he could utter 'Salám aleykum' to any but a Muslim. I answered as I felt—'Peace, O my brother, and God bless thee!' It was almost as if a Catholic priest had felt impelled by charity to offer the Communion to a heretic.

In answer to the invariable questions about all my family, I once told him that my father had been a great Alim of the law, and that my mother had got ready his written book, and put his lectures in order, that they might be printed. He was amazed first that I had a mother, as he told me he thought I was fifty or sixty,



and immensely delighted at the idea. 'God has favoured your family with understanding and knowledge. I wish I could kiss the sheykhah your mother's hand. May God favour her!'"

Sheykh Yoosuf's sermon, ending with the most excellent injunction to do "no injury to any man, and, above all, to no woman or little one," and the picking of Lady Duff Gordon's pocket at Karnak, are described at length in her 'Letters from Egypt'; but the following has never been printed, and I give it entire. It was written to our dear friend, Mr. Tom Taylor:---

DEAR TOM,

El-Uksur, March 16, 1864.

I cannot tell you how delighted I was to hear that all had gone well with Laura and your little daughter. Maashallah! God bless her! When I told Omar that a friend "like my brother," as Arabs say, had got a baby, he proposed to illuminate our house and fire off all the pistols on the premises. Pray give my kind love and best wishes to Laura.

I am living here a very quiet dreamy sort of life in hot Thebes—visiting a little among my neighbours, and learning a little Arabic from a most sweet gentle young Sheykh, who preaches on Fridays in the mosque of Luxor. I wish I could draw his soft brown face and graceful brown draped figure; but if I could, he is too devout, I believe, to allow it. The police magistrate, el Maohn, Selcem Effendi, is also a great friend of mine, and the cadi is civil, but a little scornful to heretical hareem, I think. It is already very hot here (to-day is the 16th March), and I should go down soon to Cairo, but I hear such terrible reports of the dearness of everything there, that I dare not venture upon the expense of a long stay there, and my house here is excellent. The

last few travellers' dahabieh's are now here on their way down the river ; after that I shall not see a white face for many months, except Sally's. The same faithful Omar is with me, and more excellent than ever, but suddenly grown from almost a boy into quite a man, as people do here in a few months' time. I hear Phillips is in Cairo. I have written to invite him to come and see the glories of Thebes ; I wish he may. I hope he will paint half-a-dozen pashas in Cairo, and get well paid, and come and make studies of the brown Saeedees up here to please his eye. Sheykh Yoosuf laughed so heartily over a print in an illustrated paper from a picture of Hilton's of Rebekah at the well, with the old "Vakeel" of "Sidi Ibraheem" (Abraham's chief servant) *kneeling* before the girl he was sent to fetch, like an old fool without his turban, and Rebekah and the other girls in queer fancy dresses, and the camels with snouts like pigs. "If the painter could not go into 'Es sham" (Syria) "to see how the Arab" (Bedoween) "really look," said Sheykh Yoosuf, "why did he not paint a well in England, with girls like English peasants—at least it would have looked natural to English people? and the Vakeel would not seem so like a Majnoon" (a madman) "if he had taken off a hat!" I cordially agree with Yoosuf's art criticism. *Fancy* pictures of Eastern things are hopelessly absurd, and fancy poems, too. I have got hold of a stray copy of Victor Hugo's 'Orientales,' and I think I never laughed more in my life.

The corn is now full-sized here, but still green; in twenty days will be harvest, and I am to go to the harvest home to a fellah friend of mine in a village a mile or two off. The crop is said to be unusually fine. Old Nile always pays back the damage he does when he rises so very high. The real disaster is the cattle disease, which still goes on, I hear, lower down. It has not at present spread above Minich, but the

destruction has been fearful ; meat in Cairo and Alexandria is fifteen to eighteen pence a pound, and other food and necessaries of course rise in proportion. Up here it is about the same as in London, and rising every week. Last year, meat was threepence a pound here. I believe there is an impression that the present Pasha has the evil eye, or is in some way unlucky and the cause of calamities. I more and more feel the difficulty of quite understanding a people so unlike ourselves—the more I know them, I mean. One thing strikes me, that, like children, they are not conscious of the great gulf which divides educated Europeans from themselves, at least I believe it is so. We do not attempt to explain our ideas to them, but I cannot discover any such *reticence* in them. I wonder whether this has struck people who can talk fluently, and know them better than I do? I find they appeal to my sympathy in trouble quite comfortably, and talk of religious and other feelings apparently as freely as to each other. In many respects they are more unprejudiced than we are, and very intelligent, and very good in many ways ; and yet they seem so strangely childish ; and I fancy I detect that impression even in Lane's book, though he does not say so.

Write to me, dear old Tom, please ; I shall be so glad to hear of you and yours. Janet is going to England. I wish I were going too, but it is useless to keep trying a hopeless experiment. At present I am very comfortable in health, so long as I do nothing and the weather is warm. I suffer little pain and have little cough and blood-spitting—only I feel *now*, weak and weary. I have extensive practice in the doctoring line, and think I must soon send to England for more drugs. Bad eyes, of course, abound. If you see Layard, give him my kind love, and beg him to get the English consular agent here (one Mustafa Agha) paid ; he is the only man of

any use to the English in Egypt, and he don't get a penny, which is a shame. Wish Watts joy for me of his new hareem, and give greetings to any other of my friends. I grieve over Thackeray much, and more over his girls' lonely position. What news can I send from Luxor? I can only beg for some. If I should die in these regions, I bequeath the reputation of my Omar Abu-l-Haláweh of Alexandria to my friends, and hope they will never fail to recommend him and befriend him as far as possible, in consideration of his excellent and disinterested conduct to me, and of his general integrity and kindliness. His whole behaviour to me has been truly filial. I think you would enjoy, as I do, the peculiar sort of social equality which prevails here ; it is the exact contrary of French *égalité*. There are great and powerful people, much honoured (outwardly, at all events), but nobody has *inferiors*. A man comes in and kisses my hand, and sits down, *off* the carpet, out of respect, but he smokes his pipe, drinks his coffee, laughs, talks, and asks questions as freely as if he were an Effendi or I were a Fellahah ; he is not my inferior, he is my poor brother. The servants in my friends' houses receive me with profound demonstrations of respect, and wait at dinner reverently, but they mix freely in the conversation and take part in all amusement, music, dancing girls, or reading of the Koran. Even the dancing girl is not an *outcast* ; she is free to talk to me and it is highly irreligious to show any contempt or aversion. The rules of politeness are the same for all. The passer-by greets the one sitting still, or the one who comes into a room, those who are already there, without distinction of rank. When I have greeted the men, they always rise, but if I pass without, they take no notice of me.

All this is very pleasant and graceful, though it is connected with much that is evil. The fact that any man may be a Bey or a Pasha to-morrow, is not a good

fact, for the promotion is more likely to fall on a bad slave than on a good or intelligent free man. Thus the only honourable class are those who have nothing to hope from the great; I won't say nothing to fear, for all have cause for that.

Hence the high respectability and *gentility* of the merchants, who are most independent of the Government. The English would be a little surprised at Arab judgments of them. They admit our veracity and honesty, and like us on the whole, but they blame the men for their conduct to women. They are shocked at the way Englishmen talk about hareem among themselves, and think the English hard and unkind to their wives and to women in general. English hareemāt is generally highly approved, and an Arab thinks himself a happy man if he can marry an English girl. I have had an offer for Sally from the chief man here for his son, proposing to allow her a free exercise of her religion and customs as a matter of course. I think the influence of foreigners is much more real and much more useful on the Arabs than on the Turks, though the latter show it more in dress, etc. But all the engineers and physicians are Arabs, and very good ones, too. Not a Turk has learnt anything practical; and the dragomans and servants employed by the English have learnt a strong appreciation of the value of a character for honesty—deserved or no—but many *do* deserve it. Compared to the couriers and *laquais de place* of Europe, these men stand very high.

Omar has just run in to say that Achmed's boat is going, and he will post this letter for me in Cairo.

So good-bye, and God bless you.

L. D. G.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Arab Opinion of English Hareem—Harvesting—Sitti Noor-âlâ-Noor—Lady Duff Gordon as Doctor—Patriarchal Feelings in the East—Reception at Thebes—Death of the dragoman Mohammad Er-Rasheedee—Gratitude of the People—The Massacres at Gow—Lady Duff Gordon visits the Cadi at Keneh—Mr. Gifford Palgrave at Thebes—The Maohn's children at Benisouef.

El-Uksur, March 26, 1864.

"I HEARD Seleem Efendi and Omar discussing English ladies one day lately, while I was inside the curtain with Seleem's slave-girl, and they did not know I heard them. Omar described Janet, and was of opinion that a man who was married to her could want nothing more. 'By my soul, she rides like a Bedawee, she shoots with the gun and pistol, rows the boat; she knows many languages and what is in their books; works with the needle like an Efreet; and to see her hands run over the teeth of the music-box (keys of the piano) amazes the mind, while her singing gladdens the soul. How, then, should her husband ever desire the coffee-shop? Wallâhee! she can always amuse him at home. And as to *my* lady, the thing is not that she does not know. When I feel my stomach tightened, I go to the divan and say to her, 'Do you want anything—a pipe or sherbet or so-and-so?' and I talk till she lays down her book and talks to me, and I question her and amuse my mind; and, by God! if I were a rich man and could marry one English hareem like these, I would stand

before her and serve her like her memlook. You see I am only this lady's servant, and I have not once sat in the coffee-shop, because of the sweetness of her tongue. Is it not true, therefore, that the man who can marry such harem is rich more than with money?'

I nearly laughed out at hearing Omar relate his manœuvres to make me 'amuse his mind.' It seems I am in no danger of being discharged for being dull."

El-Uksur, April 7, 1864.

"Harvesting is going on, and never did I see, in any dream, a sight so lovely as the whole process—the brown reapers, the pretty little naked boys helping and hanging on the stately bulls at the threshing-floor. An acquaintance of mine, one Abd-er-Rahmán, is Boaz ; and as I sat with him on the threshing-floor, I felt quite puzzled as to whether I were really alive, or only existing in imagination in the Book of Ruth. It is such a *keyf* one enjoys under palm-trees with such a scene. The harvest is magnificent here ; I never saw such heavy crops. There is no cattle disease, but a good deal of sickness among the people ; I have to practise very extensively, and often feel very anxious, as I cannot refuse to go to the poor souls and give them medicine, though with sore misgivings all the while.

Luckily I am very well, for I am worked hard, as a strange epidemic has broken out, and I am the Hakeemch of El-Uksur. The Hakeem Bashi from Cairo came up and frightened the people, telling them it was catching ; and Yoosuf forgot his religion so far as to beg me not to be all day in the people's huts. But Omar and I despised the danger, I feeling sure it was not infectious, and Omar saying, 'Min Alláh.' The people have named me Sitti Noor-âlâ-Noor. A poor woman, whose only child, a young man, I was happy enough to cure when dreadfully ill, kissed my feet, and

asked by what name to pray for me. I told her my name meant 'noor' (light, *lux*) ; but as that was one of the names of God, I could not use it. 'Thy name is Noor-âlâ-Noor,' said a man who was in the room ; that means something like 'God is upon thy mind,' or 'Light from the Light' ; and 'Noor-âlâ-Noor' it remains : a combination of the names of God is quite proper, like Abdallah, Abd-er-Rahmán, etc. etc."

April 23.

"Happily the sickness is going off. I have just heard Suleyman's report as follows:—Hasan Aboo-Ahmad kisses the Emcereh's feet, and the *bullets* have cleaned his stomach, and he has said the Fat'hah for the lady. The two little girls who had diarrhœa are well. The Christian dyer has vomited his powder, and wants another. The mother of the Christian cook who married the priest's sister has got dysentery. The hareem of Mustafa Aboo-Obeyd has two children with bad eyes. The Bishop had a quarrel, and scolded and fell down, and cannot speak or move ; I must go to him. The young deacon's jaundice is better. The slave girl of Khursheed Agha is sick, and Khursheed is sitting at her head, in tears ; the women say I must go to her too. Khursheed is a fine young Circassian, and very good to his hareem."

All the summer of 1864 my mother spent at Thebes. "I won't describe our costume," she writes to my father ; "it is two months since I have worn gloves or stockings, and I think you would wonder at the 'Fellahah' who 'owns you,' so deep a brown are my face, hands, and feet." At the end of August she engaged a return boat and went to Cairo, where my father met her, and she wrote to Mrs. Austin:—



"Alick will tell you how curiously Omar illustrated the patriarchal feelings of the East by entirely dethroning me, to whom he is so devoted, in favour of the 'Master,' whom he had never seen. '*That our Master ; we all eat bread from his hand and he work for us.*' Omar and I were equal before *our* 'Seedee.' He can sit at his ease at my feet, but when the Master comes in he must stand reverently, and gives me to understand that I too must be respectful."

Her reception on her return to Thebes was enthusiastic: "'El-hamdu-lilláh salámeh!' (Thank God, thou art in peace!), and 'Ya Sitt, ya Emceerh' (O lady, O noble lady!) till my head went round."

"To-morrow night is the great night of Sheykh Abul-l-Hajjáj's moolid, and I am desired to go to the mosque for the benefit of my health, etc., and that my friends may say a prayer for my children. The kind, hearty welcome I found has been a real pleasure, and every one was pleased because I was glad to come home to my 'Beled—Beledce'; and they all thought it so nice of my 'master' to have come so far to see me, because I was sick; all but one Turk, who clearly looked with pitying contempt on so much trouble taken after a sick old woman."

A young Jew, who was going up the Nile in state in one of the Viceroy's steamers, turned out his dragoman at Thebes because he fell ill, and my mother took him in, and nursed him till he died. Two Prussian doctors who happened to be at Thebes gave her help, but the French doctor who was with the young Jew refused to come and see poor Mohammad Er-Rashcedce.

"'The respectable men' came in by degrees, took an

inventory of his property, which they delivered to me, and washed the body; and within an hour and a half we all went out to the burial-place; I following among a troop of women who joined us, to wait for 'the brother who had died far from his place.' The scene, as we turned in between the broken colossi and pylones of the temple to go to the mosque, was overpowering. After the prayer in the mosque we went out to the graveyard—Muslims and Copts helping to carry the dead, and my Frankish hat in the midst of the veiled women; all so familiar and yet so strange!

After the burial, the Imám, Sheykh Abd-el-Waris, came and kissed me on the shoulders; and the Shereef, a man of eighty, laid his hands on my shoulders and said 'Fear not, my daughter, neither all the days of thy life, nor at the hour of thy death, for God leadeth thee in the right way (*sirát mustakeem*).' I kissed the old man's hand and turned to go, but numbers of men came and said, 'A thousand thanks, O our sister, for what thou hast done for one among us!' and a great deal more."

Some months after my mother wrote:—

"I often feel quite hurt at the way in which the people here thank me for what the poor at home would turn up their noses at. I think hardly a dragoman has been up the river since Er-Rasheedee died, but has come to thank me as warmly as if I had done himself some great service, and many to give me some little present. While the man was ill, numbers of the Fellah-keen brought eggs, pigeons, etc.—even a turkey; and food is worth money now, not as it used to be (*e.g.* butter is three shillings a pound). I am quite weary, too, of hearing, 'Of all the Frangee, I never saw one like thee!' Was no one ever at all humane before?

For, remember, I give no money, only a little physic and civility. How the British cottager would 'thank you for nothing!' and how I wish my neighbours here could afford to do the same!"

Lady Duff Gordon saw much that Europeans in general have no chance of seeing, as the "cunning women" set up a theory that her "eye was lucky," and her description of marriages, where she had to "look at" the brides, and the stories told at the marriage feasts are wonderfully interesting and vivid. She had become "Sitti Betáana," "Our own Lady," and one corner of her brown abbaich (cloak) was faded with much kissing. In March, 1865, she wrote sad and indignant letters \* about the massacres at Gow, when a certain Ahmad-et-Teiyib rose with a few followers against the intolerable exactions and ill-treatment of the Turks. She ends one of her letters :—

"You will think me a complete rebel, but I may say to *you* what most people would think 'like my nonsense'—that one's pity becomes a perfect passion when one *sits among the people* as I do, and sees it all. Least of all can I forgive those among Europeans and Christians who can help to break these bruised reeds."

*M. Prévost Paradol to Lady Duff Gordon.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR MADAM,

Paris, July 2, 1865.

How kind of you to have remembered me while descending the Nile, always beautiful in spite of the

\* 'Letters from Egypt,' page 341 *et seq.*

horrible misery you describe. The name of the dahabieh, *Urania*, recalls all my longing for dear Egypt. How much better my trip on the Nile would have been in your company! I remember our two delightful evenings at Luxor; and Sheykh Yoosuf, and the good magistrate, and Omar; and above all, you, the fairy of those ruins, and the providence of the poor people who inhabit them. I have often talked about you this winter with St. Hilaire, and asked about your book. When am I to have it? But if it is as eloquent and as plain-speaking as your letter, it may close Egypt against you, and then what would you do? Could you ever descend to mere European life? God knows where this letter will find you! it will only feebly express the great pleasure yours gave me, and the charming recollection I shall always retain of you.

Yours ever,

PRÉVOST PARADOL.

*M. Prévost Paradol to Lady Duff Gordon.*

[TRANSLATION.]

DEAR MADAM,

Paris, August 27, 1865.

I have just received the charming volume and your kind letter. I have only discovered one "author's mistake," which I forgive with all my heart. It is on page 334, where you say of M. P. P., "He is a delightful person." It ought evidently to have been, "He is a delighted person;" for if ever any one was "delighted," it was the Parisian who found in that lovely but silent solitude such a person as yourself, and who could there "enjoy a great indulgence of talk" after long abstinence. Your cordial invitation, the idea of the dahabieh gliding over the tranquil river under the sun, and the "sweet home of Luxor" shared with you, and surrounded with

such wonders, makes my heart beat. But destiny has promulgated an inexorable decree against all this. My reception at the Académie Française, which is fixed for February, will keep me here all the winter. Pity me, excuse me, and do not forget

Your grateful guest and true friend,

PRÉVOST PARADOL.

The summer of 1865 was spent at Soden, but in October, Lady Duff Gordon returned to Egypt, considerably worse, and went up the Nile in a dahabieh. At Benisouef she was too ill to leave her bed, but at Kenh she was well enough to go to the Cadi's house to leave a string of beads,

"Just to show that I had not forgotten the worthy Cadi's courtesy in bringing his little daughter to sit beside me at dinner when I went down the river last summer. He was giving audience to several people, so I sent in the beads and my salaam; but the jolly Cadi sallied forth into the street, and 'fell upon my neck' with such ardour, that my Frankish hat was sent rolling by contact with the turban of Islam. The Cad of Kenh is the real original Cadi of our early days; sleek, rubicund, polite—a puisne judge and a dean rolled into one, combining the amenities of the Law and the Church; with an orthodox stomach and an orthodox turban, both round and stately. I was taken into the hareem, welcomed and regaled, and invited to the festival of Seyd Abd er Racheem, the great saint of Kenh. I hesitated, and said there were great crowds, and some might be offended at my presence; but the Cadi declared 'by Him who separated us,' that if any such ignorant persons were present, it was high time they learnt better, and said that it was by no means

unlawful for virtuous Christians, and such as neither hated nor scorned the Muslimeen, to profit by, or share in, their prayers, and that I should sit before the Sheykh's tomb with him and the Mufti; and that, *du reste*, they wished to give thanks for my safe arrival. Such a demonstration of tolerance was not to be resisted. So after going back to rest, and dining in the boat, I returned at nightfall into the town and went to the burial-place. The whole way was lighted up and thronged with the most motley crowd, and the usual mixture of holy and profane, which we know at the Catholic fêtes also; but more *prononcé* here. Dancing girls, glittering with gold brocade and coins, swaggered about among the brown-shirted Fellaheen, and the profane singing of the Alateeyeh mingled with the songs in honour of the Arab prophet chanted by the moonshids and the deep tones of the 'Allah Allah' of the zikr's. Rockets whizzed about and made the women screech, and a merry-go-round was in full swing. And now fancy me clinging to the skirts of the Cadi ul Islam (who did not wear a spencer, as the Methodist parson threatened his congregation he would do at the Day of Judgment), and pushing into the tomb of the Seyd abder Racheem, through such a throng! No one seemed offended or even surprised. (I suppose my face is so well known at Kench.) When my party had said a Fah'tah for me and another for my family, we retired to another Kubbeh, where there was no tomb, and where we found the Mufti, and sat there all the evening over coffee and pipes and talk."

In April, 1866, Mr. Gifford Palgrave went up to Thebes on some consular business, and astonished Sheykh Yoosuf by his knowledge of Arabic; and the other Arabs by the manner in which he conducted an

inquiry. "By Allah, this English way is wonderful! that English Bey questioned me till my stomach came out."

Lady Duff Gordon inherited his black servant Mabrook. "When I tell him to do anything, he does it with strenuous care, and then asks, 'Tayib?' (well); and if I say 'Tayib,' he goes off, as Omar says, 'like a cannon in ladyship's face,' in a loud guffaw."

I cannot refrain from giving the account of the Maohn's children at Benisouef, whom she visited in July on her way down the Nile:—

"Such darling children!—a pale little slight girl of five, a sturdy boy of four, and a baby boy of one year old. The eager hospitality of the little creatures was quite touching. The little girl asked to have on her best frock, and then she stood before me seriously and diligently, and asked every now and then, 'Shall I make thee a sherbet? Shall I bring thee a coffee?' And then questions about grandpapa and grandmamma, and Abd-el-Hameed and Abd-el-Fettah; while the boy sat on his heels before me and asked questions about my family in his baby talk, and assured me it was a good day to him, and wanted me to stay three days, and to sleep with them. Their father came in and gave each a small coin, which, after consulting together, they tied in the corner of my handkerchief, 'to spend on my journey.' The little girl took such care of my hat and gloves and shoes, all very strange garments to her, but politeness was stronger than curiosity with the little things. I breakfasted with them all next day, and found much cookery going on for me. I took a doll for my little friend Ayoosheh, and some sugar-plums for Mohammed, but they laid them aside in order to devote themselves to the stranger, and all quietly, and with no sort of show-off or obtrusiveness. Even the baby seemed to

have the instinct of hospitality, and was full of smiles. It was all of a piece with the good old lady their grandmother, at Luxor, who wanted to wash my clothes for me herself, because I said the black slave of Mohammed washed badly. Remember that to do 'menial offices' for a guest is an honour and pleasure, and not derogatory at all here. The ladies cook for you, and say, 'I will cook my best for thee.' The worst is that they stuff one so. Little Ayoosheh asked after my children, and said, 'May God preserve them for thee! Tell thy little girl that Mohammed and I love her from afar off.' Whereupon Mohammed declared that in a few years, please God, when he should be *balal* (marriageable), he would marry her and live with me."



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Lady Duff Gordon at Boolak—Her Popularity—Rebuilding her Boat—Returns to Thebes—Inventory of Contents of Dahabieh—The Arabian Sage—Sick brought from Edfou—My Journey up the Nile to see my Mother—Our Dinner with Selim Effendi—Going to Philæ—Nubian Trader offers his Boat—Presents—Keneh—Lady Duff Gordon at Cairo and her Painter—She goes up into Nubia with her Son—Beyroot—Return to Luxor—Visit of Prince and Princess of Wales—Lady Duff Gordon's last Letter—Her Death.

AT Boolak, the port of Cairo, where Lady Duff Gordon spent the summer months of 1866, superintending the rebuilding of the bottom of her dahabieh, she learnt many curious stories and customs;\* and her popularity was shown by the way her boat was saved one night when the Nile rose suddenly, just as the ribs were finished and the planking and caulking were ready to put on. A steersman called up all the Reises (captains) and steersmen, saying:—

“‘O men of El Bostawee, this is *our* boat’ (that is, we are the servants of her owner), ‘and she is in our faces;’ and then he set the example, stripped, and carried dust, and hammered in piles all night, and by morning she was surrounded by a dyke breast high. The ‘longshore’ men of Boulak were not a little surprised to see dignified Reises working for nothing like Fellaheen. Meanwhile

\* ‘Last Letters from Egypt,’ Lady Duff Gordon, page 48 *et seq.*

my three Maallimeen, the chief builder, caulker, and foreman, had also stayed all night with Omar and my Reis, who worked like the rest ; and the Sheykh of all the boatbuilders went to visit one of my Maallims, who is his nephew, and hearing the case, came down too at one in the morning, and stayed till dawn. Then, as the workmen passed, going to their respective jobs, he called them, and said, 'Come and finish this boat ; it must be done by to-morrow night.' Some men who objected, and said they were going to various places, got a beating *pro formâ*, and the end of it was that I found forty-six men under my boat working 'like Afreets and Shaitans,' when I went to see how all was going on in the morning. The old Sheykh marked a piece to each four men, and then said, 'If that is not done to-night, O dogs ! to-morrow I'll put on the hat'—that is, 'To-day I have beaten moderately, like an Arab, but to-morrow, please God, I'll beat like a Frank, and be mad with the stick.' In short, the boat which yesterday morning was a skeleton, is now, at 4 P.M. to-day, finished, caulked, pitched, and all capitally done ; so if the Nile carries off the dyke, she will float safe. The shore is covered with *débris* of other people's half-finished boats. I believe I owe the ardour of the Maallims and the Sheykh of the builders to one of my absurd pieces of Arab civility. On the day when Omar killed poor Ablook, my black sheep, over the bows, and 'straked his blood' upon them, the three Mallimeen came on board this boat to eat their dish, and I followed the old Arab fashion and ate out of the wooden dish with them and the Reis 'for luck,' or rather 'for a blessing,' as we say here ; and it seems that this gave immense satisfaction."

In November, Lady Duff Gordon was at Luxor again, and sent back her boat to Cairo to let for the winter. Sheykh Yoosuf made an inventory in Arabic,

“Over which we laughed hugely. How to express a sauce-boat, a pic-dish, etc., in Arabic was a poser. A genteel Effendi, who sat by, at last burst out in uncontrollable amazement, ‘There is no God but God: is it possible that four or five Franks can use all those things to eat, drink, and sleep on a journey?’ (N.B.—I fear the Franks will think the stock very scanty.) Whereupon Master Achmet, with the swagger of one who has seen cities and men, held forth, ‘Oh Effendim, that is nothing: our lady is almost like the children of the Arabs. One dish or two, a piece of bread, a few dates, and peace’ (as we say, there is an end of it). ‘But thou shouldest see the merchants of Scandareeh (Alexandria)—three tablecloths, forty dishes; to each soul seven plates of all sorts, seven knives and seven forks, and seven spoons, large and small, and seven different glasses for wine and beer and water.’ ‘It is the will of God,’ replied the Effendi, rather put down;’ but he added, ‘It must be a dreadful fatigue to them to eat their dinner.’”

All that winter was passed at Thebes, and Lady Duff Gordon’s letters are full of descriptions; among others of an Arabian sage, Sheykh Abdurrachman, who

“Came over to visit me, and to doctor me according to the science of Galen and Avicenna. Fancy a tall, thin, graceful man, with a grey beard and liquid eyes, absorbed in studies of the obsolete kind, a doctor of theology, law, medicine and astronomy! We spent three days in arguing and questioning. I consented to swallow a potion or two, which he made up before me, of very innocent materials. My friend is neither a quack nor superstitious, and two hundred years ago would have been a better physician than most in Europe. Indeed, I would rather swallow his physic now than that of an Italian M.D. I found him, like all the learned theo-

logians I have known, extremely liberal and tolerant. You can conceive nothing more interesting and curious than the conversation of a man learned and intelligent, and yet utterly ignorant of all modern Western science. If I was pleased with him, he was enchanted with me, and swore by God that I was a Mufti indeed, and that a man could nowhere spend time so delightfully as in conversation with me. He said he had been acquainted with two or three Englishmen who had pleased him much, but that if all Englishwomen were like me, the power must necessarily be in our hands, for that my 'akl' (intelligence) was far above that of the men he had known. He objected to our medicine, that it seemed to consist in palliatives, which he rather scorned, and aimed always at a radical cure. I told him that if he had studied anatomy he would know that radical cures were difficult of performance ; and he ended by lamenting his ignorance of English or some European language, and that he had not learned our 'Elm' (science) also. Then we plunged into sympathies, mystic numbers, and the occult virtues of stones, etc. ; and I swallowed my mixture (consisting of liquorice, cummin, and soda) just as the sun entered a particular phase and the moon was in some favourable aspect. I could have fancied myself listening to Abu Suleyman of Cordova, in the days when we were barbarians and the Arabs were the learned race."

She writes again :—

"I have come to a curious honour—'Ich bin bei lebendigem Leibe besungen' (My praises have been sung in my lifetime). Several parties of real Arabs came with their sick on camels from above Edfou. I asked at last what brought them, and they told me that a Shaer (bard) had gone about *singing* my praises, as how the daughter of the English was a flower on the heads of the Arabs, and those who were sick should go and smell

the perfume of the flower and rejoice in the brightness of the Light (Nooreen), my name. Rather a high-flown way of mentioning the 'exhibition' of a black dose!"

In March, 1867, I went up the Nile with my husband in one of the Viceroy's steamers to see my mother before leaving Egypt for good. On our arrival at the different coaling stations the villages seemed almost deserted, and it was difficult to procure food. Our servant Mohammed, a sharp lad of about sixteen, at last solved the mystery by explaining that we, being in a Government steamer, were supposed to be people who would be more likely to distribute kicks than paras, and said he would soon set that right. So tumbling over the side of the steamer, he swam ashore, and, cutting off a corner at a long bend of the river, he proclaimed at the village where we were to coal, that in the steamer was the daughter of the "Sitt el Kebeer" (the great Lady), as the Arabs called my mother, who, like the Sitt, was just, and had a heart that loved the Arabs. Henceforward our only difficulty about food was to make the people take payment. It is curious how fast news travels in Egypt; in many places we found people waiting with presents of milk, *kishta* (cream), fowls and eggs. One had been cured by Sitti Noor-âlâ-Noor (Light from the Light); another had a cousin to whom she had been kind; to some one else she had given a lift in her boat, and so on all the way up the Nile. At Thebes we were expected, a man from Kench having ridden on to announce the glad tidings; and we found her house decorated with palm branches and lemon branches, and with the holy flags, which the Ulema had actually sent to show how they rejoiced with her, and that they wished us every blessing from God.

The Sakkas (water-carriers) had sprinkled a path for us from the bank of the river to her house, and the little village was *en fête*. We had endless salaaming to go through, as all the notables of Luxor wanted to see the "Howagar" (gentleman, really merchant) and the daughter of their "Sitt"; and the Bedaween came and did *fantasia* under the balcony.

Then we had to dine with Selcem Effendi, the Maohn of Luxor, a pleasant man, with a dear old wife, who would serve us, in spite of my husband's presence. Our procession to dinner was very funny, and at the same time touching. My mother on her donkey, which I led, two servants in front with lanterns, and the faithful Omar, dressed in his best, carrying a sweet dish he had expended all his skill upon; my husband on the other side of my mother, and then more lantern-bearers. As we passed, the people crowded round and called on Allah to bless us; some threw down their cloaks for my mother to ride over, while the women lifted the hem of her dress to their lips and foreheads.

We remained three days at Luxor, and then went up to Assouan, my mother accompanying us, and everywhere was the same love and reverence shown her. We went to Philæ, above the first cataract, in a little boat, and spent a whole day in that lovely island, sitting under the portico of an old temple and gazing far away into Nubia, talking of him who sleeps in Philæ, and whom old Herodotus would not name.

On returning to Thebes, we were disappointed at not finding my mother's boat, which was let to some friends. She had hoped to borrow it for two days, to accompany us down to Kenh and sail back. A Nubian trader,

who had heard that the "Sitt el Kebeer" wished for a boat, came to the house and asked for an audience. He left his shoes outside the door, and with many salaams said that he had turned out all his goods on the bank, had cleaned his boat well, and had come to offer her to the "Sitt," who, during the cholera, had saved a nephew of his who had been taken ill at Luxor. My mother refused, unless the man would take payment, saying it was not fair to detain him on his journey, and perhaps spoil the sale of his goods. He made a most eloquent speech, and ended by saying that of course his boat was not worthy of the honour of harbouring "Noor-âlâ-Noor," but that he had hoped it might have been accepted, and that he was very sad and mortified, and, by Allah! did not care for his goods one para. The "Sitt" had often accepted a bad donkey to ride from a poor man in order to do a courteous act, when she might have had the Maohn's white one; but that he was a "meskeen" (poor fellow), and his boat would certainly bring him ill luck henceforward. Then Omar stepped forward and spoke for the Nubian, and the end was that my mother accepted the boat, and Omar promised to make him accept a present; so we started for Keneh the following day, towing the boat behind us. All Luxor came to say good-bye, and the poorest brought a present. One had a chicken, another eggs, another milk and butter; two women had baked specially during the night in order to bring us an offering of fresh bread. Teodoros, the Copt, whose little boy my mother had taught to write and read English, wanted me to accept an alabaster jar, out of a tomb, worth certainly twenty napoleons. He had already given

me some scarabei, so I refused with many thanks, unless he would let me pay for it. He went away, but sent me down some other things by a friend some weeks afterwards, which were worth double. One poor woman brought us the lamb she had reared for the Bairam feast, and when we said that we really could not take such a present, she ran away, leaving her lamb on board. I bought her another at Keneh and sent it back by my mother. Dear Sheykh Yoosuf went with us to Keneh, where the Maohn insisted on giving us an excellent but endless dinner, and had the two famous dancing girls, Zeyneb and Latcefeh, to sing and dance afterwards. Next day we left for Cairo, and my mother sailed back to Luxor in the Nubian's boat with Sheykh Yoosuf.

In the summer Lady Duff Gordon came down the Nile to Cairo to meet my brother, who spent the winter with her. She had her boat painted, and moved for a few days into another.

"But heavens!" she writes, "I got hold of the Barber himself, turned painter. First it was a request for three pounds to buy paint. 'None but the best of paint is fitting for a noble person like thee, and that thou knowest is costly, and I am thy servant and would do thee honour.' 'Very well,' say I, 'take the money, and see, O man, that the paint is of the best, or thy back-sheesh will be bad also.' Well, he begins, and then rushes in to say: 'Come, O Bey, O Pasha, and behold the brilliancy of the white paint, like milk, like glass, like the full moon!' I go and say, 'Mashallah! but now be so good as to work fast, for my son will be here in a few days, and nothing is ready.' Fatal remark! 'Mashallah, Bismillah! may the Lord spare him, may



God prolong thy days, let me advise thee how to keep the eye from him, for doubtless thy son is beautiful as a memlook of 1,000 purses. Remember to spit in his face when he comes on board, and revile him aloud that all the people may hear thee, and compel him to wear torn and dirty clothes when he goes out. And how many children hadst thou, and our master, thy master?' etc. etc. 'Shukr Allah! all is well with us,' I say, 'but, by the Prophet, paint, O Maalim, and do not break my head any more.' "

She went with my brother, whose presence was "like a new life" to her, up the first cataract into Nubia; and on her return in April, 1868, to Luxor, found that the old house was no longer habitable, half having fallen down; so henceforward she lived on her dahabieh the *Urania*. In July, my mother was unfortunately persuaded to go to Syria, and the trip very nearly killed her. At Beyroot the Sisters of Charity refused to nurse a Protestant, and the Prussian sisters repudiated a non-Lutheran; but the faithful Omar was, as usual, a devoted sick-nurse, and she got back to Cairo and her boat in October, and went up the Nile immediately. She writes:

"I have got a most excellent young Reyyis (captain), and one of my sailors sings like a nightingale; indeed he is not a sailor at all, but a professional Cairo singer, who came with me for fun. He draws crowds to hear him; and at Esneh the congregation prayed for me in the mosque that God might reward me for the pleasure I had provided for them. Fancy desiring the 'prayers of this congregation for the welfare of the lady who gave me her operabox last Saturday'! If prayers could avail to cure, I ought to get well rapidly."

At Luxor, when the people heard how nearly they had lost their "Sitt," the derweeshes held two great "zikrs" in a tent pitched near her boat, and Mustafa Agha and Mohammed each killed two sheep as thank-offerings for her life having been spared.

When in February the Prince and Princess of Wales went up the Nile, they went to see Lady Duff Gordon in her dahabieh near Assouan. She says :

"The Prince was most pleasant and kind, and the Princess too. She is the most perfectly simple-mannered girl I ever saw. She does not even try to be civil, like other great people, but asks blunt questions, and looks at one so heartily with her clear, honest eyes, that she must win all hearts. They were more considerate than any people I have seen, and the Prince, instead of being gracious, was, if I may say so, quite respectful in his manner ; he is very well-bred and pleasant, and I am sure has a kind heart. My sailors were so proud at having the honour of rowing him *in our own boat* and of singing to him."

In June, 1869, she wrote to my father from Cairo :—

"DEAREST ALICK,

"Do not think of coming here, as you fear the climate. Indeed it would be almost too painful to me to part from you again ; and as it is, I can wait patiently for the end among people who are kind and loving enough to be comfortable without too much feeling of the pain of parting. The leaving Luxor was rather a distressing scene, as they did not think to see me again. The kindness of all the people was really touching, from the Cadi, who made ready my tomb among his own family, to the poorest Fellaheen.

Omar sends you most heartfelt thanks, and begs that the boat may remain registered in your name at the Consulate, for his use and benefit. The Prince of Wales has appointed him his own dragoman. But he is sad enough, poor fellow! all his prosperity does not console him for the loss of 'the mother he found in the world.'

If I live till September I will go up to Esneh, where the air is softest and I cough less; I would rather die among my own people in the sand than here."

One more letter, a last farewell, came to my father from Cairo, and just as we were starting for Egypt he received the news of her death on the 14th July, 1869, by a telegram written by herself the day before she died.

Those who remember her in her youth and beauty, before disease had altered the pale, heroic face and bowed the slight, stately figure, will not wonder at the Spartan firmness which enabled her to pen that last farewell so firmly.

She died, aged 48, and is buried in the cemetery at Cairo.

## INDEX.

## ABERDEEN.

- ABERDEEN, Lord, his Ministry, ii. 4, 52  
 Adams, Mr. W. B., ii. 197  
 Aiken, Miss Lucy, i. 8, 30  
 Albert, Prince, ii. 65; a national loss, 116, 120  
 Albemarle, Lord, i. 26; his marriage, 42  
 Alderson, Dr., i. 2  
 America, Mr. Austin and M. Guizot's opinions of, ii. 111  
 Ampère, M. J. J., to Mrs. Austin, i. 223  
*Amphitrite*, wreck of, i. 95  
 Amyot, Mr., i. 2  
 Arnim, Bettina v., her conversation, i. 176  
 Astley, Sir Jacob, i. 17  
 Aumale, Duc d', ii. 222  
 Austin, Mr. Charles, i. 38, 47, 65  
 ———, Mr. John, described by his wife, i. p. ii; engagement to Sarah Taylor, 26, 31, 32, 34; called to the bar, 35; marriage, 35; character of, by Mr. J. S. Mill, 39, 42; Professor of Jurisprudence at London University, 46; goes to Germany, 49; letter to Mr. Grote from Bonn, 49; views of life changed, 57; class at London University, 63; publishes 'Province of Jurisprudence Determined,' Criminal Law Commission, 71; lectures at the Temple, 81; health fails, 82, 90, 91; goes to Boulogne, 92; appointed Royal Commissioner to Malta, 97; leaves Malta, 123; article on Dr. List's book, 159, 166; settles in Paris, the cast

## AUSTIN, MRS.

- of his mind, 190; letter to Sir W. Erle, 191; a Lockite, 242; reluctance to work, ii. 46; admiration for the Duchess of Orleans, 65; article on Lord Grey's book, 68, 69; 'A Plea for the Constitution,' 73; illness and death, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89; letters of, 90; reprint of lectures, 91; Lord Brougham on, 100; preface to his book by Mrs. Austin, 101, 102, 103; his career, 104; M. Barbier on, 105; relations to Mr. J. Bentham, 112, 115, 177, 216  
 Austin, Mrs. Sarah, i., p. i. 36; mentioned in diaries and letters of the time, 37; birth of her only daughter, 39, 41; knowledge of Italian, 42; helps Italian refugees, 43; friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Grote and Mr. Bentham, 45; writes for periodicals, 46; translates Prince Pückler-Muskau's book, 69; 'Story without an End,' 82; reports on public instruction in Prussia, 87; translates Dr. Hase at Dr. Hawtrey's suggestion, 89; goes to Boulogne, translates v. Raumer's 'England in 1835,' 92; "Matelot" friends, 94, 143, 146; the wreck of the *Amphitrite*, 95; popularity at Malta, 98; translates v. Ranke's 'History of the Popes,' 130; writes 'On National Education,' 133; 'Fragments from German Prose writers,' published, 143; proposes to translate Ranke's 'History of the Reformation,' 150; diary in Dresden, 153; in Berlin, 171; a

## AUSTIN.

busy year, 178; M. A. Comte, 193; receives a pension from the Queen, 232; translates 'Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans,' ii. 71; brings out first volume of the 'Province of Jurisprudence,' 103; completes the 'Province of Jurisprudence,' 141; death, 172; the *Times* on, 173

Austin, Mrs. Sarah, letters to M. Victor Cousin: i. 72, 73; schools at Malta, 120, 129; on education, 124; Dr. List's book, 166; 'Principles of the French Revolution,' 227; criticism of French and English writers, 238; Locke's tomb, 251

—, letters to Mr. W. E. Gladstone: on education, i. 127, 133; sympathy with, M. Guizot, education, 292; personal hatred between French statesmen, education, 294; Italian affairs. liberty in France, ii. 145

—, letters to Mrs. Grote: life at Bonn, i. 53; on Count Thun and sons, 151; on lodgings at Dresden, 167; plans, 187; views of life, 189; illness, immorality of servants, death of Marquis of Lansdowne, ii. 136; M. Dumoyer, 152; Baron de Triqueti's 'Salutation,' 154; illness at Soden, 156

—, letters to M. Guizot: Boulogne fishermen, i. 143, 146; the omission of France in the Queen's Speech, 1841, 147; feeling in Germany towards France and England, 157; state of Germany, 181; nationalities, 185; the Belgians, 210; visitors at Weybridge, Mme. de Maintenon, 233; liberty in England, 236, 243; the recall of the French ambassador, 245; parliamentary debates, 1850, 247; Shakspeare and Locke, 254; Germany, the Durham letter, Sir J. Stephen, 257; Duchess of Orleans, Whigs under a cloud, 267; political character of the French people, Austrian suspicions, 275; the *Coup d'état*, the volunteers, 289; France and the Bourbons,

## AUSTIN.

ii. 3; M. Cousin in England, 5; on novels, 7, 8; German hatred of the Russians, the Crimean War, 21; Lady Rachel Russell, Mrs. Austin's ancestors, 27; Trouville and Cromer, the Press, 29; Lord Raglan, books for the Princess Royal, 32; Mr. Austin, 46; Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Hudson Gurney, 52; debates in Parliament, on East India Company, on the addresses to the Emperor Napoleon III., 54; Lord Grey's book, 56; on his Memoirs, 57; birth of a grandchild, Mr. Austin, 69; Madame Récamiér's Memoirs, 81; death of Mr. Austin, 87; ill-health of Lady Duff Gordon, preface to Mr. Austin's lectures, 100; completion of book, 103; Lord Jeffrey, Mr. Austin's letters, 109; Lord Lansdowne's munificence, Rome, 110; Mr. Bentham, his friends and followers, 112; Mr. Austin's relations to Mr. Bentham, the Queen's grief, 115; her daughter's letters, 121; climate of the Cape, the Queen, 125, 134; fame of Mr. Austin's book rising, 137; death of Mr. John Taylor and Sir G. C. Lewis, 140; meets Mr. Bright, 143; Lady Duff Gordon's ill-health, 158; love of the Arabs for Lady Duff Gordon, marriage of Mr. Markby, 166

Austin, Mrs. Sarah, letter to Mr. Hayward; society, ii. 37

—, letters to Mr. John Murray, i. 108, 111, 112, 139, 162

—, letter to H.R.H. the Duchess of Orleans on the education of her sons, ii. 62

—, letters to H.R.H. the Comte de Paris, ii. 71, 104; on his marriage, 149

—, letters to Mrs. Reeve: life at Bonn, i. 52; on her uncertain prospects, the University of London, 61, 63, 66; from Malta, 101, 103, 114; grammar and plain needlework, 202; shows M. B. St. Hilaire some sights in London, 233

## AUSTIN.

- Austin, Mrs. Sarah, letters to Lady W. Russell, ii. 163, 169  
 ———, letters to Dr. Sciortino, i. 123, 131, 138, 139; on the French Revolution, 226  
 ———, letter to Mr. Ruggiero Sciortino, ii. 123  
 ———, letters to Mr., Mrs. and Miss Senior from Malta, i. 105, 119; Ventnor, Mme. de Peyronnet, 288; "dress and morals," ii. 126; death of Mr. Senior, 148  
 ———, letters to M. B. St. Hilaire, Odo and Arthur Russell, ii. 11; 'Germany from 1760 to 1814,' 14; George Herbert, Ugo Foscolo 24; on a bonnet, 26; the Suez Canal, 38; Taylor family meeting, 40; MM. de Lindenau and Bismarck, 42; Dr. Whewell, 44; Goethe, 45; death of H.R.H. the Duchess of Orleans, 64; M. Guizot, Mr. H. Gurney, Mr. Elwin, 66; Mr. Austin, 68; 'Memoir' of the Duchess of Orleans, 72; Mr. Jeffs' Review, 74, 76; the new Ministry, 75; Lord Howden's statement, 77; Italian independence, 80; death of Mr. Austin, 84, 85, 88; end of Mr. Jeffs' Review, Mr. Austin's letters, 91; the Provost of Eton, 95; on her work, Comte de Paris breaks his leg, 97; her granddaughter's marriage, 98, 99, 106; journey to France, 107, 108; M. Mignet on Mr. Hallam, 116; 'Eloge' by M. Mignet on Mr. Hallam, anecdote of the Queen, Prince Albert, and Mr. Hallam, 119; M. Guizot's book, Lord Brougham's praise, 128; family news, 130, 131; M. Prévost Paradol's opinions erroneous, 132; marriage of Prince of Wales, 139; O'Connell and Repeal, 144; a German part of France, 147; fourth edition of Ranke, literary honours, 151; forward, ever forward, 153; conduct of the Prussians in Bohemia, 160; condition of Germany, munificence of Dr. Whewell, 162; M. Cousin, 168; illness, 171; last letter, 172  
 ———, letters to Dr.

## BERLIN.

- Whewell; on the French Revolution, i. 215; affairs in France, a working-man's library at Bow, 218; on translating, 240, 256; his translation of the 'Professorin,' 263; Mr. Carlyle, 271; M. Cousin, 281, ii. 5; a "case of conscience," 13, 18; death of Mrs. Whewell, 36; on his second marriage, 66; her desolation, 89; reprint of Mr. Austin's Lectures, 93, 94; on her difficult work, M. Mignet, and Mr. Hallam, 117  
 Austin, Miss Lucie, her birth, ii. 174; the sunflowers, her education, 175; advice from the Rev. Sydney Smith, reminiscences of Heinrich Heine, 176; letters to Miss Shuttleworth, 177, 182, 183; at school, 179; letters to Mrs. Grote, 180, 181, 185; her baptism, 184; recollections of, by Miss Marianne North, 186  
 BABBAGE, Mr., i. 72  
 Baillie, Miss, i. 18  
 Barbault, Dr. and Mrs., i. 5, 6, 18  
 ———, Mrs., i. 2, 6, 8; 'A Tribute,' 10, 13, 15, 16, 27, 30; verses to Sarah Taylor on her engagement, 33  
 Barbier, M. A., i. 205; letter to Mrs. Austin, ii. 105  
 Barnes, Mr., i. 73  
 Barrot, M. Odilon, ii. 31  
 Bastille, The fall of, excitement at Norwich, i. 8; song by Mr. John Taylor, 9  
 Bayley, Mr. C. J., ii. 201, 212, 214, 216  
 Beecroft, Mr., marries Miss Dixon, i. 7  
 Beever, Sir Thomas, i. 8  
 Berg, Mdle., compared with Rachel, i. 156  
 Bentham, Mr. Jeremy, i. 35; a skit on, 38, 41, 45, 48; letter to Mrs. Austin, 66; death of, 68; his friends and followers, ii. 112, 114; his garden, 174  
 Benthamites, The, i. 93  
 Bentinck, Lord W., i. 35  
 Berlin, i. 161; Mrs. Austin's diary in, 171; description of, 173, 174, 177, 181, 182, 184

## BERRY.

- Berry, Miss, i. 145; recollections of Madame Récamier, 235  
 Berryer, M., saying attributed to, ii. 2  
 Beyle, M. Henri de, letter to Mrs. Austin, i. 59  
 Bickersteth, Mr. (Lord Langdale), i. 73, 81  
 Bismark, Prince, ii. 43  
 Bixio, General N., wounded, i. 218  
 Blanc, M. L., i. 221, ii. 198  
 Boulogne Fishermen, i. 143  
 Buckle, Mr., ii. 56  
 Buller, Mr. C., i. 38, 64, 71, 77; letter to Mrs. Austin, 90, 241, ii. 145  
 Bunsen, Baron, i. 161  
 Burdett, Sir Francis, i. 65  
 Burke, Edw., i. 9  
 Butler, Mrs. Fanny, i. 118  
 Buxton, Charles, ii. 54, 63, 222  
 Bright, Mr. J. ii. 143  
 Brougham, Mr. (Lord), i. 8, 12, 74, 119, 132, 212; letter to Mrs. Austin on her husband, ii. 100; and Mr. Bentham, 113  
 Brunel, Mr., i. 29  
 Brunnow, M. de, i. 163  
 Byron, Lord, i. 36  
 ———, Lady, i. 37

- CANNING, Lady, death of, ii. 116  
 Carlisle, Lord, ii. 58  
 Carlsbad, i. 138  
 Carlyle, Mr. Thomas, i. 37; letters to Mrs. Austin, 74, 77, 82, 84, 216, 239, 272; ii. 159  
 Carové, Professor F. W., letter to Mrs. Austin, 'Story Without an End,' i. 86  
 Carus, Professor, size of Mrs. Austin's head, ii. 27  
 Caussidière, M., i. 221  
 Cavaignac, M., supports peace, i. 222, 225, 270  
 Cave, Mr. Osway, i. 65  
 Cavour, Comte de, ii. 70, 80, 107, 146  
 Chateaubriand, M. de, anecdote of, i. 61; and Mme. Récamier, ii. 81  
 Chevalier, M. M., i. 37; letter from, 141, 185  
 Circourt, Comte de, i. 216, 264, ii. 5

## EDINBURGH.

- Cobden, Mr., i. 248, 291; ii. 143  
 Coke, Mr., i. 17, 26; marriage, 42  
 Coleridge, Mr., i. 70; 'Table Talk,' 90  
 Comte, M. Auguste, examiner at the Polytechnic school, i. 193; letter to Mrs. Austin, the influence of women, 193; his appointment, 198; ii. 2, 57  
 Comte, M. C., i. 46  
 Cook, Miss Susannah (Mrs. John Taylor), i. 4  
 Cowper, i. 11  
 Courtenay, Miss L. B., ii. 120, 143  
 Courtenay, Mr. F., his singing, ii. 144  
 Cousin, M. Victor, i. 62, 72, 73, 81, 87, 88, 120, 124, 129, 166, 168, 169, 217, 219, 221, 225, 227, 245, 247, 249, 259, 262, 268, 270, 271, 273, 274, 280, 281, 283, 286, 288, 291, 295; ii. 5, 6, 15, 16, 35, 43, 101, 132; his death, 167; his will, 168, 169, 172, 222  
 Crome, Mr., i. 41  
 DAGUERRE, M., i. 217  
 Darwin, Mr., i. 197  
 Decaisne, M. J. W., to Mrs. Austin on Madame Récamier, i. 230  
 Descartes, M., appreciated by women, i. 194, 203  
 Devonshire, Duke of, ii. 82  
 Devrient, Emil, as Don Cesar, i. 156  
 Diary in Dresden, i. 153, 170  
 Diary in Berlin, i. 165, 171  
 Dingli, Sir Adrian, i. 98  
 Dixon, Miss Judith, i. 4, 5, 7  
 Doyle, Mr. Richard, illustrated letters to Lady Duff Gordon, ii. 202, 204, 218, 222  
 Dresden, diary in, 153, 170; lodgings in, 167  
 Dufaure, M., i. 278  
 Dunoyer, M., ii. 152  
 Dupin, M., ii. 1, 16  
 Dürer, Albrecht, ii. 192  
 EADY, Dr., i. 41  
 Edict of Nantes, i. 3  
 Edinburgh, i. 11, 24  
*Edinburgh Review*, i. 12, 13, 59, 61, 159, 164, 166, 178; the octogenarian clique of, 201; ii. 25, 38, 39, 47, 67, 129, 219

## ELGIN.

- Elgin, Lord, ii. 76  
 Ellesmere, Lord, ii. 23, 32  
 Elwin, Mr., ii. 66, 110  
 Empson, Mr., i. 67, 73, 99, 234  
 Erlau, Archbishop of, i. 169  
 Erle, Sir W., i. 191  
*Examiner, The*, i. 67, 73; ii. 22, 162, 164  
 'Eyre, Jane,' ii. 50

- FARADAY, M. i. 29  
 Faucher, M. Léon, i. 225, 231, 273, 279  
 'Faust,' i. 76, 87  
 Foscolo, Ugo, i. 43; his dishonesty, ii. 25  
 Fox, Mrs. Eliza, memoirs, i. 35  
 Fox, Mr., on the change in Sarah Taylor, i. 35  
 Froude, Mr., ii. 162

- GARIBALDI, G., ii. 96  
 Gaskell, Mrs., 'Ruth,' ii. 8, 50  
 Gibson, Mr. Milner, ii. 55  
 Gifford, Mr., ii. 55  
 Gladstone, Mr. W. E., leader of the Tory party, i. 125; letter to Mrs. Austin, 127, 133; popular education within the bosom of the Church, 135, 292; letter to Mrs. Austin, 294; on Sir R. Peel, ii. 48; employment of women, 49, 55, 76, 145, 207  
 Glenelg, Lord, i. 119, 120, 123, 124, 132; ii. 58  
 Gordon, Sir Alexander C. Duff, i. 131, 138, ii. 134, 140, 158, 173, 188; proposes, 189; marriage, 190; has cholera, 193; special constable, 198; 'Village Tales from Alsatia,' Weybridge, 199, 215  
 —, Lady Duff, described by a friend, i. p. ix.; her ill-health, ii. 106; news from the Cape, her letters interesting, 121; admiration of M. Prévost Paradol, 153; in Egypt, 158, 166; her marriage, 190; letter to Mrs. Austin, Kaulbach, and A. Dürer, 191; Niebuhr's 'Gods and Heroes of Greece,' birth of first child, 192; 'The Amber Witch,' 'French in Algiers,' and 'Remarkable Criminal trials,' 193; letter to Mrs.

## GOETHE.

- Austin, Lord Lansdowne's villa at Richmond, and new books, 193; her Christian kindness, 196; letter to Mrs. Austin, the Chartist riots, 198; 'Stella and Vanessa,' letters to Mr. C. J. Bayley, 201, 212, 214, 216; to Mrs. Grote, 219; 'The Village Doctor,' 'Ferdinand and Maximilian of Austria,' 222; Heinrich Heine at Paris, 223; illness of, 229; voyage to the Cape, 230; lands at Cape Town, 232; Mussulman burial, 234; Choshullah, Caledon, 236; "Dat Malay boy's" opinion of, 237; Moravian missionaries and the last Hottentot, 237; beauty of the country at the Cape, 238; returns to England, the Eaux Bonnes, 240; at Cairo, 240; shopping in the bazaars, 241; crew of, 242; meets slave merchants, 243; graciously received by St. Simon Stylites, 244; the mahmal, 245; Muslim piety, 246; reminded of Herodotus, 247; returns to England, 249; house at Thebes, 249; 'Fattahs' for her health, 250; reminded of the Bible, 251; is given the "Salám Aleykee," 252; letter to Mr. Tom Taylor, 253; "sweetness of her tongue," 258; becomes the doctor of Thebes, 259; report of the sick, meets Sir Alexander Duff Gordon at Cairo, 260; reception at Thebes, 261; love of the Arabs for, 262; "eye lucky," 263; goes to Soden, 265; visit to the Cadi of Keneh, 265; the children of the Maohn at Benisouef, 267; popularity at Boolak, 269; inventory of her dahabieh, 270; is visited by an Arabian sage, 271; praises sung, 272; her kindness to the people repaid to me, 273; Nubian trader lends his boat to, 275; a loquacious painter, 276; goes up to Nubia, a singing sailor, 277; is visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales near Assouan, last letter, 278; death, 279  
 Goethe, W. von, i. 70; characteristics of, 72; Mr. Carlyle on, 77, 78, 87, ii. 45



## GRAHAM.

- Graham, Sir James, ii. 206  
 Greeks, sympathy with, in France, i. 48  
 Greek tragedy, i. 157  
 Greville, Lady Charlotte, ii. 33  
 Grey, Lord, i. 148; ii. 55, 59, 75, 80, 150  
 Grimm, the brothers, i. 171  
 Grimm, W., his children think fairy tales "rubbish," i. 172  
 Grote, Mr., i. 45, 49, 91; letter to Mr. Austin, 178; letters to Mrs. Austin, the "*Coup d'état*," 277, 279; ii. 4  
 —, Mrs., i. 45, 53, 151, 167, 187, 189; visit to Paris, 277, 279; letter to Mrs. Austin, "retrospection," ii. 90, 152, 154, 156, 180, 181, 185, 219  
 Guizot, M., i. 143, 146, 147, 157, 181, 185, 192, 193, 199; Mr. J. S. Mill on, 201; M. B. St. Hilaire on, 207, 208, 210, 215, 216, 219, 226, 227, 232, 233, 236, 243, 245, 247, 250, 254, 257, 267, 269, 275; letter to Mrs. Austin, 285, 289; ii. 2, 3, 5, 7, 8; letter to Mrs. Austin on his 'History of the English Republic,' 12, 21, 27, 29, 32, 45, 46, 52, 57, 68, 69, 81; letter to Mrs. Austin on her husband's death, 86, 87, 97, 99, 100, 107, 109, 110, 112, 115, 121, 125, 128, 134, 137, 140; letter to Mrs. Austin, of condolence, 141, 143, 158, 166; letter to Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, 173; first dinner in London, 190  
 Gurney, Mr. Bartlett, i. 9  
 —, Mr. Hudson, ii. 25, 52, 67  
 Gurneys, the, i. 2, 22  
 HALLAM, MR., to Mrs. Austin, predicts the Empire, i. 222, 249; ii. 4, 30, 78; M. Mignet's speech on, 116, 118, 119; his modesty, the Queen and Prince Albert appreciate, 120, 123  
 Hamilton, Sir W., letter to Mrs. Austin, i. 80, 87  
 Hanover, King of, i. 175  
 Hase, Dr. Heinrich, i. 89  
 Hassan el Bakkeet, anecdotes of, ii. 195, 196, 197

## KINGSLEY.

- Hawtrej, Dr. (Provost of Eton), letter to Mrs. Austin, i. 89; ii. 62  
 Haxthausen, M. de, i. 234  
 Hayward, Mr. A., i. 87; ii. 37  
 Head, Sir Francis, i. 117  
 Heine, Heinrich, reminiscences of, ii. 176, 223; letter to Lady Duff Gordon, 224  
 Hekeian Bey, ii. 240, 246  
 Herbert, George, ii. 24  
 Herbert, Lord (of Cherbarg), ii. 24  
 Higgins, Mr. (Big), ii. 205  
 Hilliard, Mr., ii. 196  
 Holland, Lady, ii. 13, 21  
 —, Lord, i. 268; ii. 6  
 Hottentot, the last, ii. 237  
 Houghton, Lord, on Norwich worthies, i. 2  
 Howden, Lord, ii. 77, 78  
 Howes, Rev. Mr., i. 89  
 Hübner, Julius, letter to Mrs. Austin, 179  
 Hudson, Mrs., "the railway Queen," anecdote of, i. 212  
 Hugo, M. Victor, i. 287  
 Humboldt, Baron v., i. 29; letter to Mrs. Austin, 196; ii. 109  
 Hutchinson, Mrs. Lucy, i. 27  
 Hyzler, Mr., artist at Malta, i. 111, 112  
 IRVING, Mr. ii. 159  
 Italian refugees, Mrs. Austin's kindness to, i. 42, 43, 44  
 Italy, defeat at Novara, i. 229  
 JAMESON, Mrs. Anna, letter to Mrs. Austin, i. 116  
 Jeffrey, Lord, i. 12, 37, 72, 83; letters to Mrs. Austin, i. 92, 98; ii. 13, 26; his seventy-two loves, 109  
 Jennings, Dr., i. 3  
 Joinville, Prince de, i. 256, 273; ii. 78  
 'Juan, Don,' Mrs. Opie's opinion on, i. 36  
 KAULBACH, ii. 191  
 Ker, Bellenden, Mr. and Mrs., i. 65  
 Kinglake, Mr. A. W., ii. 190, 194, 198, 216  
 Kingsley, Mr., ii. 57

## LANG.

- LANG, RITTER v., 'Memoirs of,' i. 178  
 Lansdowne, Marquis of, i. 124, 212, 248; ii. 4, 6, 38, 52; his munificence, 110; death of, 137, 193, 215  
 Lamartine, M. de, i. 216, 230  
 Landseer, E., i. 162  
 Layard, Mr. (Sir Henry A.), ii. 255  
 Lemoine, M. John, ii. 22, 53  
 Lesseps, M. de, ii. 31, 34, 153  
 Lewes, Mr., ii. 60  
 Lewis, Mr. (Sir George C.), i. 64, 98, 105, 106, 120, 131, 138; ii. 54, 76, 94, 107, 116, 139; his death, 140, 142  
 Lieven, Princess, i. 248; ii. 45  
 Lindenau, M. de, i. 165, 168, 184, 185  
 Littré, M., ii. 2  
 Locke, John, tomb of, i. 251, 254, 259  
*London and Westminster Review*, i. 129  
 Longueville, Mme. de, i. 281, 292  
 Lyndhurst, Lord, ii. 79  
 Lyttelton, Lord, ii. 13
- MACADAM, Mr., i. 29  
 Mackintosh, Sir James, i. 7, 8  
 Macaulay, Mr. T. B. (Lord), to Mrs. Austin, i. 130, 203; ii. 4, 58, 123  
 Maintenon, Mme. de, Mrs. Austin's opinion of, i. 234  
 Malta, Mr. Austin named Royal Commissioner to, i. 97; Lord Jeffrey on Mrs. Austin's departure for, 98; letters from by Mrs. Austin, 101, 103, 105, 108, 111, 114, 119, 120; four languages of, 121; Mr. and Mrs. Austin leave, 123, 131; ii. 124  
 Marie Amélie, Queen, ii. 222  
 Marie Antoinette, Queen, and second sight, i. 154  
 Markby, Mr. W., ii. 166  
 Martineau, Miss Harriet, i. 3, 71, 117, 232  
 ———, Mr. David, i. 3  
 ———, Mrs., tribute to, on her death, by Mrs. Barbauld, i. 10  
 ———, Dr. James, reminiscences of Mrs. John Taylor, i. 19  
 Martineaus, the, i. 2  
 Maspero, Professor, ii. 249  
 Maudsley, Dr., i. 29; ii. 174

## NORTH.

- Mazzini, G., ii. 79,  
 Melbourne, Lord, i. 81, 161  
 Mendelssohn, Felix, i. 28; ii. 151  
 ———, Madame, i. 52  
 Meredith, Mr. George, ii. 222  
 Metternich, Prince, i. 248  
 Mignet, M., ii. 79, 99; 'Discours' on Mr. Hallam, 116, 118, 119, 120  
 Mill, Mr. James, i. 35, 38, 62  
 ———, Mr. J. S., i. 38; character of Mr. John Austin by, 39, 54, 55; on the influences German literature and society had on Mr. J. Austin, 57, 64, 65, 67, 79, 83, 93, 108; a friend of M. A. Comte, 195; letter to Mrs. Austin on M. A. Comte, the *Edinburgh Review*, 199; play-fellow of Lucie Austin, ii. 174  
 Milman, Dr., to Mrs. Austin, ii. 122  
 Molesworth, Sir W., i. 73, 119, 248  
 Molière, i. 60, 255  
 Montalembert, Comte de, ii. 15, 77  
 Monteagle, Lord, i. 289; ii. 58, 75, 77, 188, 190  
 Moore, Mr., M.P. for Mayo, ii. 205  
*Morning Chronicle*, Mr. J. Taylor writes in, i. 4  
 Morwel Down, first tunnel made in England by Mr. John Taylor, i. 28  
 Murray, Mr. John, Mrs. Austin to, 108, 111, 112, 139, 162  
 Muskau-Pücker, Prince, i. 70
- NAPOLÉON I., Emperor, and the Queen of Prussia, ii. 17  
 ———, Prince Louis, prediction about by Mr. Hallam, i. 222; position strong, 225, 229, 266, 269, 270, 273, 274; i. 1  
 ———, Prince, ii. 70  
 ——— III., Emperor, ii. 70, 107  
 Nemours, Duc de, ii. 65  
*New Monthly Magazine*, i. 64, 69, 71  
 Niebuhr, Herr v., i. 51, 53, 54; his meanness, does the honours of Rome badly, 175; 'Stories of the Gods and Heroes of Greece,' 178  
 Nightingale, Miss F., i. 8; and the English soldiers, ii. 23  
 Noailles, Mme. de, anecdote of, i. 61  
 Norfolk, its inhabitants, i. 1  
 North, Miss M., recollections of Miss Austin, ii. 186

## NORTON.

- Norton, the Hon. Mrs., ii. 192; letter to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon, 199; letter to Lady Duff Gordon, 213, 215.  
 Norwich, mental activity of, i. 1; Lord Houghton on, 2; Dr John Taylor minister at, 2; Mr. John Taylor a yarnmaker at, 4; Sir J. Mackintosh at, 7; the Duke of Sussex at, 9; Whig party of, 17; Dr. Reeve settles at, 19; Martineau and Taylor family meeting at, 19; a "haven of rest" to Basil Montague, 27, 41, 46

- O'CONNELL, Mr., i. 65; and repeal, ii. 144.  
 Omar, ii. 241, 244, 245, 247, 248, 252, 253, 256, 258, 259, 261, 267, 270, 274, 277, 279  
 Orleans, H.R.H. the Duchess of, i. 235, 266; her character, ii. 61; Mrs. Austin to, 62; her death, 64  
 ———, family, and M. Dupin, ii. 2  
 Opie, Mrs., i. 2, 8; epilogue by, 18, 21, 22, 30; letter to Mrs. Austin on her marriage, 36, 43, 45; 'Memoirs' of, 239

- PAGÈS-GARNIER, M., i. 217  
 Palgrave, Mr. Gifford, ii. 266  
 Palmerston, Lord, note of 2nd Nov. 1840, i. 142, 161, 245; wonderful effort of oratory, 248; ii. 54, 55  
 Parr, Dr., dancing round the tree of liberty, i. 8  
 Paradol, M. Prévost, ii. 67, 73; erroneous opinions dangerous, 132; opinion of Lady Duff Gordon, 153; letters to Lady Duff Gordon, 263, 364  
 Paris, H.R.H. the Comte de, ii. 71; breaks his leg, 97, 104, 149, 155, 222  
 Paul, Emperor, i. 154  
 Peel, Sir Robert, i. 91, 145, 165; ministry defeated, letter to Mrs. Austin, 209, 248; fatal accident to, 249, 290, 295; Mr. Gladstone on, ii. 49; portrait of (the present) by Mr. R. Doyle, ii. 204  
 Peyronnet, Madame de, i. 288  
 Phillips, Henry W., ii. 215, 221, 254

## RIGBY.

- Poles, behaviour of Russia to the, i. 140, 161  
 'Province of Jurisprudence Determined,' published, i. 71  
 Prussia, Mr. Southey on, i. 88  
 ———, Queen of, and Napoleon, ii. 17  
 ———, King of, interview with M. Thiers, i. 157; popularity of declined, 161  
 Pückler-Muskau, Prince, i. 69  
 Pugin, Mr. Welby, ii. 219  
 'Puss in Boots,' Otto Speckter, i. 162

- QUAKERS, i. 93  
*Quarterly Review, The*, i. 41, 198, 240, 241, 272, ii. 32, 66, 68, 70  
 Queen, H.M. the, i. 119, 131, 268, 269, ii. 23; a widow, 115, 116, 119, 126; marriage of Prince of Wales, 139, 142  
 Quiddenham, i. 42

- RAGLAN, Lord, ii. 17; his despatches, 19; his death, 30, 32  
 Ranke, Professor L. V., Mrs. Austin translates 'History of the Popes,' i. 126; badly done into French, 130; Lord Macaulay reads slowly, 131; letters to Mrs. Austin, 137, 150; meeting with Mrs. Austin, 171; not so good as his books, 172, 197, ii. 190  
 Raumer, Herr v., i. 92, 100, 197  
 Récamiér, Mme. de, her sorrows, i. 224, 234; Miss Berry's recollections of, 235, 240; souvenirs and correspondences, ii. 81; and M. de Chateaubriand, 82  
 Reeve, Dr., i. 2; Mrs. Taylor's letters to, 11, 12, 13; marries Miss Susan Taylor, 19; death of, 26  
 ———, Mr. Henry, i. 181, 280; ii. 9, 38, 45, 124, 154  
 ———, Mrs., i. 33; letters from Mrs. Austin to, 52, 61, 63, 66, 101, 103, 114, 202, 233  
 Rémusat, M. de, i. 280; ii. 4, 24; death of, 117  
 Rice, Mr. Spring, i. 124  
 Rigby, Dr., i. 2. 3

## ROBINSON.

- Robinson, Mr. H. C., i. 8; to Mrs. Austin, 239  
 Roebuck, Mr., i. 93  
 Rogers, Mr., i. 201; ii. 189  
 Romilly, Mr. Ch., i. 65  
 ———, Mr. (Sir) John, pupil of Mrs. Austin, i. 62, 64, 73  
 Ross, Mr. H. L., marries Miss Duff Gordon, ii. 98; his illness, 131, 132  
 Royal, H.R.H. The Princess, ii. 33
- Russell, Lord John, i. 91, 129; the 'Durham Letter,' 259, 268; ii. 66, 150, 206  
 ———, Odo, Arthur, ii. 11  
 ———, Lady Rachel, ii. 27  
 ———, Lady William, i. 152, 169; ii. 127; Mrs. Austin to, 163, 169
- SAND, Madame G., ii. 8  
 Santa Rosa, Chev. de, letter to Mrs. Austin, i. 43, 45, ii. 25  
*Saturday Review*, *The*, ii. 78  
 Savigny, Herr v., i. 51, 139, 171; tells a fairy-tale, 172; on the Italians, 177, 182  
 Savoy, Charles Felix of, i. 42  
 Say, M. J. B., i. 29, 46; letters to Mrs. Austin, 47, 58  
 —, M. Horace, i. 279  
 Sayers, Dr., i. 2  
 Saxe-Weimar, Grand Duke of, anecdotes told by, i. 154  
 Saxony, King of, i. 160, 182, ii. 162  
 Scheffer, M. Ary, ii. 222  
 Schelling, Herr v., i. 171  
 Schlegel, H. W. v., i. 51, 52, 53, 54  
 Schleiermacher, Dr., religious opinions of, i. 177  
 Sciortino, Dr. P., i. 105, 119; letters from Mrs. Austin to, 123, 131, 138, 139  
 ———, Mr. R., letter from Mrs. Austin to, ii. 123  
 Scott, Sir Walter, made a poet by William Taylor, i. 2  
 Selections from the Old Testament by Mrs. Austin, i. 72  
 Senior, Mr. N., letters from Mrs. Austin to, i. 105, 244, 277; ii. 66

## ST. HILAIRE.

- Senior, Mrs., letters from Mrs. Austin to, i. 119; ii. 148  
 ———, Miss (Mrs. Simpson), from Mrs. Austin to, ii. 126  
 Seward, The, i. 8  
 Shakespeare, W., i. 251, 254  
 Simon, M. Jules, i. 280, ii. 77  
 Slave trade, abolition of, i. 15  
 Smith, Mr., i. 8  
 ———, Sir J. E., i. 8  
 ———, Rev. Sydney, i. 12, 37, 147, 201, 277; ii. 13, 36, 109; letter to Miss Lucie Austin, 176  
 Smollett, T., ii. 159; house of, 160  
 Southey, Dr., i. 8  
 ———, Robert, i. 13; letter to Mrs. Austin, 88  
 Speckter, Otto, i. 162  
 Spohr, L., i. 28  
 Stanley, Lord, i. 131  
 ———, Dr. A. P., ii. 66, 126, 132  
 Steffens, Herr, i. 171; autobiography, 178  
 Stendhal (M. de Beyle), letter to Mrs. Austin, i. 59  
 Stephen, Sir James, i. 37, 97, 123, 260; ii. 51  
 ———, Mr., i. 106, 108, 120  
 Sterling, Mr. John, i. 64, 65; letter to Mrs. Austin, 69, 272  
 St. Hilaire, M. B., recollections of Mr. and Mrs. Austin, i. p. iii; Letters to Mrs. Austin: state of public opinion in Paris in 1848, i. 213; at the Luxembourg, the Red Republic, 217; aspect of Paris unchanged, 221, 225; M.M. Guizot and Thiers' books, 226, 229; the Montagnards, 231, 234, 237, 242; on the elections, 244; foresees a catastrophe, 247, 249, 255; public opinion, 260; the vote of January 18th, 1859, 261; deplorable state of things in France, 266, 268, 270, 271; the President and Faucher, 273; fighting in Paris, 274; the oath, 280; refuses to take the oath, 286; leaves Paris, 287; Cousin's 'Mme. de Longueville,' 291; meanness of M. Dupin, ii. 1; M. Comte, 2; M. de Montalembert, 15; the "Entente Cordiale," 16; Napoleon I. and the Queen of Prussia, 17; English honesty,

## STRUTT.

- 19; the Suez Canal, 31, 39; ignorance of French peasants, 34; M. Thiers' 14th volume, 43; public opinion in France contrary to war, 70; Lord Howden, Lord Lyndhurst, France a military nation, 79; prediction of attack on the Rhine, 96; M. Guizot's Memoirs, 129; P. Paradol's opinion of Lady Duff Gordon, publication of 'Mahomed,' 153; death of M. Cousin, 167, 168; arrives after Mrs. Austin's death, 173  
 Strutt, Mr. E., i. 73, 91  
 Suez Canal, the, ii. 31, 38, 39  
 Sussex, Duke of, i. 9, 29; saying of, 49  
 Sykes, Colonel, ii. 54

TAYLOR, William, Mr., i. 2, 21, 27

——, Dr. John, i. 2, 3

——, Richard, Mr., i. 3

——, John, Mr., i. 3; marries Miss Susannah Cook, 4, 5; a staunch Whig, 7; a poet, 9, 19, 26; last letter to his daughter, Mrs. Austin, 46; his death, 47

——, Dr. Philip, address to the family meeting, i. 26

——, Mrs. John, i., p. i.; letters to Miss Dixon, i. 5, 6, 7; called Madame Roland of Norwich, 8; letters to Dr. Reeve, 11, 12, 13; letters to her daughter Sarah, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 34, 41, 44; reminiscences of, by Dr. James Martineau, 19; reminiscences of, by Mrs. Wilde, 25; death of, 27; Mrs. Barbauld's and Basil Montague's opinion of, 27; sons of, 28, 29

——, Miss Sarah, birth of, i. 9; visit to Mrs. Barbauld, 13; letters from her mother to, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 34, 41, 44; Bath and Tavistock, 24; engaged to Mr. John Austin, 26; education, 30; reading as a girl, 31; beauty of, 32; letter on her engagement, 32; verses to her from Mrs. Barbauld, 33; visit to Mr. Austin's parents, 34; change in character, marriage, 35

VOL. II.

## WHWELL.

Taylor, Col. Meadows, ii. 53

——, Mr. Philip, friend of M. de Cavour, ii. 145

——, Mr. Herbert, Miss Lucie Austin's playfellow, 175

——, Mr. Tom, ii. 133, 134, 198, 212, 215, 217; letter to from Lady Duff Gordon, 253

Thackeray, W. M., i. 289; ii. 255

Thayer, Mr. W., ii. 241

Thiers, M., interview with the King of Prussia, i. 157; President of the Committee on Public Instruction, 232, 262, 279; ii. 43

Thomas, M. Alexandre, i. 282; his lecture, ii. 4, 29

Thun, Count, i. 151

Tieck, L. v., i. 54

*Times*, *The*, i. 73, 119, 163, 280; ii. 19, 20, 23, 116

Tocqueville, M. A. de, letter to Mrs. Austin, i. 96

Tooke, Mr. Eyton, i. 55

Triqueti, Baron de, his 'Salutation,' ii. 154

Tussaud, Madame, "Whig Ministry in Chamber of Horrors," ii. 210

UNIVERSITY of London (now University College), i. 46, 49

VALLETTA, harbour of, i. 102; schools of, 121

Vigny, Comte de, letters from, i. 149, 205

Villemarqué, Vicomte de la, i. 219

Villiers, Mr. C., i. 64

Voltaire, anecdote of, 176

WAILLY, M. Léon de, ii. 201

Wales, H.R.H. Prince of, marriage of, ii. 139

Walton, Izaak, Dr., 'Lives,' ii. 24

Watts, Dr., i. 3

Wellesley, Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald, ii. 33

Wellington, Duke of, i. 248, 291, 295; ii. 33, 81, 82, 219

Weyer, M. Van de, ii. 58

Whewell, Dr., to Mrs. Austin, the French Republic, i. 214; Auerbach, France and Germany, 264;

N

## WILBERFORCE.

M. Cousin, 283; ii. 27; "Business";  
35, 40; lecture on Plato, 50;  
Mr. Buckle's lecture on the In-  
fluence of Women, 56; Goethe,  
59, 117; will of, 162  
Wilberforce, Mr., i. 15, 16  
Windham, M., i. 9; and the slave-  
trade, 17  
Wiseman, Dr., i. 259

## YOOSUF.

Wishaw, Mr., i. 65; ii. 189  
Wordsworth, Mr., i. 22  
Worsley, Mr. P. Stanhope, ii. 119  
  
YOOSUF, Sheykh, ii. 250; character  
of, 252; sermon, 253; amusement  
at Hilton's 'Rebekah,' 254, 259;  
makes an inventory, 270, 276

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